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JOFFRE

A PORTRAIT IN MINIATURE

I WAS fortunate enough to be in Paris with a letter in my pocket written by a person in authority, addressed to General Joffre. After forwarding it through the proper military channels, I learned that the General would be glad to see me and my friend M. L—— at nine o'clock the next morning, Sunday, at his headquarters at ——. We motored out, making an early start from Paris, and were taken from the hotel at —— to a simple brick cottage where the General of all the Allied armies lives.

We were ushered into his study, a small, simple room. The General rose and greeted us cordially. He is a short thickset man, quite fat and heavy, with a square face, the head and moustache almost white, with just enough color left to show that his hair was a light yellowish red originally. He has a kind, light-blue eye. He is deliberate in his actions and exceedingly quiet and grave. He was dressed in an old-style uniform that looked as though it had seen much service — the red trousers with the black braid at the side, tan shoes and leggings, and an old-style black jacket without any decorations or insignia of office.

He sat opposite us at a small table where he had been working, and discussed with us various phases of the war for an hour and three quarters. Apparently he was much interested in

getting from me my impressions of Germany and the Germans, after which he talked at some length about certain characteristics of Germany's war policy. He said, —

'We have kept a very accurate record in two parallel columns of our losses and of the German reports of those same losses. To illustrate the point — the other day we lost at Soissons, as the result of an unimportant engagement, some sixteen or eighteen men and one or two guns, and north of Soissons a few prisoners were taken and a few metres of trench. The Germans in their official *communiqué* reported this in the minutest detail and with great precision, their official published record agreeing exactly with ours, as it always does on minor details and engagements. But on that same day they reported 1000 prisoners taken near Verdun. What actually happened at Verdun was, that we threw out, as a sort of observation post, a salient forming an angle in advance of the main line, consisting of 600 men and a few guns, with the order that this salient should retire to the main line as soon as it was hard pressed. The men soon were hard pressed and did retire, losing twenty-six men and three guns. The German report of this was, that they had beaten back the French line

at this point and taken 1000 prisoners. The result of these exaggerations since the beginning of the war shows a grand total of men taken and killed amounting to more than the number of men that France has equipped. I liken this sort of thing to a panorama where there are a few sticks, stones, dried leaves and bits of grass in the foreground which are real, but the main scene, which is calculated to deceive, is unreal, a pure fake.

'This has been Germany's policy since the beginning, and some day the German people will realize how they have been fooled. They will not care much so long as Germany remains on the offensive and is more or less continuously successful in keeping up the pressure; but some time that must stop. Germany deliberately plans an offensive such as is going on now, and votes for that offensive 500,000 men. We cannot vote man-power away in that ruthless fashion. We count the cost in human lives and human suffering, and Germany does not, and we believe that Germany is wrong. It may take months to prove it, and we must be patient; but we shall go on and we ought to win.

'It is strangely interesting to see the results as they now begin to show themselves of Germany's hatred of those countries which she has forged into a league against her. We must never forget what Germany has taught us all. When she began the war, France was given over to things unworthy of her. She seemed to have forgotten her aspiration and her destiny. See her now, purified and made new. She has saved her own soul. Then England, whom Germany hates most of all. She had grown light-minded, unstable, a prey to civil discord. Now she is unified and made whole. Her young men will begin life anew, and the nation will take on the vigor and enthusiasm of youth.

Think of Italy, after fifty years, fulfilling the visions of Mazzini and Cavour! And Russia—Russia to settle whose account Germany began this enormous war—will profit more from it than all the other countries of Europe combined. Not only has the Russian nation been reborn, but her material greatness will be vastly enhanced. No; whatever we may think of Germany, we must never forget all we have learned from her.'

M. L—— told the General of what he had contributed to France. He recited briefly the tragic story of the death of his only son. The General shook his head and looked sad and grave. Then L—— told him of his lecturing at Harvard in June, 1915, and of a young Breton who came up to him after the lecture and shook hands with him; then handed him a letter which he said he had just received from his mother. The letter read, 'My dear son: You will be grieved to learn that your two brothers have been killed. Their country needed them and they gave everything they had to save her. Your country needs you, and while I am not going even to suggest to you that you return to fight for France, if you do not return at once, never come.'

The General, anticipating what was coming, was with difficulty controlling his feelings. But at the end of the story the tears were rolling down his face. He bowed his head and rubbed his eyes, then, pulling himself together, stood up, put one arm on L——'s shoulder and one arm on mine, and said, 'That is France; do you wonder that we count the lives?'

He talked on ten or fifteen minutes after that, and I felt like hugging him, he was so big and human. As I sat there watching him, he seemed a sort of superman. He was not French; he had a face that was a sort of composite photograph of the best German

generals I had seen, but with a kind expression about the mouth and a gentle eye. He had no gestures, and spoke slowly, quietly, and deliberately, unlike the French.

I asked my companion if he could be French. 'No,' said L——, 'he is a pure Visigoth, and I like to think of him as having all the courage and wonderful fighting qualities of the Visigoth, tempered and made gentle by the environment of southern France—the best of Germany and the best of France combined in one great lead-

er, and France is supremely lucky to have that leader. Galliéni is another Visigoth. The two men were in Abyssinia together. They are both old campaigners and big men.'

The General said as we parted that he was homesick for his vineyards. He must long to get back to them, to the simple, free life, far removed from the burdens of this hideous struggle. They ought to make General Joffre king of France, but I do not believe he would want that honor, for he longs for the pruning-hook and the plough.

A LITERARY CLINIC

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

THE other day, on going by my friend Bagster's church, I saw a new sign over the vestry:—

'Bibliopathic Institute. Book Treatment by Competent Specialists. Dr. Bagster meets patients by appointment. Free Clinic 2-4 P.M. Out-patients looked after in their homes by members of the Social Service Department. Young People's Lend-a-Thought Club every Sunday evening at 7.30. Tired Business Men in classes. Tired Business Men's tired wives given individual treatment. Tired mothers who are reading for health may leave their children in the Day Nursery.'

It had been several years since I had seen Bagster. At that time he had been recuperating after excessive and too widely diffused efforts for the public good. Indeed, the variety of his efforts for the public good had been too much for him. Nothing human was foreign

to Bagster. All sorts of ideas flocked from the ends of the earth and claimed citizenship in his mind. No matter how foreign the idea might be, it was never interned as an alien enemy. The result was, he had suffered from the excessive immigration of ideas that were not easily assimilated by the native stock. I have sometimes thought that it might have been better if he had not allowed these aliens a controlling influence till they had taken out their first naturalization papers. But that was not Bagster's way.

Dropping into what once was known as the vestry of the church, but which is now the office of the Institute, I found a row of patients sitting with an air of expectant resignation. A business-like young woman attempted to put my name on an appointment card. I mumbled an excuse to the effect that I was a friend of the doctor and wished to

remain so, and therefore would not call during office-hours.

The next day I was fortunate enough to find Bagster in one of his rare periods of leisure and to hear from his own lips an account of his new enterprise.

'You know,' he said, 'I was unfortunate enough to be out of health several years ago, at the time the ministers began to go into Psychotherapy. I liked the idea and would have gone into it too, but I had to let my mind lie fallow for a while. It seemed too bad not to have a clinic. We ought all to be healthier than we are, and if we could get the right thoughts and hold on to them, we should get rid of a good many ills. Even the M.D.'s admit that. I read up on the subject and started into practice as soon as I got back. For a while, everything went well. When a patient came I would suggest to him a thought which he should hold for the benefit of his soul and body.'

'What was the difficulty with the treatment?'

'The fact is,' said Bagster, 'I ran out of thoughts. It's all very well to say, "Hold a thought." But what if there is n't anything you can get a grip on? You know the law of the association of ideas. That's where the trouble lies. An idea will appear to be perfectly reliable, and you think you know just where to find it. But it falls in with idle associates and plays truant. When you want it, it is n't there. And there are a lot of solid thoughts that have been knocking about in the minds of everybody till their edges are worn off. You can't hold them. A thought to be held must be interesting. When I read that in the Psychology, I was staggered.'

'To be interesting, a thought must pass through the mind of an interesting person. In the process something happens to it. It is no longer an inorganic substance, but it is in such form that

it can easily be assimilated by other minds. It is these humanized and individualized thoughts that can be profitably held.

'Then it struck me that this is what literature means. Here we have a stock of thoughts in such a variety of forms that they can be used, not only for food, but for medicine.

'During the last year I have been working up a system of Biblio-therapeutics. I don't pay much attention to the purely literary or historical classifications. I don't care whether a book is ancient or modern, whether it is English or German, whether it is in prose or verse, whether it is a history or a collection of essays, whether it is romantic or realistic. I only ask, "What is its therapeutic value?"'

He went on didactically, as if he were addressing a class.

'A book may be a stimulant or a sedative or an irritant or a soporific. The point is that it must do something to you, and you ought to know what it is. A book may be of the nature of a soothing syrup or it may be of the nature of a mustard plaster.

'Literary critics make a great to-do about the multiplication of worthless or hurtful books. They make lists of good, bad, and indifferent. But despite this outcry, there is nothing so harmless as printed matter when it is left to itself. A man's thoughts never occupy so little space or waste so little of his neighbor's time as when neatly printed and pressed between the covers of a book. There they lie without power of motion. What if a book is dull? It can't follow you about. It can't button-hole you and say, "One word more." When you shut up a book, it stays shut.

'The true function of a literary critic is not to pass judgment on the book, but to diagnose the condition of the person who has read it. What was his

state of mind before reading and after reading? Was he better or worse for his experience?

'If a book is dull, that is a matter between itself and its maker, but if it makes me duller than I should otherwise have been, I have a grievance. To pass judgment on the books on a library shelf without regard to their effects is like passing judgment on the contents of a drug store from the standpoint of mineralogy, without regard to physiology; on the glass jars which are mineralogically excellent — but are they good to eat?

'The sensible man does not jump at conclusions, but asks expert advice. But many persons, when they take up a highly recommended book, feel in conscience bound to go through to the bitter end, whether it is good for them or not.

'From my point of view, a book is a literary prescription put up for the benefit of some one who needs it. It may be simple or compounded of many ingredients. The ideas may unite in true chemical union or they may be insoluble in one another and form an emulsion.

'The essays of Emerson form an emulsion. The sentences are tiny globules of wisdom which do not actually coalesce, but remain suspended in one another. They should be shaken before using.

'Maeterlinck contains volatile elements which easily escape the careless reader. Chesterton's essays contain a great deal of solid common sense, but always in the form of an effervescent mixture. By mixing what we think with what we think we think, this effervescence invariably results.

'Dante, we are told, belonged to the Guild of the Apothecaries. It was an excellent training for a literary man. Some writers, like Swift, always present truth in an acid form. Others pre-

fer to add an edulcorant or sweetener.

'Of this Edulcorating School was Thomas Fuller, who tells how he compounded his History. "I did not attempt my history to the palate of the government so as to sweeten it with any falsehood, but I made it palatable, so as not to give any wilful disgust to those in present power, and procure danger to myself by using over-tart or bitter expressions better forborne than inserted — without any prejudice to truth."

'A book being a literary prescription, it should be carefully put up. Thus I learned, when I looked up the subject, that a proper prescription should always contain:—

'(1) A basis, or chief ingredient, intended to cure.

'(2) An adjuvant, to assist the action and make it cure more quickly.

'(3) A corrective, to prevent or lessen any undesirable effect.

'(4) A vehicle, or excipient, to make it suitable for administration and pleasant to the patient.

'I do not propose to go into literary pharmacy more than to say that there are sufficient tests of what is called literary style. In regard to a book, I ask, Does it have any basis or chief ingredient? Does the author furnish any corrective for his own exaggerations? Above all, is the remedy presented in a pleasant vehicle or excipient, so that it will go down easily?

'I have said,' continued Bagster, 'that certain books are stimulants. They do not so much furnish us with thoughts as set us to thinking. They awaken faculties which we had allowed to be dormant. After reading them we actually feel differently and frequently we act differently. The book is a spiritual event.

'Books that are true stimulants are not produced every year. They are not made to order, but are the products of

original minds under the stress of peculiar circumstances. Each generation produces some writer who exerts a powerfully stimulating influence on his contemporaries, stirring emotion and leading to action. The book does something.

'So Carlyle stimulated his generation to work, and Ruskin stimulated it to social service and to the appreciation of Art. Tolstoi stimulated the will to self-sacrifice, and Nietzsche has overstimulated the will to power. Rousseau furnished the stimulant to his generation, both to a political and educational revolution. In the sixteenth century, Lord Burleigh said of John Knox, "His voice is able in an hour to put more life in us than six hundred trumpets blaring in our ears."

'When the stimulants are fresh, there is no difficulty in getting them into use. Indeed, the difficulty is in enforcing moderation. The book with a new emotional appeal is taken up by the intelligent young people, who form the volunteer poison squad. If the poison squad survives, the book gets into general circulation among the more elderly readers whose motto is "Safety first."

'It is to be noticed that the full stimulating effect of most books is lessened after they have been kept long in stock. When to-day you uncork Rousseau, nothing pops. Calvin's *Institutes* had a most powerfully stimulating effect upon the more radical young people of his day. It is now between three and four centuries since that work was exposed to the air, and it has lost its original effervescence.

'We must also take into effect the well-known principle of immunization. When a writer sets forth in a book certain powerful ideas, they may produce very little disturbance because everybody has had them before. There was a time when the poetry of Byron was

considered to be very heady. Young men went wild over it. It stimulated them to all sorts of unusual actions. It modified their collars and their way of wearing the hair. Young men may still, as a necessary part of their college education, read *The Corsair*, but this required reading does not impel them toward a career of picturesque and heartbroken piracy. Pessimism has its fashions, and to-day is realistic rather than romantic and sentimental.

'It is hard to get a blameless youth to enjoy the spiritual exaltation that comes from a sense of romantic guilt and a vast unquenchable revenge for the unfathomable injuries that came from the fact that he was born with a superior mind. But that was what our great-grandfathers felt when Byronism was in its early bloom. It was a feeling at once cosmical and egotistical. When we look at the placid, respectable portraits of our ancestors of the early nineteenth century, we can get no idea of the way in which they inwardly raged and exulted as they read.

'The mind that broods on guilty woes
Is like a scorpion girt with fire
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around the captive close
Till inly searched with thousand throes.
And maddening in her ire
One sole and sad relief she knows,
The sting she nourished for her foes.

'"That means me," says the promising young reader, as he inwardly rages because he is girt in by a commonplace community that stupidly refuses to acknowledge itself as his foe — in fact, does n't know that he's there. What he wants is a foe on whom he can vent his poetic ire. When he can't find one, he falls into a mood of delicious self-pity.

'The vacant bosom's wilderness
Might thank the pain that made it less;
We loathe what none are left to share,
Even bliss.

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The keenest pangs the wretched find
 Are rapture to the dreary void,
 The leafless desert of the mind,
 The waste of feeling unemployed.

‘There you have it. In each generation the pathetic consciousness of youth is of the waste of feeling unemployed. Byron appealed to the spiritually unemployed. But as an employment agent he was not so successful. The only employment that he suggested was a general vindictiveness. The heart once thus left desolate must fly at last from ease to hate. It almost seems that the remedy was worse than the disease. But our great-grandfathers, before they had troubles of their own, got a great deal of stimulation from Byron.

‘Bibliotherapy is such a new science that it is no wonder that there are many erroneous opinions as to the actual effect which any particular book may have. There is always room for the imagination in such matters. There has been a great change in the theory of stimulants. Here is a little book published in Saco, Maine, in 1829. It is *Stewart’s Healing Art*, by Rev. W. Stewart, D.D., of Bloomfield, Somerset, Maine. Dr. Stewart, when he turned from theology to medicine, lost none of his zeal. He was a great believer in what he believed to be stimulants. In regard to the treatment of nightmare, he says, “It arises from a tarry condition of the blood. Half an ounce of my stimulating bitters, half an ounce of powders put in a quart of good rum, will cure the patient.”

‘I fear that among Dr. Stewart’s parishioners nightmare was a recurrent disease.

‘Physiologists have recently exploded the notion that alcohol is a stimulant. They now tell us that it is a depressant. The man who has imbibed freely feels brilliant, but he is n’t. He is more dull than usual, but he does n’t

know it. His critical faculty has been depressed, so that he has nothing to measure himself by. He has lost control of his mental machinery, and he is not strong enough to put on the brake.

‘Here is a stock of literary depressants which have been manufactured in large quantities. Here is a writer who turns out a thriller every six months. Every book has the same plot, the same characters, the same conclusion. The characters appear under different aliases. Their residences are different, but one might compile a directory of these unnoted names of fiction.

‘Here is a book that conveys the impression that it is perfectly shocking. The author speaks of his work with bated breath. It is so strong. He wonders why it is allowed. And yet it contains nothing which the adult person did n’t know before he was born. As for his newly discovered substitutes for ethics, they were the moral platitudes of the cave-dwellers.

‘The habitual reader who imbibes these beverages thinks that he is exhilarated. What he needs is a true stimulant, something that will stimulate his torpid faculty. There are other books which are often confused with true stimulants but which are really quite different both in their composition and effects—they are the counter-irritants.

‘A counter-irritant is a substance employed to produce an irritation in one part of the body in order to counteract a morbid condition in another part. Counter-irritants are superficial in their application, but sometimes remarkably efficacious. In medical practice, the commonest counter-irritants are mustard, croton-oil, turpentine, and Spanish flies. In recent bibliotherapeutic practice the commonest counter-irritant is Bernard Shaw. Irritating books are easy to write if one

has learned the art, and the market is greatly overstocked. Still, there are cases in which literature that produces a state of exasperation is beneficial.

'Here is a case in my practice. — A. X. Middle-aged. Intelligence middling. Circumstances comfortable. Opinions partially ossified, but giving him no inconvenience. Early in life was in the habit of imbibing new ideas, but now finds they don't agree with him, and for some years has been a total abstainer. Happily married — at least for himself. Is fully appreciative of his own virtues and has at times a sense of moral repletion. Is averse to any attempt at social betterment that may interfere with his own comfort.

'He did n't come to me of his own accord — he was sent.' He assured me that nothing was the matter with him and that he never felt better in his life.

'“That is what I understood,” I said. “It is that which alarmed your friends. If you will coöperate with us, we will try to make you so uncomfortable that in your effort to escape from our treatment you may exercise faculties that may make you a useful member of society.

'“You must read more novels. Not pleasant stories that make you forget yourself. They must be searching, drastic, stinging, relentless novels, without any alleviation of humor or any sympathy with human weakness, designed to make you miserable. They will show you up.

'“I will give you a list with all the ingredients plainly indicated according to the provision of the pure food and drug law. Each one will make you feel bad in a new spot. When you are ashamed of all your sins, I will rub in a few caustic comments of Bernard Shaw to make you ashamed of all your virtues. By that time you will be in such a state of healthy exasperation as you have not known for years.”'

'How did it come out?' I asked.

'That time I lost my patient,' said Bagster. 'It is curious about irritants, so much depends on the person. To some skins glycerine is very irritating. And there are some minds that are irritated by what is called gentle irony.

'Here is one of the most irritating things ever written,' he said, picking up Daniel Defoe's *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. 'To read *Robinson Crusoe* one would n't suppose that its author could drive his contemporaries almost frantic. There was nothing sharp about Defoe's style. He did not stab his opponents with a rapier-like wit. His style was always circumstantial. His manner was adhesive. Seriously and earnestly, as one who was working for good, he sought out the most sensitive spot and then with a few kind words he applied his blistering adhesive plaster. No wonder Defoe had to stand on a pillory.'

'I suppose,' I said, 'you would class all satires as counter-irritants.'

'No,' said Bagster. 'Pure satire is not irritating. It belongs, not to medicine, but to surgery. When the operation is done skillfully, there is little shock. The patient is often unaware that anything has happened, like the saint in the old martyrology who, after he had been decapitated, walked off absent-mindedly with his head under his arm.'

Bagster opened the door of a case labeled Antipyretics. It contained what at first seemed an incongruous collection of books, among which I noticed *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, Sir Thomas Browne's *Urne-Buriall*, Trollope's novels, the Revised Statutes of Illinois, the poems of Ossian, Gray's *Elegy*, a history of Babylon, Sir Charles Grandison, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and Thomas Benton's *Thirty Years in the United States Senate*.

'I don't pretend that this collection

has any scientific value. My method has been purely empirical. There are remedies that I have tried on individual patients. An antipyretic is something which depresses the temperature; it is useful in allaying fevers. I should not put these books in the same class except for therapeutic purposes. They have a tendency to cool us off. You know Emerson tells how, when he was coming out of a heated political meeting, Nature would put her hands on his head and say, "My little man, why so hot?" And there are books that do the same for us.

'It takes a person of a philosophic mind to respond to the antipyretic influence of Marcus Aurelius. One of my patients confessed that in attempting to reach those philosophic heights he "felt considerable het up."

'In cases where the conscience has been overstimulated by incessant modern demands, I find Trollope a sovereign remedy. After unsuccessful attempts to live up to my own ideals, as well as to those of my neighbors, I drop down into the Cathedral Close, Barchester, and renew my acquaintance with Bishop Prouty and his excellent lady and the Dean and Chapter, including the minor canons. Everything is so morally secure. These persons have their ideals, and they are so easily lived up to. It is comforting now and then to come into a society where every one is doing his duty as he sees it, and nobody sees any duty which it would be troublesome for him to do.

'Here is a somewhat different case. A. J. came to me complaining of great depression of spirits. On inquiry, I found he was a book-reviewer on a daily paper. I suspected that he was suffering from an occupational disease. Said that nobody loved him, he was a literary hangman whose duty it was to hang, draw, and quarter the books that were brought to him for execution.

Nobody loves a hangman. Yet he was naturally of an affectionate disposition. I found that he was a man of fastidious taste, and a split infinitive caused him acute pain. Our social worker called at the house and found that, besides the agony caused by reading so many poor books, he had financial anxiety. The boss had said that if he continued to be so savage in his criticisms, he would lose his job. He has a wife and three children.

'I talked to him soothingly about the general state of literature. It was too much to expect that a faultless masterpiece should be produced every week. It is hard enough to get people to read masterpieces, as it is. If they were produced in greater quantities it might be fatal to the reading habit.

' "You set your standard too high at the beginning. You are like a taxicab driver who sets the hands of the dial at the seventy-five-cent mark before he starts his machine. This discourages the passenger. If it costs so much to stand still, he thinks it would be better to get out and walk. Start the day with some book that can be easily improved upon."

'I gave him a copy of the Congressional Record. "Every day before you sit down to your new books, read a chapter of this voluminous work."

'Yesterday he told me he had read a hundred pages. "By the way," he said, "I have noticed a marked improvement in our young writers whose books come to my desk. Their style seems so clear and their expressions are so concise."

'After spending a certain time every day in reading the works of our lawmakers he had learned many lessons of literary tolerance. He used to be annoyed because every one was n't as critical as he was. Now he is inclined to treat criticism as a special interest.

'He read with approval a revelation

concerning the Apocrypha given in 1833 to one of the Latter-day Saints. "Thus said the Lord unto you concerning the Apocrypha. There are many things contained in it that are true, and there are many things contained in it that are not true. Whoso readeth it let him understand it. Whoso is enlightened shall obtain benefit. Whoso is not enlightened cannot be benefited. Therefore it is not needful that the Apocrypha should be translated."

"There is a great deal of sense in that. Those who are enlightened enough to read the Apocrypha will be benefited. Those who cannot be benefited will not read it. Perhaps it's just as well.

"I have a patient, an aspiring politician, who almost went to pieces through his excessive devotion to his own interests in the last campaign. As he had identified his interests with those of his country, when he lost the election he felt that the country was ruined. He could, he told me, have stood his personal disappointment, but the sudden collapse of public righteousness was too much for him. Marcus Aurelius, Epicurettus and Sir Thomas Browne's *Urne-Buriall* had no effect in allaying his feverish symptoms. I had him recite Gray's *Elegy* for three successive mornings. But the clinical chart showed that his temperature continued above normal.

"Quite by accident, I recalled the volumes of Senator Benton. As a child I had often looked at them with awe in my grandfather's library. They were my symbol of Eternity. Thirty years in the United States Senate seemed such a long time.

"I recommended the volumes to my patient. Yesterday he informed me that he felt differently about the election. He talked quite rationally and with a certain detachment that was encouraging. He had been thinking, he said, that perhaps thirty years after

nobody would remember who gained this election. A great many things, he said, happen in this country in the course of thirty years that are not so important as they seem at the time. Indeed, the antipyretic action of Benton's book was so great that I feared that he might be cooled down too much, so that, as a corrective, I administered a tincture of Roosevelt.

"I have a patient who had been a stock-broker and had retired, hoping to enjoy his leisure. But the breaking up of his accustomed habits of thought was a serious matter. His one intellectual exercise had been following the market, and when there was no market for him to follow, he said he was all broken up.

"He came to me for advice, and after detailing his symptoms asked if I could n't give him a brace; perhaps I could recommend a rattling good detective story. I notice that a large number of my patients want to furnish both the diagnosis and the treatment, expecting me only to furnish a favorable prognosis. I am told by medical friends that they have the same experience.

"I sat down with my patient and talked with him about occupational diseases. I do not hold with some that a steady occupation *is* a disease. It only makes one liable to certain maladies. It upsets the original balance of Nature. You know Shakespeare says, "Goodness, growing to a plurisy, dies in his own too much." Too-muchness in one direction leads to not-enoughness in another.

"You have had an overdevelopment of certain virtues. You must restore the balance. For years your mind has been on the jump. It is like a kitten that will follow a mouse or a string as long as it is moving rapidly. You have been obsessed with the idea of price, and when you can't learn the price of anything you think that it has

ceased to exist. It is as if you had spent all your life in a one-price clothing store where every garment had a tag indicating its exact value in dollars and cents. You are suddenly ushered into a drawing-room where you see a great many coats and trousers moving about without any tags. You go away feeling that the clothing business has gone to pieces. You need to learn that some things exist that are not for sale. Now I propose a thorough emotional reeducation. Your mind has been interested only in rapidly moving objects to which you, at each moment, ascribe a specific value. I want to turn your mind to the vague, the misty, the imponderable. Each day you are to take exercises in nebulosity. You are to float away into a realm where being and not being, doing and not doing, knowing and not knowing amount to very much the same thing."

"My patient rebelled. He said his wife had taken him once to a lecture on the Vedanta philosophy, and he felt that his constitution could n't stand that treatment.

"I understand," I said, "Orientalism does not agree with some constitutions. I will try something that appeals to ancestral feelings."

"I then arranged a set of daily exercises. It was based on the principle of a well-known teacher of longevity, who advises that we masticate our food diligently till it disappears through involuntary swallowing. I directed the patient to fix his mind on the price of his favorite stock, at the same time reading aloud a chapter of Ossian. He was to keep this up till the thought of the stock disappeared through involuntary inattention.

"The cure is slow, but is progressing. I began by giving the patient as a thought to hold, the price of a hundred shares in New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. He was to hold the

thought as he paced his room, inhaling deeply and reading, —

"A tale of the days of old, the deeds of the days of other years.

"From the wood-skirted fields of Lego ascend the gray-bosomed mists. Wide over Lora's stream is poured the vapor dark and deep. The spirit of all the winds strides from blast to blast, in the stormy night. A sound comes from the desert. It is Conar, King of Innisfail. His ghost sat on a gray ridge of smoke."

"That is a queer thing for him to sit on," said my patient.

"I was greatly encouraged by this remark. He had got his mind off the stock. The cure was working. "Keep your eye on the ghost," I said. "There he is — with bending eyes and dark winding locks of mist."

"After half an hour of rhythmic chanting, I found that his anxieties about the stock market had evaporated in an Ossianic mist, leaving his mind quite cool and composed. Yesterday when I made a professional call, I found him reciting the praise of Tel. & Tel.

"Dreams descended on Larthon, he saw seven spirits of his fathers. Son of Alpin, strike the string. Is there aught of joy in the harp? Pour it on the soul of Ossian. Green thorn of the hill of ghosts, that shakest thy head to nightly winds! Dost thou touch the shadowy harp robed with morning mists, when the rustling sun comes forth from his green-headed waves?"

"He said he did n't have the slightest idea what it all meant, but he felt better for reciting it. He saw that he had been starved for this sort of thing. There was something misty and moist about the words. He liked the feel of them. If I had n't prescribed Ossian, he might have taken to Futurism. Shadowy harps, and green-headed waves, and ghosts sitting on a gray ridge of smoke were just the thoughts

he needed. They made the business world seem so much less uncertain.

'After that, I had a little talk about mental hygiene. "What you said about the moist feeling of the words is very true. In these days of artificial heating and artificial lighting, we keep our minds too dry. We ought to have a spiritual hygrometer and consult it. While our consciousness may be all right, our sub-consciousness suffers from the lack of humidity in our mental atmosphere. You know that our ancestors were people of the mists."'

Bagster expounded the theory of literary antitoxins. 'Each age has,' he said, 'its peculiar malady. There is one point on which everybody is abnormal. There is a general obsession which affects all classes. For a time, everybody thinks and feels in a certain way — and everybody is wrong. The general obsession may be witchcraft, or religious persecution, or war, or the notion that we can get something for nothing. Whatever the notion is, everybody has it.

'Ordinary minds succumb to the epidemic. Unusually strong minds overcome the toxic elements of the time and recover. In their resistance they produce more antitoxin than they need for themselves. This can be used for the benefit of others.

'Thackeray could not have written the *Book of Snobs* if snobbery had not been a malady of his time which it required a special effort on his part to overcome.

'Plutarch's *Lives* is a powerful antitoxin for the evils of imperialism. But Plutarch lived when the Roman Empire was at its height. Plutarch's men were not the men he saw around him. They stood for the stern republican virtues which were most opposed to the tendencies of his age. One great use of the antitoxins is in the treatment of various forms of bigotry.'

Bagster showed me a cabinet over which he had inscribed the prayer of Father Taylor, 'O Lord, save us from bigotry and bad rum. Thou knowest which is worse.'

He had shelves labeled Catholic Bigotry, Protestant Bigotry, Conservative Bigotry, Progressive Bigotry and the like. 'When I first began to treat cases of this kind I tried to introduce the patient to some excellent person of the opposing party or sect, thinking thus to counteract the unfavorable impression that had been formed. But I soon found that this treatment was based on a mistake and only aggravated the symptoms. A bigot is defined as one who is illiberally attached to an opinion, system, or organization. His trouble is, not that he is attached to an opinion, but only that he is illiberally attached. My aim, therefore, is to make him liberally attached. To that end I try to make him acquainted with the actual thoughts of the best men of his own party and to show him that his inherited opinions are much more reasonable than he had supposed. After I have got my patient to recognize the best in his own party, I then introduce him to the same kind of person in another party. At least that is my plan.'

'As a matter of fact,' I asked, 'do you have many patients who come to be cured of their intolerance?'

'No,' said Bagster, 'people seldom come to a physician unless their disease causes them pain. Now, intolerance causes no pain to the intolerant person. It is the other fellow who suffers.'

'And I suppose it is the other fellow who complains?'

'Yes, generally,' said Bagster. 'The fact is that most persons prefer the toxins in their system to the antitoxins. Before you can do much for them, you must overcome their prejudices.'

'But in this case the prejudice is the disease.'

'Yes, and the getting them to see it is the treatment.'

Just at this moment Bagster was called away by a patient who had taken an overdose of war literature. I was sorry, because I wished to discuss with him books which are at the same time stimulants and sedatives. They put new life into us and then set the life pulse strong but slow.

Emerson says, —

That book is good
Which puts me in a working mood.
Unless to thought is added will
Apollo is an imbecile.

The book which puts us in a working mood is one which we are never able to read through. We start to read it and it puts us in a mood to do something else. We cannot sit poring over the printed page when our work seems suddenly so interesting and well worth while. So we go about our work with a new zest.

This seems very ungrateful; but when our working mood has exhausted itself, we return to our energizing volume with that kind of gratitude which has been defined as 'the lively expectation of favors to come.'

WAR AND HUMAN PROGRESS

BY JAMES BRYCE

I

THOSE who have studied the general principles that guide human conduct and the working out of these principles as recorded in history have noted two main streams of tendency. One of these tendencies shows itself in the power of Reason and of those higher and gentler altruistic emotions which the development of Reason as the guide of life tends to evoke and foster. The other tendency is associated with the less rational elements in man — with passion and the self-regarding impulses which naturally attain their ends by physical violence.

Thus two schools of philosophical thinkers or historians have been formed. One lays stress on the power of the former set of tendencies. It finds in them the chief sources of human pro-

gress in the past, and expects from them its further progress in the future. It regards man as capable of a continual advance through the increasing influence of reason and sympathy. It dwells on the ideas of Justice and Right as the chief factors in the amelioration of society, and therefore regards good-will and peace as the goal of human endeavor in the sphere both of national and of international life. Its faith in human nature — that is to say, in the possibility of improving human nature — makes it hopeful for the ordinary man, who may, in its view, be brought by education, and under a régime of beneficence, to a higher level than he has yet anywhere attained.

The other school is less sanguine. It insists on the power of selfishness and of passion, holding these to be elements in human action which can never be

greatly refined or restrained, either by reason or by sympathy. Social order—so it holds—can be secured only by Force, and Right itself is created only by Force. It is past force that has made what men call Right and Law and Government; it is Force and Force alone that sustains the social structure. The average man needs discipline; and the best thing he can do is to submit to the strong man—strength, of course, consisting not only in physical capacity, but in a superiority of will and intellect also. This school, which used to defend slavery as useful and, indeed, necessary,—the older among us can remember a time when that ancient, time-honored institution was still so defended,—prefers the rule of the superior One or Few, monarchy or oligarchy, to the rule of the Many. Quite consistently, it has usually regarded war as a necessary and valuable form of discipline, because war is the final embodiment and test of physical force.

This opposition can be traced a long way back. It is already visible in the days of Plato, who combats the teaching of some of the Sophists that Justice is merely the advantage of the strong. From his time onward great philosophical schools followed his lead. The poets, from Hesiod onward, gave an ideal expression to the love of peace in their pictures of a Golden Age before the use of copper and iron had been discovered. Virgil describes the primeval *Saturnia Regna*, the time before war trumpets were blown or the anvil sounded under the strokes of the swordsmith's hammer,—

*Necdum etiam audierant inflari classica, necdum
Impositos duris crepitare incudibus enses.*

This was the happy time of man, to which the Roman poet who acclaimed the restoration of peace by Augustus looked back, desiring a rest from the unending strife of the ancient world. Just after Virgil's day, Christianity

proclaimed peace as its message to all mankind. Twelve hundred years later, in an age full of strife, Dante, the most imaginative mind of the Middle Ages, hoped for peace from the universal sway of a pious and disinterested Emperor; and, nearly six hundred years after him, in the days of Frederick the Great of Prussia, Immanuel Kant, the greatest metaphysician of the modern world, produced his plan for the establishment of an everlasting peace.

These hopes and teachings of poets and philosophers, though they had little power in the world of fact (for few rulers or statesmen, even of those who rendered lip-service to pacific principles, ever tried to apply them to practice), continued to prevail in the world of theory, and seemed, especially after the final extinction of slavery fifty years ago and the spread of democracy from America to Europe, to be passing into the category of generally accepted truths.

Latterly, however, there has come a noteworthy reaction. A school of thinkers has arisen which, not content with maintaining war to be a necessary factor in the relations between states, as being the only ultimately available method of settling their disputes, declares it to be a method in itself wholesome and socially valuable. To these thinkers it is not an inevitable evil, but a positive good—a thing not merely to be expected and excused, but to be desired for the benefits it confers on mankind. This school challenges the assumptions of the lovers of peace and denounces their projects of disarmament and arbitration as pernicious. War, it seems, is a medicine which human society needs, and which must be administered at frequent intervals; for it is the only tonic capable of bracing up the character of a nation.

Such doctrines are a natural result of the system of thought which exalts

the functions and proclaims the supremacy of the State. The State stands by Power. The State is Power. Its power rests upon force. By force it keeps order and executes the law within its limits. Outside its limits there is no law, but only force. Neither is there any morality. The State is a law unto itself, and owes no duty to other states. Self-preservation is the principle of its being. Its Might is Right, the only possible Right. War, or the threat of war, is the sole means by which the State can make its will prevail against other states; and where its interest requires war, to war it must resort, reckless of the so-called rights of others.

This modern doctrine, or rather this modernized and developed form of an old doctrine, bases itself on two main arguments. One is drawn from the realm of animated nature, the other from history. Both lines of argument are meant to show that all progress is achieved by strife. Among animals and plants, it is Natural Selection and the Struggle for Life that have evolved the higher forms from the lower, destroying the weaker species, and replacing them by the stronger. Among men, it is the same process of unending conflict that has enabled the higher races and the more civilized States to overcome the lower and less advanced, either extinguishing them altogether, or absorbing them and imposing upon such of them as remain, the more perfect type of the conquerors.

The theory I am describing has, in these latest years, acquired for us a more than theoretical interest. It has passed out of the world of thought into the world of action, becoming a potent factor in the relations of states. It has been used to justify, not merely war itself, but methods of warfare till recently unheard of — methods which, though defended as promoting human progress, threaten to carry us back into the

ages of barbarism. It deserves to be carefully examined, so that we may see upon what foundations it rests. I propose to consider briefly the two lines of argument just referred to, which may be called the biological and the historical.

II

Never yet was a doctrine adopted for one set of reasons which its advocates could not somehow contrive to support by other reasons. In the Middle Ages men generally resorted to the Bible, never failing to find a text which they could so interpret as to justify their views or their acts. Pope Gregory the Seventh, perhaps the most striking figure of the eleventh century, proved to the men of his time that his own spiritual power was superior to the secular power by citing that passage in the Book of Genesis which says that the sun was created to rule the day and the moon to rule the night. The reader may not see the connection, but his contemporaries did. The sun was the Poppedom and the moon was the Empire. In our own time — I am old enough to remember the fact, and the reader will find it referred to in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (which I hope is still read, for its appearance was a great event in history) — the apologists of Negro slavery justified that 'peculiar institution' by quoting the passage in Genesis where Noah prophesies that Ham, or rather Canaan the son of Ham, shall serve his elder brother Shem. In the then current biblical ethnography, Ham was the progenitor of the black races of Africa, and the fact that even that ethnography did not make Shem the progenitor of the Anglo-American race was passed over. This argument had no great currency outside the slave states. But another book besides the Bible was open, and to that also an appeal was made: the Book of Nature.

It was frequently alleged by the defenders of slavery in Europe as well as in America, that the Negro was not really a man, but one of the higher apes, and certain points from his bone-structure were adduced to prove this thesis.

Less use is made of Scripture now for political purposes than in the days of Gregory the Seventh or even in those of Jefferson Davis. But attempts to press science into the service of politics are not unknown in our generation, so we must not be surprised that a nation which is nothing if not scientific should have sought and found in what is called the Darwinian doctrine of Natural Selection a proof of their view that the elimination of the weak by the strong is a principle of universal potency, the method by which progress is attained in the social and political no less than in the natural sphere.

Their argument has been stated thus: the geological record shows that more highly developed forms have been through countless ages evolved from forms simpler and more rudimentary. Cryptogamous plants — lichens, mosses, ferns — come first, and out of these the phanerogamous were developed. Animal life began with zoöphytes and molluscs; serpents and birds followed; then came the mammalia, these culminating in Man. Some species disappeared and were replaced in the perpetual struggle for existence by others that had proved themselves stronger. Every species fights to maintain itself against the others; there is not room enough for all; the weak disappear, the stronger prevail. So the earlier forms of man himself have succumbed to others superior in strength; and among these latter some races have shown a greater capacity, physical and mental, and have either displaced the weaker, or exterminated them, or conquered them, sometimes enslaving them, sometimes absorbing them. When the con-

quered survive, they receive the impress of the conqueror and are conformed to his more perfect type. Thus the white man has prevailed against the colored man. Thus the Teuton is prevailing against the Slav and the Celt, and is indeed fitted by his higher gift for intellectually creative, as well as practical organization to be the Lord of the World, as the lion is lord of the forest and the eagle lord of the air.

As progress in the animal creation is effected by a strife in which the animal organisms possessing most force prevail and endure, so progress in the political world comes through conflicts in which the strongest social organisms, that is, the states best equipped for war, prove themselves able to overcome the weaker. Without war this victory of the best cannot come about. Hence, war is a main cause of progress.

Lest this summary should misrepresent the view I am endeavoring to state, — and it is not easy to state it correctly, for there lurks in it some mental confusion, — I will cite a few passages from one of its exponents, who puts it in a crudely brief form convenient for quotation. Others have probably stated it better, but all that need be done here is to show how some, at least, of those who hold it have expressed themselves.

‘Wherever we look in Nature we find that war is a fundamental law of development. This great verity, which has been recognized in past ages, has been convincingly demonstrated in modern times by Charles Darwin. He proved that Nature is ruled by an unceasing struggle for existence, by the right of the stronger, and that this struggle in its apparent cruelty brings about a selection eliminating the weak and the unwholesome.’

‘The natural law to which all the laws of nature can be reduced is the law of struggle.’

'From the first beginning of life, war has been the basis of all healthy development. Struggle is not merely the destructive, but the life-giving principle. The law of the stronger holds good everywhere. Those forms survive which are able to secure for themselves the most favorable conditions of life. The weaker succumb.'

Now, let us examine this so-called argument from the biological world and see whether or how far it supports the thesis that the law of progress through strife is a universal law, applicable to human communities as well as to animals and plants.

Several objections present themselves. First, this theory is an attempt to apply what are called natural laws to a sphere unlike that of external nature. The facts we study in the external world are wholly different from those we study in human society. There are in that society certain generally observable sequences of phenomena which we popularly call laws of social development: that is, individual men and communities of men show certain recurrent tendencies which may be compared with the recurrent sequences in the behavior of inanimate substances and in the animated creation. But the human or social sequences have not that uniformity, that generality, that capacity for being counted or measured, and thereby expressed in precise and unvarying terms, which belong to things in the world of external nature. Oxygen and sulphur always and everywhere behave (so far as we know) in exactly the same way when the conditions are exactly the same. Every oak tree and every apple tree, however different the individuals of the species may be in size, grow in the same way, and the laws of their growth can be so stated as to be applicable to all members of the species. But we cannot do more than conjecture, with more or less con-

fidence, but never with certainty of prediction, how any given man or any given community of men will behave under any given set of conditions.

The human body no doubt consists of tissues, and the tissues of cells. But each individual in the species *Homo Sapiens Europæus* has, when considered as a human being, something peculiar to himself which is not and cannot be completely known or measured. His action is due to so many complex and hidden causes, and is therefore so incalculable by any scientific apparatus; he is played upon by so many forces whose presence and strength no qualitative or quantitative analysis can determine, that both his thoughts and his conduct are practically unpredictable. That which we call a general scientific law is therefore totally different from what it is in the world of external nature. Considerations drawn from that world are therefore, when applied to man, not arguments but, at best, mere analogies, sometimes suggestive as indicating lines of inquiry, but never approaching the character of exact science.

Secondly, that which is called the Darwinian principle of Natural Selection is a matter still in controversy among scientific men. A distinguished zoölogist, for instance, Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, whose little book entitled *Evolution and the War* may be commended as full of interest and instruction, pronounces the principle to be only a highly probable hypothesis regarding the process by which the evolution of species has taken place, but still no more, as yet, than a hypothesis. The methods by which natural selection takes place are uncertain. Higher and more complex forms do certainly come out of lower and simpler forms; and the adaptability to environment would seem to be an extremely important factor in their development. More than that — so one gathers from

the biologists — one is not entitled to assert.

Thirdly, the Struggle for Life in the Darwinian sense is not so much a combat between species as a combat between individuals of the same species, which, like the seeds of plants, dispute the same bit of soil, or, like the carnivorous animals, feed on the same creatures and find there is not enough to go round. In the animal world we find nothing really like the wars of human tribes or states. Tigers or other bellicose animals do not fight either with other tigers or with such other feline tribes as leopards. Individuals may fight in those occasional cases where the possession of the same female is disputed by two males; but groups do not fight each other. Tigers kill antelopes for food; they have no impulse to dominate or to extirpate, but only to support their own life. If zoölogy furnishes any analogy to the contests of nations, it is to be found, not in the clash of Teutonic and Slavonic armies, but where there is an appropriation, by individuals possessing superior industry and skill, of the means of livelihood and opportunities for amassing wealth which trade and civilized finance offer to all alike who will address themselves to the task. Here is not war, but a competition for means of livelihood.

Fourthly, the supersession of one species by another is certainly not effected, in the external world, by fighting, but apparently by the adaptation to its environment of the species which ultimately survives. Where an oceanic island like Hawaii is overrun by new species of plants whose seeds, or seedlings, are brought from another country, what happens is that some of the new species thus introduced find in the isle an environment of soil and climate which suits them so well that they multiply and crowd out, by their natural

growth in the soil, the weaker of the native species established there, till at last a mixed flora results, representing both the old natives and other species from elsewhere. In 1883, when I saw it, Hawaii had thrice been thus overrun. You may see a somewhat similar process where the turf has been cut off a piece of land, leaving it bare for seeds to settle on. Various species appear, some perhaps hardly known before in the neighborhood; but after some years a few will be found in possession. Here we have a phenomenon to which there are parallels in the rapid growth of some trees in certain sections and the displacement of others. But there is nothing like this in human war. And on the other hand there is in the animal world no parallel to the fundamental fact that in human warfare it is not the weaker but the stronger part of the population that is drawn away to perish on the battle-field.

Fifthly, we must note in this connection two other important factors in the extension and decline of species. One of them is liability to disease. The other is fecundity. Here an analogy between plants and animals, on the one hand, and the races or sub-races of mankind, may no doubt be traced. But there is here no conflict: the causes which make some species more susceptible to maladies than others, or make some more prolific than others, exist everywhere in animated nature. But they exist in the species, or race, being due to something in its peculiar constitution. They have nothing to do with conflict between one species, or one race, and another species or race. That these physical factors have more to do with the numerical strength of a species than has its capacity for fighting, when we compare the diffusion of some predatory with many non-predatory species, is so clear that it is not worth while to adduce instances. It may be noted,

however, that in some of the most advanced races of man the birth-rate is so much lower than in the backward races as to threaten the ultimate supremacy of the former.

These considerations, which I have been obliged to state only in outline, seem sufficient to show how hollow is the argument which recommends war as the general law of the universe and a main cause of progress in the human as well as the natural world. It is not an argument at all, but an analogy, and an imperfect one at that. Let me add that the view which regards war as a useful factor in human development had no support from Darwin himself. So far from considering war a cause of progress, he wrote, in the *Origin of Species*, 'In every country in which a large standing army is kept up, the finest young men are taken by conscription or enlisted. They are thus exposed to early death during war, are often tempted into vice, and are prevented from marrying during the prime of life. On the other hand, the shorter and feebler men, with poor constitutions, are left at home, and consequently have a much better chance of marrying.'

III

So much for the first set of grounds on which the war theorists rely. Let us turn to the second, that is to say, the argument from history. It is alleged that the record of all that man has done and suffered is largely a record of constant strife—a fact undeniably true—and that thereby the races and nations and states which are now able to do most for the further advance of mankind have prevailed. They have prevailed by war; war therefore has been the means, and the necessary means, of that predominance which has enabled them to civilize the best parts of the globe.

Before beginning this part of the in-

quiry, let us see what progress means. It is a term which covers several quite different things.

There is Material progress, by which I understand an increase in wealth, that is, in the commodities useful to man, which give him health, strength, and longer life, and make his life easier, providing more comfort and more leisure, and thus enabling him to be more physically efficient, and to escape from that pressure of want which hampers the development of his whole nature.

There is Intellectual progress—an increase in knowledge, a greater abundance of ideas, the training to think and think correctly, the growth in capacity for dealing with practical problems, the cultivation of the power to enjoy the exercise of thought and the pleasures of letters and art.

There is Moral progress—a thing harder to define, but which includes the development of those emotions and habits which make for happiness—contentment and tranquillity of mind; the absence of the more purely animal and therefore degrading vices (such as intemperance and sensuality in all its other forms); the control of the violent passions; good-will and kindness toward others—all the things which fall within the philosophical conception of a life guided by right reason. People have different ideas of what constitutes happiness and virtue, but these things are at any rate included in every such conception.

A further preliminary question arises. Is human progress to be estimated in respect to the point to which it raises the few who have high mental gifts and the opportunity of obtaining an education fitting them for intellectual enjoyment and intellectual vocations, or is it to be measured by the amount of its extension to and diffusion through each nation, meaning the nation as a whole—the average men as well as

the superior spirits? You may sacrifice either the many to the few, — as was done by slavery, — or the few to the many, or the advance may be general and proportionate in all classes.

Again, when we think of progress, are we to think of the world as a whole, or only of the stronger and more capable races and states? If the stronger rise upon the prostrate bodies of the weaker, is this clear gain to the world, because the stronger will ultimately do more for the world, or is the loss and suffering of the weaker to be brought into the account? I do not attempt to discuss these questions; it is enough to note them as fit to be remembered; for perhaps all three kinds of progress ought to be differently judged if a few leading nations only are to be regarded, or if we are to think of all mankind.

Now let us address ourselves to history. Does history show that progress has come more through and by war or through and by peace? It would be tedious to pursue an examination of the question down through the annals of mankind from the days when authentic records begin; but we may take a few of those salient instances to which the advocates of the war doctrine and those of the peace doctrine would appeal as sustaining their respective theses. Let us divide these instances into four classes, as follows:

(1) Instances cited to show that War promotes Progress.

(2) Instances cited to show that Peace has failed to promote Progress.

(3) Instances cited to show that War has failed to promote Progress.

(4) Instances cited to show that Peace promotes Progress.

I begin with the cases in which war is alleged to have been the cause of progress.

It is undeniable that war has often been accompanied by an advance in civilization. If we were to look for pro-

gress only in times of peace there would have been little progress to discover, for mankind has lived in a state of practically permanent warfare. The Egyptian and Assyrian monarchs were always fighting. The author of the Book of Kings speaks of spring as the time when kings go forth to war, much as we should speak of autumn as the time when men go forth to shoot deer. Πόλεμος φύσει ὑπάρχει πρὸς ἀπάσας τὰς πόλεις,¹ said Plato. The fact has been hardly less true since his day, though latterly men have become accustomed to think of peace as the normal, war as the abnormal or exceptional, relation of states to one another. In the ancient world, as late as the days of Roman conquest, a state of peace was the rare exception among civilized states as well as barbarous tribes. But Carthage, like her Phœnician mother-city, went on building up a mighty commerce till Rome smote her down, and the Hellenic people, in its many warring cities, went on producing noble poems and profound philosophical speculations, and rearing majestic temples and adorning them with incomparable works of sculpture, in the intervals of their fighting with their neighbors of the same and other races. The case of the Greeks proves that War and Progress are compatible. Whoever visits Sicily and the coasts of the Ægean cannot but be struck by the thought that it was in the midst of warfare that the majestic buildings of these regions were erected at enormous cost.

The case of Rome is still more often dwelt upon. Her material greatness was due to the conquests which made her mistress of the world. She also achieved intellectual greatness in her poets and orators and jurists, and by her literature and her laws contributed immensely to the progress of man-

¹ War is the natural relation of states to one another.

kind. How far are these achievements to be credited to that long course of conquest?

The Temple of Janus had stood open as a sign of war for two hundred years, when it was closed by Augustus in B.C. 29 to indicate the general peace he had established. The spirit of the Roman people was sustained at a high level by military triumphs, as discipline and the capacity for organization and united national action were also engendered and sustained. But it is to be noted that, although the Romans had shown great political intelligence in creating and working their curiously complex constitution, their literary production attained no high level until Hellenic influences had worked upon it. To these influences, more than to any material causes, its excellence is due. Nor did the creative epoch last long. War continued; but production declined both in letters and in art after the days of the great warrior Trajan, though there was more fighting than ever. The waning strength of the Empire, as well as the economic decay of Italy, has been justly attributed in large measure to the exhaustion by warfare of the old Italian stock.

In the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when civilization had greatly advanced in southern and western Europe, the phenomena of ancient Greece were repeated. Incessant wars between the cities of Italy did not prevent the growth of a brilliant literature and an even more brilliant art. It is, however, to be noted that, while the fighting was universal, the literature was confined to comparatively few centres, and there were places like the Neapolitan South, in which high artistic talent was rare. There is nothing in Italian history to show any causal connection between intellectual activity and the practice of war. The same may be said of France.

The best work in literature and art was done in a time of comparative tranquillity under Louis XIV, not in the more troubled days of the Hundred Years' War with England and of the religious wars of the sixteenth century.

The capital instance of the association of war with the growth and greatness of a state is found in Prussia. One may say that her history is the source of the whole thesis and the basis of the whole argument. It is a case of what, in the days when I learned logic at the University of Oxford, we used to call the induction from a single instance. Prussia, then a small state, began her upward march under the warlike and successful prince whom her people call the Great Elector. Her next long step to greatness was taken by Frederick II, again by favor of successful warfare, though doubtless also by means of a highly organized, and, for those days, very efficient administration. Voltaire said of Frederick's Prussia that its trade was war. Another war added to her territory in 1814-15. Three successful wars — those of 1864, 1866, and 1870-71 — made her the nucleus of a united German nation and the leading military power of the Old World.

Ever since those victories her industrial production, her commerce, and her wealth, have rapidly increased, while at the same time scientific research has been prosecuted with the greatest vigor and on a scale unprecedentedly large. These things were no doubt achieved during a peace of forty-three years. But it was what one may call a belligerent peace, full of thoughts of war and preparations for war. There is no denying that the national spirit has been carried to a high point of pride, energy, and self-confidence, which have stimulated effort in all directions and secured extraordinary efficiency in civil as well as in military administration. Here, then, is an instance in which a

state has grown by war and a people has been energized by war.

But before drawing any conclusions from this solitary instance three questions must be asked:—

Will the present conflict be attended by such a success as to lead the Prussian people to approve the policy which this war spirit has inspired?

Even supposing that the nation is not defeated and humbled in the struggle, may not its material prosperity be thrown back and its internal tranquillity impaired?

May not the national character turn out to have suffered a declension which it will take long to cure?

Results cannot be judged at the moment. What people was ever prouder of its world-dominion than the Romans at the time of Augustus? Yet the seeds of decline were already sown. Within two generations, men like Tacitus had begun to note the signs of a slowly approaching dissolution, and within two centuries the dissolution was at hand. To this it may be added that the advance of any single state by violent methods may involve greater harm to the world than the benefits which that state expects to gain, or than those which it proposes to confer upon its neighbors by imposing its civilization upon them.

I pass to another set of cases, those in which it is argued that the absence of war has meant the absence of progress. Such cases are rare, because so few countries have enjoyed, or had the chance of suffering from, periods of long peace. Two, however, may be referred to. One is supplied by the Spanish dominions in America from the middle of the sixteenth till the beginning of the nineteenth century, when they threw off the yoke of the mother-country. These vast countries, stretching from California to Patagonia, lay lapped in a peace disturbed only by the occasional

raids of Dutch or British sea-rovers, and by skirmishes, rarely severe, with native Indian tribes. The Spanish colonies certainly did stagnate, and made no sensible advance either materially or intellectually. Was peace the cause of their stagnation? It may be easily explained by the facts that they were ruled by a government at once autocratic and incapable, and that they lived so far from the European world of ideas as to be hardly affected by its vivifying influences. Such causes were amply sufficient to arrest progress.

The other case, often cited, is that of China. She is supposed to have become flaccid, feeble, immovably conservative, because her people, long unaccustomed to war, have contracted a pacific temper. In this statement there is some exaggeration, for there has always been a good deal of fighting on the outskirts of the Chinese Empire; and in the Tao Ping insurrection forty years ago millions of men are said to have been killed. It must also be remembered that in Art, at least, — one of the activities in which the Chinese hold a leading place, — there have been frequent changes and some brilliant revivals during the centuries of peace. China reached in comparatively early times a civilization very remarkable on its moral and intellectual as well as on its material side. That her subsequent progress was slow, sometimes hardly discernible, is mainly attributable to her complete isolation, with no nation near her from which she had anything to learn, because the tribes to the south-west and west — tribes constantly occupied in war — were far inferior to her. Lucky has it been for the rest of the world that her three hundred and fifty millions, belonging to a race both physically strong and capable of discipline, have been of a pacific temper, valuing trade and industry, artistic creation and skill in literary composi-

tion, as objects worthier of man than martial prowess.

Whoever travels among the Chinese sees that, peaceful as they are, they are anything but a decadent or exhausted race. Nor is it idle to remark that the Japanese, a really military people, had during many centuries made no more progress than their Chinese teachers, and for the same reason: that they had remained, down to our own time, cut off, by their own wish, from all the stimulating influences which the white races were exerting upon one another.

Next, let us take the cases which show that there have been in many countries long periods of incessant war with no corresponding progress in the things that make civilization. I will not speak of semi-barbarous tribes, among the more advanced of which may be placed the Albanians and the Pathans and the Turkomans, while among the more backward were the North American Indians and the Zulus. But one may cite the case of the civilized regions of Asia under the successors of Alexander, when civilized peoples, distracted by incessant strife, did little for the progress of arts or letters or government, from the death of the great conqueror till they were united under the dominion of Rome and received from her a time of comparative tranquillity.

The Thirty Years' War is an example of long-continued fighting which, far from bringing progress in its train, inflicted injuries on Germany from which she did not recover for nearly two centuries. In recent times, there has been more fighting in South and Central America, since the wars of independence, than in any other civilized countries. Yet can any one say that anything has been gained by the unending civil wars and revolutions, or those scarcely less frequent wars between the several republics, like that

terrible one thirty years ago in which Peru was overcome by Chile? Or look at Mexico. Except during the years when the stern dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz kept order and equipped the country with roads and railways, her people have made no perceptible advance, and stand hardly higher to-day than when they were left to work out their own salvation a hundred years ago. Social and economic conditions have doubtless been against her. All that need be remembered is that warfare has not bettered those conditions, or improved the national character.

Last of all we come to cases in which periods of peace have been attended by an increase in national prosperity and by intellectual development. These periods have been few and generally short, for (as already observed) war has been everywhere the rule and peace the exception. Nevertheless, one may point to instances like that of the comparative order and repose which England enjoyed after the Wars of the Roses. There were some foreign wars under the Tudors; there were brilliant achievements and adventures on the seas. There were some few internal revolts under Elizabeth. But the great bulk of the nation was left free for agriculture and trade and thought. It was the age that produced More and Bacon and Harvey, Sidney and Spenser and Shakespeare. Two similar instances are furnished by the rapid progress of Scotland after the Revolution of 1688-89 gave her internal peace, and the similar progress of Norway from 1814 till our own days. The annals of Switzerland since 1815 and those of Belgium since her creation in 1832 have shown that a peace maintained during two generations is compatible, not only with the rapid growth of industrial prosperity, but also with the preservation of a courageous and patriotic spirit, ready to face the dangers of war.

IV

If this hasty historical survey has, as I frankly admit, given us few positive and definite results, the reason is plain. Human progress is affected by so many conditions besides the presence or absence of fighting that it is impossible in any given case to pronounce that it has been chiefly due either to war or to peace. Two conclusions, however, we may claim to have reached, though they are rather negative than positive. One is that war does not necessarily arrest progress. Peoples may advance in thought, literature, and art while they are fighting. The other is that war cannot be shown to have been a cause of progress in anything except the wealth or power of a state which extends its dominions by conquest or draws tribute from the vanquished.

In those cases, however, where the victorious state has gained materially, there are two other things to be considered. One is the possible loss to the victorious state of the good-will of other nations who may reprobate its methods or fear its aggressive tendencies. Another is the political injury it may suffer by sacrificing, as usually happens with military states, its domestic freedom to its achievements in war, or the moral injury which the predominance of warlike ideals is apt to bring to national character. And if we extend our view to take in the general gain or loss to world-progress, the benefits reaped by the victorious state may be more than counterbalanced by the harm inflicted on the vanquished. When the Macedonian kings destroyed the freedom of Greece, did not mankind lose far more than Macedon gained?

The weakness of the argument which recommends and justifies war by the suggestion that it is by war that the foremost races and states have established their position may be very brief-

ly stated. War has been practically universal. All the races and states have fought, some better, some worse. The best fighters have not always succeeded, for they may have been fewer in number. There is no necessary connection between fighting quality and intellectual quality. True it is that some of the intellectually gifted peoples have also been warlike peoples. The Greeks were; so are the French and the Germans. But the Turks, who are good fighters, are good for nothing else; and the dull Spartans fought better on land, at least, than the bright Athenians. Where the gift for fighting goes with the gift for thought, the success achieved by the intellectual race in war is not a result but a symptom, an indication or evidence of an exceptional natural force. Those races and states that are now in the front rank of civilization have shown their capacity in many other fields besides that of war. All that can safely be said to be proved by history is that a race which cannot fight or will not fight when a proper occasion arises, as, for instance, when it has to vindicate its independence, is likely to go down, and be subjected or absorbed. Yet the fact that a state is subjected or absorbed does not prove its inferiority. There is no poetical justice in history. The highly gifted race may be small, like Israel, or too much divided to maintain itself, like the Hellenes of antiquity. From 1490 to 1560 Italy was the prey of foreign invaders; but she was doing more for human progress in art and letters than all the other European nations put together.

So far, then, our inquiry has shown two things. One is the worthlessness of the biological analogy — for it is only an analogy — between animated nature and human society, based upon what is called the Struggle for Life and the Survival of the Fittest. The other is

the weakness of the arguments drawn from history to prove war necessary to progress.

V

Let us now, in conclusion, try to approach the question in another way. Let us ask what are the consequences which seem naturally to flow from the devotion to war of a nation's gifts and powers, whether physical or intellectual. Reverting to the distinction already drawn between Material, Intellectual, and Moral progress, let us see what are the consequences to be expected in each of these spheres from that process of killing an enemy and capturing or destroying his property which we call war, and how far they will make for the general progress of mankind?

Materially regarded, war is destruction. It is the destruction of those who are killed, and the reduction of the physical working power of the combatants who survive, by maiming or disease. It is thus a diminution of the wealth-producing capacity of the combatant nations, whether they be victors or vanquished. It is also the destruction of articles of value, such as crops, railways, bridges and other buildings, and the contents of buildings, including works of art and libraries. It is an interruption of international trade as well as of production, and therefore a cutting-off, for the time being, of that other source of gain which consists in an exchange of commodities produced better or more cheaply in one country than they can be in another. It involves a further lessening of wealth by the withdrawal from their productive activities of a large number of workers, not only during the actual fighting, but during the time spent in being trained to fight. All these results mean waste of resources and the impoverishment of a nation, with a corresponding shock to its credit.

Against these losses there may be set, in the case of a conquering country, what it acquires by seizure of property, annexation of territory, levying of contributions and of indemnities, although these forcibly gotten gains do not always prosper. There may also be new openings to foreign trade, and victory may evoke an enterprising spirit which will push that trade with new vigor. But such possible indirect benefits are usually far outweighed by the direct loss.

Another loss is also to be considered in estimating the effects of war on a nation — not only the diminution of the population by death in battle, but also the reduced vigor and efficiency of the next generation. Those who are killed are presumably the strongest and healthiest men, for it is these who are the first to be drafted into the fighting forces; and it is the best regiments that suffer most, because they are selected for the most critical and perilous enterprises. Thus, that part of the nation which is best fitted to have a vigorous progeny perishes, and the births of children during, and long after, the war will be chiefly from a male parent-hood of a quality below that of the average as it stood before the war. The physique of the French people is said to have suffered palpably from the tremendous drain of the strongest men into the armies of the Revolution and of Napoleon.

In the sphere of intellectual life, the obvious effect of war is to turn the thoughts of a large part of the nation toward military and naval topics. Inventors busy themselves with those physical and chemical researches which promise results profitable for war. Such researches may incidentally lead to discoveries of value in other fields, just as the practice of military surgery in the field may advance surgical science in general. But the main effect

must be to distract from pure science, and from the applications of science to industry, minds that might have done better work for the world in those fields of activity. In general, the thoughts of a people that delights in war will be occupied with material considerations; and while the things of the body will be prized, the things of the mind will be disparaged, save in so far as they make for military success. A fighting caste will be formed, imposing its peculiar ideals on the people; the standards of value will become more and more practical, and the interest in pure truth and in thought and art for their own sake may decline.

These are conditions not favorable to progress in the higher forms of literary or scientific work. Against them is to be set that stimulus which a great war is held to give to the whole life of a people. When it rouses them to the maximum of effort, and gives them the strongest consciousness of national unity, it may also — so we hear it argued — invigorate them for intellectual creation. It would be rash to deny this possibility, but no one seems to have succeeded in tracing any causal relation between war and the production of great work in art and letters. They have often coincided, but each has often appeared without the other.

As respects the ethical side of life, soldiering and the preparation for soldiering produce a type of character marked by discipline and the habit of obedience. The Spartans were in the ancient world the example of a people who excelled in these qualities, uniting to them, however, an equally marked insensibility to the charms of poetry and art. They produced no literature, and seemed to value none except martial songs. Discipline is valuable, but it implies some loss of individuality; obedience is useful, but (except with the highly intelligent) it involves some

loss of initiative. If it increases physical courage, it may depress that moral courage which recognizes allegiance to Right rather than to the Might of the state. War gives opportunities for the display, by those serving in the field, of some exalted virtues, as courage, self-sacrifice, devotion to the common cause. So, likewise, does religious persecution. Tennyson, writing his *Maud* at the beginning of the Crimean War, seems to have expected these virtues to be evoked by that war, to pervade the whole people, and to effect a moral regeneration of Britain. Did that happen? And if it happened, did it endure? Did it happen in other countries where it was expected, as, for instance, in the United States after the Civil War? Is such regeneration a natural fruit of war?

The courage and the patriotism of those who fight are splendid, but we have to think of the nation as a whole, non-combatants as well as combatants. May not much depend on the causes which have brought about an appeal to arms and the motives which inspire the combatants? A war of oppression, stimulated by national pride and ambition, may have a different moral effect from one that is undertaken to repel a wanton attack, to defend an innocent neutral state, to save peaceful peoples from a danger to their liberties, and protect the whole world from a menace to the sacred principles of justice and humanity.

Believing the war we are now waging to be such a war, we cannot but hope that the unspeakable sufferings and sorrows it has brought to nearly every home in Britain may be largely compensated by a purifying of the heart, an increased spirit of self-sacrifice, and a raising of our national and personal ideals.

On a review of the whole matter, it will appear that war, since it is de-

struction, does not increase, but reduces, national wealth, and therefore cannot be a direct cause of material progress. As it exalts physical strength and the principle of Force as against the mind and the love of truth and the pleasures of thought and knowledge, war, except so far as the particular department of military science is concerned, cannot be deemed a cause of intellectual progress. As it depresses the individual and exalts the State, the thing we call Militarism places the conception of Might above that of Right, and creates a type of character in which the harsher, and what one may call the heathen, virtues are exalted above those which the Gospel has taught and through which the moral elevation of the world has been secured.

What, then, are the causes to which the progress of mankind is due? It is due partly, no doubt, if not to strife, to competition. But chiefly to thought, which, as we have seen, is more often hindered than helped by war. It is the races that know how to think, rather than the far more numerous races that excel in fighting rather than in thinking, that have led the world. Thought, in the form of invention and inquiry, has given us those improvements in the arts of life and in the knowledge of nature by which material progress and comfort have been obtained. Thought has produced literature, philosophy, art, and (when intensified by emotion) religion — all the things that make life worth living. Now, the thought of any people is most active when it is brought into contact with the thought of an-

other, because each is apt to lose its variety and freedom of play when it has worked too long upon familiar lines and flowed too long in the channels it has deepened. Hence, isolation retards progress, while intercourse quickens it.

The great creative epochs have been those in which one people of natural vigor received an intellectual impulse from the ideas of another, as happened when Greek culture began to penetrate Italy, and, thirteen centuries later, when the literature of the ancients began to work on the nations of the mediæval world.

Such contact, with the process of learning which follows from it, may happen in or through war, but it happens far oftener in peace; and it is in peace that men have the time and the taste to profit fully by it. A study of history will show that we may, with an easy conscience, dismiss the theory of Treitschke — that war is a health-giving tonic which Providence must be expected constantly to offer to the human race for its own good. Apart altogether from the hopes we entertain for the victory in this war of a cause which we believe to be just, we may desire in the interests of all mankind that its issue should discredit by defeat a theory which is noxious as well as baseless. The future progress of mankind is to be sought, not through the strifes and hatreds of the nations, but rather by their friendly coöperation in the healing and enlightening works of peace and in the growth of a spirit of friendship and mutual confidence which may remove the causes of war.

THE ACROPOLIS AND GOLGOTHA

BY 'ELIZABETH DUDLEY'

THE following letters contain a true record of a mind's journey.

ATHENS, May 1, 1914.

MY DEAR FRIEND: —

We drove in from Eleusis this afternoon, once more breathlessly watching the Acropolis offer its white and golden marbles to adornment by the setting sun. Our Greek winter is drawing to an end and this was our good-bye visit to the Mysteries. How clear and lucid the beauty of the place seemed to-day, from the brightness of the sea and the firm modeling of the mountains to the bloom of the placated earth! Demeter and Persephone were evidently together in safety, the mystery of the unseen forgotten in the palpable joy of life restored.

On our way back we stopped, of course, at the Convent of Daphne, to make ourselves tea in the sunlit courtyard, and to take one more look at the Byzantine mosaics. I confess that this time they seemed to me quaint bits of the wreckage of mediævalism cast up on the shore of Hellenism. If the mediæval part of Christianity is as inextricable as you say it is, then I will grant you that 'Christian thought' is an outworn system compared with the immortal mind of Greece. As we crossed the bridge over the Cephissus, the Parthenon, which is far more mutilated than the little convent, once more sent abroad from broken colonnades and crumbling pediments the impression that some perennial spirit and undying vitality had, indeed, as Plutarch once

suggested, mingled in its very composition. The Shrine of Wisdom seemed to take up and weld together all the mysticism and all the rationalism of the world.

Was it really ten years ago that I wrote to you after such another journey along the Sacred Way? And ten more still since I last saw you at the little station of Eleusis? You were going back to Patras to take ship for Italy, and we — and those others — had ended an afternoon spent among the ruins by speculating on

'those great nights of Demeter,
Mystical, holy.'

I remember how sure you were that the wilder ideas in the Mysteries, which allowed for the redeeming death of gods and over-stated immortality, were but vagrants in the ordered area of Greek reason and sanity. Somebody older and wiser than I began to appeal to Plato on behalf of Greek transcendentalism, but you retorted that he was only the most disorderly vagabond of them all. Then your train clattered into the toy station, and you held my hand for a moment and said with a kind smile, '*Au revoir, petite savante, ici-bas.*'

But we never have seen each other again and probably never shall. Only an odd accident, you know, led to the annual letters which have spun the leisurely web of intimacy between two travelers so disparate in age and in nationality. You said that the differences in our experience, speech and tradi-

tions were lost in our common pilgrimage to Greece. My youth reminded you of the youth of Hellas, your age embodied for me her store of wisdom.

It is your book which has set me on the trail of these old memories. For when we began our letters you said that, since we knew little of each other's objective lives, we should have to concern ourselves with inner impressions; and now your printed opinions open up the question how the years have treated us in this matter of subjective experience. For one thing, automatically they have made me your equal. When we met, you, at forty-five, had experienced middle age. At sixty-five you are but confirming its revelation. You have yet to come to the fresh experience of old age. So that now, when I am forty-five, I may for a time talk with you eye to eye.

Your twenty years, unless you have misled me, have held no transforming experiences. Joys have but grown more dear and familiar. Sorrows, of a shattering kind, have let you alone. Your work prospers, your fame is assured, your children have grown up to be well in body and mind. All your fruit is ripening in the tranquil sunshine. My years, on the other hand, sweeping me out of the twenties into the forties, have been packed with fresh happenings to heart and head and will. Disaster has been left out of the brew, but almost everything else I have tasted. Perhaps this difference between us — unless it is one of sex — explains why you, in the books you have written lately, deal with philosophies and religions as if they sprang, Athena-like, out of the intellect, while to me they seem the issue of a normal union: if they are begotten of thought they are brought forth in anguish by experience.

In this last book you are interested in Hellenism and Christianity as forms

— or attributes — of 'civilization.' I cannot forget that each of them means the way in which men and women have managed and are managing their diurnal round. You remember, don't you, the delightful story of Plato lecturing one day in the Academy on the Absolute Good and his audience drifting away from him — except one man who was Aristotle? I have often wondered about the different things the other men did that day after they had run away from the Idea! At any rate the complex was as 'Hellenic' as the conversation of the philosophers.

And when one turns to Christianity, — why, the very philosopher who first intellectualized a Way and a Life had himself been born anew of the intensely personal experience of sin and repentance. Do you know Frederic Myers's *Saint Paul*? — ah! there was a 'Greek scholar' who understood a Christian! —

So shall all speech of now and of to-morrow,
All he hath shown me or shall show me yet,
Spring from an infinite and tender sorrow,
Burst from a burning passion of regret.

You, reading history, would be willing to obliterate Christianity and restore Hellenism as a universal ideal. I would rather see them united in each separate life.

Before I explain what I mean by this I must beguile you by some agreement with you in your criticism of 'cardinal' Christian doctrines! You are right, I think, in objecting to the emphasis laid by the church upon a future life. But you seem to me unnecessarily disturbed by a theory. Christians, like the followers of many other faiths, do 'believe' in immortality. In fact, I suspect that only specifically intellectual people actually disbelieve in it — and, with all respect to yourself, I must add that the opinion of intellectualists on the destiny of the spirit fails to hold my attention! The authority of the spiritually

gifted — including both Socrates and St. Francis — is overwhelmingly on the side of the soul being immortal. But does that make any more difference in the life of the flesh to-day than in the time of Alcibiades? Mediæval Christians certainly went mad over heaven and hell; but who now neglects Demeter's green earth for apocalyptic visions? You are depressed by a shadow cast from the printed page. Stop reading and look about at your friends! They are not too startled by the white radiance of eternity to install the latest electric lights!

As to your horror over the Christian 'adoration of suffering,' that seems to me better founded in view of the historic and continued insistence upon the cross as a symbol. I agree with you. I can scarcely express the revulsion which I feel in picture galleries before the endless succession of crucifixions and tortured saints. Until we conquer disease or discard violence there will be physical suffering in the world. But it is a thing to fight against, not to worship. For man to have painted and carved as *beautiful* a racked body seems to me an insult to the God who made straight limbs and fair flesh, and a strange betrayal of the Galilean who wished to heal the suffering of others as long as he lived, and only accepted it for himself as an incidental necessity at the end. *He* had no mediæval disregard for the flesh. The agony in Gethsemane consisted in facing the obligation to offer up a body and a life which were very precious to him. The glory consisted in the sacrifice, not in the temporary torture to which it led. Love, not suffering, is the core of Christianity. A truer symbol than the defeated body on the cross would be the same body strong and beneficent among men.

Here the Periclean sculptor would have done better for us than the medi-

æval painter. But only here. Neither he nor any of his contemporaries could have understood Gethsemane. Their greatness consisted in their selection, out of the prodigal abundance which lies before man, of noble possessions. They were far superior to the Puritans in that they retained art with morals, and they were equally superior to the modern Romanticists in that they picked and chose only such beauty as they believed could be amalgamated with character. Their inferiority to the Christians lay in their failure to hold their treasures in trust for humanity.

And now I come back to my argument against you. We who boast of being the 'heirs of the ages' need not be as limited as you imply. The modern man or woman can combine the Greek ideal of self-development with the Christian ideal of self-dedication. In reality, I am not arguing, but asserting. I know that this union is possible by the only evidence which is admissible — the evidence of a life. I have known for many years one person who unites in a normal experience your grandiose abstractions of Christianity and Hellenism. This person is my mother. Do not take her sex as an obstacle. She is a better example than some famous man might be, because her character is not obscured by public achievement. She has none of the limitations of a profession or career, or of some unique strain of genius. What she is creates careers or feeds genius. She is the most complete human being I have ever known, and yet her wholeness is a presage of what we all might become. It is to a life like this that you ought to go when you take stock of the philosophies of the world!

My mother's external fortune, judged by Greek standards, is good — too good, of course, for a woman. She has received from fate much that would have satisfied a Greek man: the con-

sciousness of citizenship in a proud and prospering nation; health, long life, an active mind, and enough money to live tastefully; and, finally, satisfactory children (if I may be permitted to say this) and the approval of her fellow citizens. The Greek estimate of the importance of such approval springs, I suppose, from intense feeling for the communal life. No Greek man could be mentally less confined to the walls of a house than is my mother, and an Athenian voter could scarcely have served his *polis* more completely than she serves our little town. The only difference here between her and a Periclean citizen is that she is perplexed and shy rather than expectant and gratified when evidences of public approval are forced upon her.

In natural endowment, also, my mother is singularly Greek, because she possesses diverse qualities harmoniously welded into one whole. We are conscious of no contradictions in her, and yet she is both sane and imaginative, sensitive and practical, dominating and gentle.

Finally, in her conscious activities she is Greek. There is, for example, her moral insistence upon form and beauty. If you could live in her house for a day you would see Hellenism as a diurnal practice. Her taste is flawless; everything she touches turns to beauty and to a tranquillizing order and simplicity. She selects a vase or a baking dish with the æsthetic fastidiousness which beset the artists and artisans of Athens.

And, furthermore, she is Greek in her perennial enthusiasm for fresh knowledge. Her enjoyment of life seems to me intense because she is never tired of exploring the world through every kind of human achievement. She has the curiosity of the Hellenic mind. The Athenian men who were like her made it worth while for other men

to be scientists and philosophers and poets.

And yet my mother is a Christian. You see what I believe she has and is. Well, all of this she takes in her two hands and *offers* daily. Of course, she believes in immortality, but she never talks about the future life, and I have told you of her vigorous interest in this one. Of course, too, she has known many sorrows — who has not at seventy? — but she has consistently concealed pain and suffering instead of enthroning them. Her Christianity is compounded of Love. As it streams out from her it is the creative, regenerating passion for humanity which transcended the reasoned good-will of the pagan philosophers and transcends the materialistic serviceableness of the modern humanitarians. In the noblest pagan literature there is no emotion in the least resembling that which suffuses the New Testament. In this emotion my mother lives and moves and has her being.

I snap my fingers at Nietzscheism when I realize that she is the strongest personality in my little world. She dies daily for us, but we live her way! No superman could impose his will more effectively than this Christian in whom power and sacrifice are one. God is love. If all history tried to make me a skeptic my mother's nature would keep me a believer.

Whoso hath felt the spirit of the Highest
 Cannot confound nor doubt him nor deny:
 Yea with one voice, O world, tho' thou deniest,
 Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

I have spoken of my mother's health and energy. Just lately these have flagged a little, and I came away this time with some misgivings, and only for my husband's sake. But her letters have quite reassured me. Lately she wrote, 'I am daily thankful that nothing prevented you from spending this winter on the Acropolis. In thinking of

you I can't manage to dislodge you from the hill long enough to eat and sleep.'

She knows me! We have traveled all over the country this year, but always come back to Athens and the Attic plain as to the heart of Greece. We went to Egypt in midwinter and on our return hurried almost from the ship to the Parthenon. It had snowed lightly and the whitened summits of Pentelicon and Hymettus and Parnes lay in sharp relief under the brilliant sky. A Greek friend of mine, looking at these fleshless mountains, said proudly, 'It is not every one who dares show her bones.' Attica needs no softening mist, no glamorous moonlight, no romantic obscurity. Her beauty is born of light and her teaching is light. In Egypt man was mocked by the desert. Small wonder that the Christian saints hid themselves there to punish their poor bodies! Here man seeks the sun and stands erect in his dignity. Mediævalism, I grant you, must make way for this immortal humanism. The 'mystery of suffering' is an invention of distorted minds. Stripped of disguise, suffering is merely an evil to be done away with by Love. This, I take it, is the message of the Acropolis to the Christian.

We are leaving next week for a month in London, and then home. May Fortune multiply your royalties and Athena inspire another book!

Faithfully yours,

ELIZABETH DUDLEY.

P.S. The American mail is just in. A letter from a neighbor in my native town says that no one in my mother's house will disobey her order that I am not to be sent for, but that I am greatly needed. It is possible that she will not live until I can reach her. We shall sail for New York day after to-morrow. My world begins to crumble.

E. D.

PINELANDS, MAINE.

April 20, 1915.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

As I begin this letter there flashes into my mind the last sentence which I wrote to you a year ago from Greece — that my little world was crumbling. And since then how your own world has been shattered, and the universe almost set reeling in its course! I remember how I talked on in that letter about areas of experience, blocking you off into twenty-year periods! I thought then that only the years would carry us into new seas. But in twelve months you have been swept from the moorings of your middle life. France is again facing the enemy as she did in your boyhood, but now your sons are risking lives more precious than your own. Your wife and daughters are nursing the wounded and the stricken. You, 'too old to fight,'—and so in a flash set forward into old age,—are nevertheless finding your pen tipped with passion instead of with philosophy. One of your lyrics is being sung in the trenches. You are no longer an intellectualist, but a voice of France. And thousands upon thousands of other men and women are experiencing a similar metamorphosis. Who knows what new philosophies and religions will be born?

I have been wondering whether you would still call Plato an intruder and vagabond in Hellenism. Greek thought changed under the shock to Athenian civilization caused by the Peloponnesian War. By this abstraction do we mean anything else than that Plato and other men had brought home to them the transitoriness of prosperity, the helplessness of morals, learning, and art before a recrudescence of primitive violence, and the limitations of humanism? The material stage in those days was small — little states waged a little war — but in view of her spiritual import-

ance the suffering of Athens was a world-experience of the first magnitude. Possibly Plato seems to you now less a vagrant than a pilot.

For certainly our 'new religion,' if we bring one to birth, cannot be composed of truths wholly unknown before. Some of our new creative energy will go into stripping the veil from the face of that Reality which men at one time and another have beheld. I find it easy to believe this because through an intensive personal experience of my own I have been brought to perceive a truth which is two thousand years old. Last year I argued about Christianity, choosing this part, discarding that. This year I have knelt and touched the hem of the seamless robe. The experience would be too intimate and sacred to reveal were it not bound up with your own. Let me tell you about it. It is the only way in which I can talk with you about your sons who are facing death and suffering.

I wrote you that I was called home from Athens by my mother's illness. She died last month. During the intervening months revelation after revelation came to me. My mother had grown worse rapidly and at first I was shocked to my innermost heart by the change in her. All her strength seemed turned to weakness. Her rich and varied life had shrunk to the hushed quiet of a sick-room. Her tranquil face had become haggard. Her eager intellect had slipped away from her. There was nothing left of the beautiful Hellenism of her life. A Periclean Greek would now have seen in her only an illustration of the shadow lurking within the sunshine, the tragedy of bodily weakness and old age and death.

And since she no longer had riches to offer, what had become of her Christianity? The question could not frame itself, for I was caught and lifted out of my despair by the swift impres-

sion that about my frail mother there glowed a radiance which outshone the sunlight of her active years. The dayspring from on high had but put to flight the lesser stars. Every one who could see her was conscious of it. One of her nurses said to me, 'She is so different from the weak people I've seen before. I feel so *warm*, somehow, when I'm with her.'

A further revelation was that my mother was done with life and with us. She was exquisite in her treatment of us, managing in receiving still to be the giver. One day she said to me, unforgettably, 'You are making pain and sickness very beautiful.' But that inward eagerness of hers which had led me to believe that she had the Greek feeling for this world was now turned toward a new and vaster world. She had exhausted the experiences of this life — marriage and children, work and achievement, knowledge and beauty, joy and sorrow. In seeing this I saw too how far short they fall of the potentialities of an immortal soul. With her energy and imagination she had drained every drop out of them, but now she tossed them aside for some new wine.

The only time she ever spoke to me of the death which I was sure she knew was drawing close, she did it lightly, with that humor which was a part of her sanity. The doctors had just left her room after consulting about some new form of her sickness, and she turned to me with a smile and said, 'Don't repair me too often! I shall never get free if I don't get worse.' But she told a friend of her own age that nobody could imagine how eager she was to be gone. 'I can hardly wait,' she said, 'to find out about it all. The only thing that troubles me is that the others will be sorry.' I am not sorry. Since she wanted eternity without my grief, she shall have it.

In the last few months Nature did us one of her not uncommon services. Much of my mother's physical strength came back to her, as if at the end the body was determined to be a fit mate for the soul it had so long accompanied. She could move about once more in her little *polis*. During my last visit at home I was enchanted by a sweet and bubbling gayety which seemed to flow from some hidden spring of contentment. A week later she died swiftly, before I could reach her. All our friends talked to me of the light in her face during that week, and an old bedridden Irish servant, telling me of a visit from her, exclaimed, 'I kept thinking that she was just like a bride, dressed so beautifully and looking so happy.' The Christian figure of the soul and God! The old Celtic eyes had seen the truth. Of such substance was my mother's faith in a future life. It was, indeed, the *evidence of things unseen*! I perceived the fresh heart of Christianity in a belief so aged that it had built the pyramids centuries before it set up the temples at Eleusis. Never again shall I be found chattering while the great trumpet blasts for immortality echo down the ages.

But before my mother's death another veil had been lifted for me. Behind it I found the meaning of the cross. The experience will hardly bear words. It was very simple, the issue of intimate daily living, but it transformed one human mind as Bible and church, history and art had never done. On the day it happened to me I was open to no impressions from without. The weather was severe in our northern town whose normal beauty is not un-Greek in its austerity and lucidity. A stormy east wind drove dark clouds across the sky, and our firs and pine trees loomed black and forbidding. I turned from the window to the soft loveliness of my mother's room. There my heart

and mind were closed to all abstract thoughts and large emotions, for the nurse was away and I was absorbed in the details of thermometer and medicines. My whole being was centred in the hope that I might make my mother comfortable during those hours. With inexpressible tenderness I began to bathe her, doing for her in her frailty at the end of life, what she had so often done for me in mine at the beginning. Then it was that my eyes were opened. You know what a Greek would have seen in a body worn with age, emaciated by sickness, bearing many marks of suffering. But I beheld in it the central beauty of the world. If the noblest of the marble Aphrodites had stood in the room I should have recoiled from her in horror. I knew that my mother's sickness was due to her prodigal waste, for us, of her natural strength. Her flesh had been spent for us — *for me*. In a sudden supreme moment I was at one with the disciples, passionately loving the friend who had given his body to be broken for them; at one with the mad Christian iconoclasts, shattering heathen statues; at one with the mediæval artists, painting and carving the crucified Christ.

Later I came to see that only in that hour had I grasped the significance of my mother's life. At first I had thought of her suffering as subordinate to her love, an incident among her sacrifices. Now I know it to be a sacramental reality, preëxistent in all her earlier beneficence and at the end the earnest of her immortality.

Later still I realized what had happened. In an obscure individual hour had been reënacted an experience which once befell the world. The antique order was swept away by a tidal wave of emotion, and in its place was left a new life and thought and art. Mediævalism, which had offended me in history, issued from the feeling of men

and women as unknown as myself, married to the expression of thinkers, poets and artists. In understanding, at last, the feeling, I came to understand the way in which it was expressed.

When the Christian world, recovering its balance by means of the Renaissance, once more accepted the worth of antiquity, it refused to surrender the new treasure which it had gained in its temporary recoil from humanism. Popes on the throne retained the symbol which had comforted slaves in the Catacombs. The same cross survived the Reformation and persists, plastically and verbally, as the sign of modern Christianity. Until lately this paradox was as strange, in its way, as that of a Borgian posing as Vicar of the Crucified. Last year I saw all kinds of people trying to obliterate suffering: the intellectualists were denying its efficacy, the humanitarians its necessity, the Christian Scientists its reality. In our various modern forms of speech we were addressing prayers to Hygeia, enshrined on the Acropolis.

Then, with terrible suddenness, the roar of guns interrupted us.

Clouds and darkness
Closed upon Camelot.

Some one light in the encircling gloom we must have, if we are to work our way out into a renewal of civilization. Are we to discover it by still another paradox, in the very mystery of suffering which we have been denying? If one of your sons (which God forbid!) should be brought home mutilated, you would not choose to remember him in his young strength and beauty, because he would seem more beautiful to you stretched upon his cross. You would not rest in your agony, or in your fierce anger that such things are possible in the world. You would pass from these to the conviction that his suffering for France made his humanity divine. I do not pretend to understand the matter. I only know it to be true. Even the Greeks presaged it at Eleusis, but they forgot it as they turned homeward. For us it still lies beyond reason, but is beginning to be clearer than the axioms of reason. The mystery of suffering is more lucid than the fact of well-being.

My friend, may we not look upon this as the answer of Golgotha to the Acropolis?

Faithfully yours,
ELIZABETH DUDLEY.

MARYA

BY ELSBETH HASSE ANDRAE

I

At least when Marya was a little child she had some of the riches of childhood. For one thing, she had the blessed, care-free enjoyment of the affairs of her little peasant world. Then, too, there was a brief time when she had the enveloping, protecting love of the dear mother who died all too soon. After that she was no longer reckoned as a child, but as an industrial integer. She was a square-built little thing, made for grubbing; and she got it. The older sister married and took Marya to live with her. The care of a baby was in due time added to barnyard chores. And another baby and more babies. The little drudge suppressed her longing to join the other children in the village school, and worked with the cheerful faithfulness of one whose religion is work. One day the sister died in a frustrated attempt to yield still another baby to her country. But under her prompt successor Marya became more than ever a slavey, while every pitiful perquisite of other days was cut off.

A cousin in a distant city learned of the injustice and arranged to have Marya come to her. The plan was very fair, but this was German Poland; one day an officer came with an order that Marya must go to school—any school. The absent-minded old priest who conducted the heterogeneous class saw nothing of the appeal in his new pupil's face. She was left to glean what she could from his methodless proceedings.

The compulsory education limit was soon passed and Marya was put to work in the family of a civil official; but fortunately the mistress was quite human and the little maid learned a great deal about decent living.

Just at this time there came a great exodus toward America; Marya was caught in the wave. Saying good-bye without sorrow to such relatives and friends as she could claim, she became an impersonal fraction of the body which migrated to the land of dreams as one unit. In Chicago the group disintegrated, and Marya's identity was restored to her, together with all the attendant responsibilities of an identity.

Just here another thread may be added to this loosely woven narrative. It is a mere supposition, but a pleasing and reasonable one, that Marya's father, of whom she could tell nothing from hearsay or recollection, was of a superior class. Through the many sordid years of her life, persisting traits witnessed to this gentle heritage. She was singularly tactful and fearlessly honorable. Because of her nobility she was constantly being victimized by some of those among whom her lot was cast. She could endure and forgive, but she could not inflict a wrong.

Just a transplanted peasant. Illiterate, yes; but with a true peasant's store of soil-born wisdom, and, it must be confessed, with a true peasant's superstitions. The radiance of her vivid, dramatic religion suffused her days.

Now you have her, sketchily. As for looks, at the time of which you

will hear, she had a weather-beaten Slavic face, a solid, stocky, toil-worn figure. There were no loose ends, no sloppy lines. There really was no color worth mentioning; her hair was a smoothly brushed drab, not too thick, and grief had washed all but the faintest vestige of blue from her eyes. They must have been dark and sparkling once, if Vara's eyes at all resembled her mother's, as I have been told. But that is not chronological, at all. All the time that intervenes between Marya's first job and her present condition must be reviewed if you would bestow your full sympathy upon the Marya I would have you know.

II

Of all the people whom the 'want ads' and the employment-office agent proffered, Marya's sure instinct decided upon the German woman who had a small hotel in a decent section. Here she worked for two years, a valued servant with fair privileges. She learned rare kitchen secrets and had a good all-round training in household economy. After a time, her employer was obliged to give up the business, but at the first hint of a change, the woman's cousin, a factory foreman's wife, laid claim to the treasured Marya. It was while at this place that Cupid entered Marya's life. No, not the pudgy, rosy god of glancing darts, but a calculating Cupid with an eye to the main chance. The victim, — to use a conventionalism, — in reality the perpetrator of the sordid cherub's machinations, was one Ignatz Keinjski.

Ignatz was a comical little pop-eyed kobold of a male, who had this gift — he could persuade the staidest, heaviest, grouchiest of onlookers into the dance, with the music of his concertina. To account for his repugnance for steady toil, let us say he had the artistic

temperament. Like many of the men of his class and of his race, he was an irresponsible vagabond who should never have entered the tedious bonds of wedlock. However, he did as they all do, in some joyous flush of recklessness, and he wisely persisted in having Marya for his wife. He had a couple of hundred dollars in the bank and Marya had a still larger sum in the Polish Trust Fund. They went to housekeeping in two small rooms back of a little grocery store which they managed to buy and quite pay for. They had a meagre supply of furniture, and the store was moderately stocked with wisely selected goods. Ignatz kept at his job in the factory; his earnings were velvet from which the indebtedness was to be paid.

Marya was no fool. She made the little shop pay for itself and for their living. It was a pleasant little shop, cleaner than most of its competitors, and it attracted an increasing trade. Somehow it developed a social side: customers lingered and visited, making the place a clearing-house for all items of interest in the Polish quarter. Marya's genuinely sympathetic concern in the troubles and the pleasures of any one and every one made her one of those large-hearted, capable women whose homes are inevitably social centres to which all roads lead.

As the years passed a family grew up, with always a roly-poly recruit as an unfailing assurance of continuity. Ignatz viewed the increasing ranks with a droll alarm. He worked as steadily as his temperamental proclivities permitted, but it became clear that the family schedule must be readjusted. The housing of the brood was a serious problem, and when there came a report of a factory suburb of fair advantages and good prospects, the tent was folded and the tribe migrated. It was here that Marya saw that she must

again enter the lists as a wage-earner, for Igi's erratic labors did not supply food for the robust appetites of the children.

Then Igi began to require whiskey in addition to beer, and then whiskey without beer, until he had cultivated a taste for straight alcohol. Fortunately there came a time when there were no more roly-poly recruits to reinforce the procession.

When the three older children, An-yela and Vara and Sigi, reached adolescence, the living quarters were again too cramped and there seemed no way to give the children the social life they craved unless they were allowed to visit their friends or the dance-halls or cheap show-houses. Marya kept her eyes and ears open as she went about her work in homes and shops. She learned about house-equipment, modern improvements, loans, mortgages, and interest. A driving ambition took possession of her to have 'tings nize like dem 'Mericans.' She craved beauty with all her soul. Her only conception of beauty was that found in house-furnishings. She hemstitched sugar-bags and flour-bags for sash-curtains; she made lace for the table-covers; and her house plants, which were raised from fragments of discarded bouquets, were her pride.

'By you it is so still,' she told the 'lady from the society.' 'You got w'ite table-clot', lots o' dishes, napkins. I can't have it so by me. De boarders hollers, and de kits hollers. De mans eats like animals. A w'ite clot' would be all spots in once. Dishes I can't get it. I got now plenty plates but not yet cups. I like — oh, I like it clean and purty.'

One day Sigi quit school and got a job in the works. Then three of the other children found steady vacation work on a truck farm a few miles out. Frequently, they carried home bulky

sacks filled with the farm's unmarketable surplus. Marya's peasant recollections revived. Not a stalk or a leaf was wasted. She canned, pickled, dried, and preserved these welcome gifts, and when winter came there were jars and crocks ready to yield their wholesome variety to the necessarily limited winter fare.

No matter what happened in mushroom time, Marya would let nothing interfere with her early morning excursions into the woods, where she seemed endowed with some sort of divination that led her to the choicest specimens. Rank, strange beauties shunned by other collectors were authoritatively placed by her in her basket, in calm defiance of the protests of her companions. The proper sort of willow wands were stripped and then strung with the trophies of the search. Placed on a rack in the kitchen, they were left to dry for winter use, or they would be salted in a crock.

Then there were the big waddling geese, and the young pig, and some chickens, all for winter meat.

Things went better for a few years, although Ignatz had, with the industrial advance of his children, grown less and less dependable; he was now considered a negligible factor.

'Next fall,' Marya dreamed, 'Next fall I fix the house.' And in the fall she would recognize the hopelessness of her longings and would think, 'Next spring I fix the house.'

III

Three years passed, and then, one spring, a way seemed to open.

The 'lady in the society' went with Marya to a loan and trust company. There followed almost endless details about the mortgage and payments. It was Marya's first venture in big business, but she grasped the essentials and

trusted to her friend for the ultimate correctness of the transaction.

The house was raised, and a cellar was made. Walks were laid; city water- and gas-pipes were connected for service in the house. A covered stairway and other comfortable improvements were added. Having taken the important step, Marya bent every energy to meeting the new demands. There was always the sustaining thought that the house was fixed at last.

'I got it decent fer once,' she jubilated. She found an inexhaustible tonic in the reflection that she was on the road to better things. She was a perceptible bit nearer 'dem 'Mexicans wit' der nize tings.'

She painted and varnished and cal-cimined. One of the women who employed her mentioned the contemplated purchase of a new dining-room rug. Her 'ladies' got into the way of talking things over with Marya.

'W'at you do wit' dis rug?' she asked.

'Oh, I'll roll it up and put it in the attic for the moths, I suppose,' answered the woman, whose husband's salary was commensurate with her caprices.

'Aw, dat's too bad de mots get it. Why missus don't sell it? Missus trow money round too easy.'

'That's what my husband says, Marya,' laughed the woman, indulgently accepting the Polack's reproof. 'But I might sell it if it was n't too much bother.'

Here came a sore temptation. All who have built or remodeled a home will understand the mental conflict that began to harass Marya. How to get the rug? It was beyond any conceivable limit of expenditure, but it would be a bargain. Still, a clean floor with a home-made mat was plenty good enough until other things justified the splendor of a real store rug. But what

an air of elegance the house would have on Sundays when the front room was opened! Desire and Thrift held the stage with tense rivalry.

Igi was growing worse. He had changed from a merely rollicking, irresponsible idler into a quarrelsome, indolent malcontent. He accused his children of every sort of sinfulness. He shamed his wife with ugly names in the presence of the family. He stormed and fumed — his broken voice cackling from morning until night. Once he jumped up from the kitchen table and screamed that Marya was trying to poison him. He threatened her and was about to strike her, when Sigi interposed and parried the blow.

'I'll show you, you little devil!' growled Sigi, and as he spoke, raised a capable fist.

'No, Sigi! Stop! You must never hit your pa. He is your pa, and no matter w'at he do you can't do hurts to him. I be shame till I die if we do wrongs on him. He's crazy, but we must not hurt him.'

Marya cried out in so solemn a voice that the children had a vague revelation of a spiritual law.

'Well, all right, then,' Sigi acquiesced. 'But I'll tell you right now, if it was n't for ma, you bet I would n't stay another hour under this roof.'

One evening, Anyela, in a white resentment against the blight over her youth, and furious with her mother's endurance, ran to the little neighborhood grocery and telephoned to the police for intervention. The policemen had learned from the neighbors of little Keinjski's mad temper and also of the thrift and industry of the wife. In a very short time two of the force were knocking at the kitchen door, and a few minutes later the suddenly humorous little prisoner was being taken to the lock-up.

It was not until a long time after-

wards that Marya guessed the truth about the arrest.

Upon his release Kcinjski reappeared in his home with so glowing a description of the police station that Marya could not help laughing at the comedy of it.

'They treat me fine. Just not enough meat, but plenty eating anyhow. No beer or w'isky, but plenty black coffee. The bed was warm and soft. If the police had o' had time to bring out a deck and play me a game I would never o' wanted nothing better.'

For a brief spell the chastened man appeared to control himself, but then of a sudden he broke out into a more wearing violence than ever. There was one dreadful night when he flew in upon Marya while she was kneeling with the little ones, saying the rosary.

'Quit your bluffing!' he shouted, tearing the rosary from her hand. 'You ain't got a right to pray, you —'

Marya had been working harder than ever, these last months, in a breathless sort of fear that work might not be plentiful another season. To-day she had pounded rugs and moved furniture till late afternoon, only to find upon coming home that the geese had been allowed to wander off, that there was no wood for the supper fire, and that the neighbors' children were cluttering up the house.

But it was not work or discouraging mishaps alone that had wearied her to the point of exhaustion. The mortgage and the interest reared a tower in her restless dreams. The tower would totter and wobble until she awoke in a sweat of anxiety. She was worn to the edge of collapse to-night. It was a terrible thing that her husband had done. Little moonfaced Kaja crawled on her knees to her mother. Kaiser had leaped to the bed, clutching the covering. Both were in a pitiful state of terror. The rosary broke in the desecrating

hand, and the beads fell to the floor with a rattle.

His wife's white face, her pale eyes, dark with fury, the huddling children, brought home to Igi the enormity of his offense. He stood stupidly, his fingers extended in the gesture with which he had scattered the beads.

With a scream which startled even herself, Marya leaped at the mean culprit, her fingers at his throat. But Kaiser hid his head in the bedding with a whimpering moan that was Marya's salvation. She relaxed her grip and sent the man out of the room with a violent push. Her fine mother-sense prevailed before the wondering eyes of the little ones. She calmed them with happier impressions, and when they were rosily asleep she crawled about hunting for the beads. Her heart was sore with something she had never felt before. She did not weep. It seemed as if the last tear had been drained long ago. But this new hurt had something wild in it; something strangely disquieting. The old habit of meek resignation now seemed like a garment that bound and repressed.

To the average persons with whom Marya came in contact, no change in her was apparent, but to the discerning she seemed to burn with a torchlike fever. She would flare up over an ordinary mishap, and subside again into a flickering glow of inner resentment.

IV

One day, Leza Kminski decided to marry off her sixteen-year-old daughter to a boarder whose bank account she coveted, and nothing would do but Igi must furnish the music for the celebration.

The Kminski rooms were cleared of such furniture as could be crowded into the one room unavailable for the festivities. In the front room there remained

a mountainous bed resplendent in a white embroidered cover and intricately crocheted lace. A deal table stood at the door for the serving of preliminary refreshments. There was a large wedding cake grotesquely ornamented with a sugar pagoda, beneath which stood a tiny bride and groom gazing vacuously at each other. The punch was served from a large, coarse white pitcher. There were eighteen glasses. Leza knew how to do things with style. The punch—made of tea, sugar, whiskey, and lard—was approved by successive newcomers. Igi was an important guest and made liberal demands upon the refreshments. The fairly capacious middle room was reserved for dancing. Igi and Stanley Crkoski, who fiddled, were stationed on a table in a corner. Later, a flute-player joined them, and the confining walls of blue calcimine beat back the oddly accented clashes until it seemed as if the roof must crack to release the warring sounds.

'For what Leza bid de Guinea woman?' inquired several.

The 'Guinea woman' was a striking type in this dun assembly. She was large but finely proportioned in her exuberant Balkan way. She suggested abounding health and was decidedly magnetic. Her thick black hair curled crisply. Her even white teeth flashed between the carmine lips of her wholesome, kissable mouth. She wore a dress of yellow, sprinkled with sprays of red flowers.

The 'Guineas' had only recently moved into the neighborhood, but already gossip had it that Katie, the Guinea woman, was 'fooling' her husband. Be that as it may, she was assuredly fooling other men. Her handsome, Amazon physique and the swash-buckling, corsair abandon of her were truly captivating. Not only that, but she was sharp, and the witticisms ut-

tered with her deep-voiced brusqueness were convulsing. The women of Polack-town, after one inspection, concluded that it was well to combine against her.

This evening, Katie saw Marya for the first time. She had been hearing, everywhere, about Marya this and Marya that, as the history of the neighborhood was reviewed. Marya had cured Boly's sore eye; Marya had washed the new Czerwinski baby; Marya got to the childbed before the doctor could arrive; she had washed the sick-clothes of one who died. It was a case of too much Marya. Particularly so, when the women—influenced, so Katie thought, by Marya's sanctimonious influence—gradually turned a cold shoulder upon the newcomer.

The movement to squelch Katie had a surprising outcome. To-night, if one wished to exclude the charmer, one would first have to unfasten the clinging spouses.

Igi was not free until supper-time, but his eye had noted the enticing Bacchante. The din and the fumes of whiskey clouded his brain. Katie, angered by the sense of Marya's spiritual superiority, formed a sudden desire to revenge all snubs upon the submissive head of her fancied opponent. Igi grew aware that the significant glances from the quick gray eyes met his dreamy stare with increasing frequency. When half the company sat down to the feast of blood soup, underdone duck, wieners, dark bread, and beer, Leza insisted that Igi sit at the 'first table.'

'Sure, you come by de first setting. You pull de concertina like hell an' we got to have yet more fun to-night wit' de dancing.'

Igi did not loiter when he saw the opulent form of the dark charmer at the table. She was reserving an extra

chair with considerable adroitness, and sent him a look of invitation. They hit it off as congenial guests; she filled his glass with beer, and leaned warmly against him in reaching for the platter of duck. In her funny masculine way she joked with him, but the large hand that rested on his knee was not at all masculine in its thrill.

Igi felt himself sinking into a ravishing sweetness; it was inevitable that he should respond to the subtle caress of her vital nearness.

'God, Marya, de Guinea's eatin' your man,' Sofya muttered in the kitchen, where several women were supervising the supplies.

'It suits me, Sofya, if she swallows him.'

Sofya was Marya's sister-in-law and had inside knowledge of the family situation.

'She's got de mout' an' de guts to swallow a sardine like him,' Sofya commented, robustly.

Before the party dispersed at day-break, every one had seen the little musician's infatuation and the Guinea woman's game. Marya had left at midnight, calmly aware of her mate's defection; but his folly could no longer concern her. The Guinea woman would have been chagrined could she have known how pointless was her vengeance.

For days after, when Marya returned from work, she would be hailed by one or another of her neighbors who seemed to be at their gates by the merest chance as she passed. Invariably they let fall a word or two about Igi's visits to the Guinea's home.

'Let be, — all right. Don't tell de kits,' Marya would reply with a smile of genuine unconcern.

In a can on the topmost pantry shelf, in a dim corner, a heap of coins was growing. How she managed it was a miracle, but Marya had discovered some economies which had no appar-

ent effect upon the family welfare. Slowly the amount grew. She had long ago eliminated Igi from her calculations: he had no part in the dream house. The longing for the good-looking rug had become an obsession. She had learned the price for which it could be bought. Tén dollars was a discouraging sum to consider, but after the first small coin had clinked into the can the probability of the achievement gained momentum.

'Ma, can I have sugar-rolls just once for my lunch-box?' Sigi would beg.

'You eat bread. Sugar-rolls is for dem w'at got der houses paid,' Marya would answer sternly.

Little Merka longed for a sash for her confirmation dress.

'You don't get no sash. A belt of de goods is all you get it,' Marya forced herself to say harshly.

And so to all the other reasonable childish requests of her children she turned a deaf ear. She did not even attempt self-justification in her thoughts. She realized she was committed to endless subterfuge. Little by little the contents of the can grew in volume. It was exasperating, at times, to reflect that good money was regularly carried to Pete's saloon. However, that fact was relegated to the class of circumstances which must be borne as visitations of Fate. That Katie was consuming a considerable share of the whiskey and beer made not the slightest difference to Marya. On the contrary, so long as Igi's debt at the saloon did not increase, she could even feel that sharing the drinks with Katie was worth the price, in that it curtailed Igi's potions.

'Say, Marya, for why you go like a blind fool?' said vehement Leza. 'Where does de Guinea get de earrings all once?'

Anyela and Vara had heard things, too. They slept in one room, and when

they locked themselves into it, fearing their father's freakish temper, they would whisper about the gossip that is always afloat in factories. A large 'shop' in a small town is a hot-bed of gossip and slander.

'That he should buy her earrings yet, too!' exclaimed Anyela. 'And our ma wondering how she can save on buttons! It's a fright. But ma's too easy. She oughta fixed pa when he begun his funny business. She makes me tired, putting up with it all. She would n't leave me even take ten cents out of my envelope, and I am all out of hairpins.'

Anyela's commonplace hair was worn in one of the involved fashions in vogue with factory girls: quantities of hairpins were necessary for the right effect. To tie the hair in a braid was out of the question. It was to be expected that each day should see a certain loss in the stock of pins, and Anyela was indeed nearly bankrupt. To one unacquainted with factory social codes it would be incredible that the way of doing up one's hair was of considerable importance.

But Marya was stonily impervious to her gentle daughter's wail.

When summer waned and the disciplined thoughts of the family manager flew ahead to winter planning, there came the exhilarating reflection that on snowy Sunday afternoons the front room would be magnificently cosy with the coveted rug in place. It was the only self-indulgence of Marya's life. It was a stupendous experience. In anticipation of the blissful realization she looked into the matter of curtains to match the rug. She had heard Mrs. Frawley say, 'Lace curtains are out of style.'

Marya's hunger for beauty in house-furnishings looked to the oracular Mrs. Frawley's comprehensive knowledge for succor. In a favorable moment Mrs.

Frawley dropped the golden hint that artistic curtains could be made from good cheesecloth; a deep cream was refined; it could be secured by dipping the cheesecloth in cold coffee; blue or green stenciling made effective decoration. There was one large window in the front room. By dint of unbelievable pinching, the budget yielded the price of the material.

V

Igi's affair with the Guinea woman was now quite bold and open. It was a relief to have him away so much. There were quiet hours of sweet enjoyment with the children and their various urgencies. Sigi harped upon the merits of an Eagle motor-bike over those of the Flyer, with tentative explanations why it would be most desirable to own an Eagle—even a second-hand one like what Mat Dennison's got for sale. Anyela knew a girl who knew a store where the new kinds of coats could be bought cheaper than anywhere else. Kaiser, the little clown, sent them into shouts of laughter with his caricatures of people he encountered in his business of peddling papers.

When Anyela, in maidenly shame at the disgrace of her father, came to her mother one night alone and protested, with all the burning recollections of shop innuendoes to urge her on, Marya said, 'I know. Let be, Anyela. See how de kits makes funs w'en der pa is away. We arrest pa, but it's no good. We dassent have de shame to get him locked up some place from de court. Yes, he buys de black woman earrings and w'isky. Let be. She keeps him off us an' she gotta have some pay, not?'

Anyela could not answer, and went to bed perplexed by the sophistry, and Marya decided that she could safely fetch the hoard for an accounting.

With all her brood asleep there was a delicious sense of peace in the house. Marya removed her shoes, drew down the shades, tested the doors, made another thorough survey of the apartment. Then swiftly, greedily, she went to the pantry, and climbing to the broad counter-board, reached for the precious can.

The breath left her body in choking gasps.

She barely saved herself from a dangerous fall as she slid weakly to the chair below.

The can was empty. It had fallen from her shaking hand to the counter with a thin clank. She looked at it with the wild intensity of one deranged. All the mean repulses of young desires, all the visions, the sacrifices of months smote her heart. She shook the can as if doubting her senses. An instant of superstition descended upon her like a gray cloud; she had lied, and hands not mortal had punished her.

But no — no. Some thieving soul had discovered her secret. In a sudden indiscriminating fury she wanted that thief.

Despite a clutching premonition, she darted to Sigi's bed.

'Sigi!' she hissed, shaking the sleeping young giant. 'Sigi!'

A sudden sense of calamity penetrated Sigi's slumber. 'Why — why — ma!' he gasped, seeing his mother in the dim shadows. 'Is pa —?'

His blood froze with apprehension.

'Sigi, w'ere's my money? Did you steal my money?' Marya demanded in cutting tones.

'Your money, ma? You're dreaming, mamushka. You did n't have no money. You been tellin' me so all year. Oh, ma, wake up! Shut up, ma, you ain't awake.'

He held his mother's rigid body in his warm, strong grasp, trying to quiet her with awkward caresses.

'My can is empty — empty! *Who took my money?*' Marya's voice was unfamiliar.

The boy was terrified. He knocked on the wall excitedly. 'Anyela! Vara!' he called. 'Wake up! Oh, wake up, you damn stupid!'

There was a rustle, and then an excited rush, as his cries continued.

'Oh, Sigi, what's the matter? Did pa —?' called his sisters.

'You come here,' commanded their mother in husky, tremulous tones. 'Did you know anything I got money hiding?'

She turned a searching look on them as they came in holding up a lamp, in horror of what they might encounter.

'Money, ma?' they asked stupidly.

They read Sigi's horrible suspicion and the tears came to their eyes.

'Ma,' besought Anyela, 'don't act like that. Ma, you never had no money!'

'O God! O Mary!' groaned Marya, as she fell upon the bed.

Vara began to sob. Anyela set the lamp on a chair. With a resolute air worthy of her mother's daughter she went to the bed and stroked the poor bowed head.

'Shut up, Vara,' she commanded. 'The boys'll wake. Sigi, get ma a drink and then shut the door.'

It needed this business-like tone to call Marya to her senses. 'Anyela, Anyela,' she moaned. 'I got money in a can. I hide it in de pantry on top. For de rug. Dimes. Quarters. Pennies. Next week I got ten dollar. Who steal my money? To-night I look. De can is empty. My money is gone.'

'Ma, it's nobody in this house is the thief,' Sigi said.

His mother, returning to sanity, wondered how she could have doubted it.

'Somebody see me climb in de pantry. Somebody know I got money in de can. I poorty near die to save de money. Now my rug I have not.'

The automatic deduction shocked her into a recognition of the heartbreaking fact. Marya's body began to shudder with increasing agitation until she was shaken painfully with the new experience of succumbing to emotion. The dry, racking sobs were terrible.

'Should I get a doctor?' Sigi asked, in a whisper.

'Sh!' Anyela shook her head decidedly. Then in a moment she said in a matter-of-fact way, 'It's cold. Shake up the fire in the kitchen, Sigi. We'll go in there and talk about this money. Come on, ma. Hold on to me. You're freezing. Vara, get the gray shawl. Take the lamp and shut up.'

The worn little group entered the kitchen.

'Should I heat up some coffee, ma?' asked Anyela calmly.

'No, no. Help me find my money.'

Marya related, in the manner of a confession, the history of the hoard. She ended with bitter self-reproach that she should have denied her children their rightful little privileges throughout the period of her secret ambition.

'Well, ma,' said Anyela, relieved, 'we did n't die from the hard times. And you got a right to want a rug, I guess. You never had much. If you wanted the house nice it was for us, too, was n't it?'

'Say, ma!' Vara suddenly hushed her sobs. There was a startled conviction in her expression that made the others turn to her expectantly. At times, Vara displayed uncanny intuition. 'Ma,' she said, 'Lena Dudek told me in the shop to-day that the Guinea woman's just got a talkin' machine. Her man's been gone for weeks, too, out o' work. The girls laughed like they always do.'

'When did you put money in the can the last time, ma?' Sigi put the query with lawyer-like intent.

'O, Moder o' God!' cried Marya. The torch of her wrath flared. 'A tock machine!'

'Well, when, ma? When?' Sigi persisted.

Marya's eyes had grown peculiarly bright. 'Dis is a Friday. I put in fifteen cents a Tuesday. I worked a hour overtime by de fat lady. An' little Merka did n't get a penny for tendin' de geeses. Yes, a Tuesday w'en you was in bed.'

'Tuesday, eh? Where was pa after supper, Tuesday?'

'By Pete's saloon, he says,' answered Marya, wrung by shame of incriminating one whom it was her moral duty to shield, but still obsessed with desire for the rug.

'Yes, and it was a Tuesday Kucjakuski had one of his fits and Mamie come after you,' Sigi recollected.

'Sure,' Marya assented, regarding her son with nervous dread.

Sigi remembered having heard his father's silly whistling in the side yard. The whistling had stopped abruptly. 'You had light in the kitchen? The pantry window was open? The window curtain is tore?'

Marya nodded slowly as the shameful truth of his deductions grew clear.

'About nine and a half was in the can?'

Again Marya nodded.

'Well, I heard Patchy McGuire tell how his father sold their twenty-five dollar talking machine for ten dollars, Wednesday night, 'cause their Maggie had to go to the eye doctor and he could n't pay for the glasses so's she could go back to school. McGuire don't know pa.'

The chain was complete. Marya sat in an agony of outraged feelings. The torch of revolt flickered and flared as if fanned by a breath of Destiny. Her glittering eyes stared at the red slits of the stove.

Anyela had no words for the heavy situation. This final insult to the family was crushing.

There was a long silence. The clock ticked with that weird gallop of clocks in strained, oppressive moments. Vara yawned extravagantly; her healthy young body protested against the interruption of her sleep. Her spirit was less sensitive than Anyela's. She stretched her round arms and said, 'Ten-thirty.'

'Yes, yes. Go to bed all. Youse gotta go to work just de same.' Marya roused herself sufficiently to send them off, perturbed, reluctant.

At last the house was quiet again, but the brooding peace had gone. Instead, an electrical unrest seemed to emanate from the tense little figure by the kitchen stove. The cold hands were joined in a tight grip. The leathery face had taken on a grayish tone, except where a significant red had made little patches on the big cheekbones.

'Stealing my money, de dog, for dat cat. No rug here. Tock machine dere. — Fader o' my kits. — No presents I get. I never ask for notting. *Notting!* O, God, it's hard. I gif de twelf kits. I feed 'em. Den I pay for efrying. I work an' gif w'at I got. I save an' he steals; de dog!'

Marya was talking to herself in a husky murmur, as she sat bowed in her chair, her eyes on the red of the fire.

The heroic acquiescence of years fell away and the woman reverted to some long-ago state of barbarian individualism, when her native land had bred creatures of flame, when the code was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

The body has been known to respond to such reversions with grotesque readiness. Marya drew her shawl about her and rose—a primitive figure, stealthy revenge its motive. As she stole to the bedroom doors to hearken, her stock-

inged feet padded on the bare floor as if they knew of furtive work ahead. Turning out the light she drew from a difficult drawer a long carving-knife worn to slenderness.

VI

There was a light in the Guinea's house, but the shade was drawn. At the back of the house Marya padded up the cheap, narrow stairway. There were voices — Igi's and the woman's. Even now some spiritual flash might have shown her the enormity of her venture, had not Katie spoken with a possessive authority while Igi snickered foolishly.

Fearing the door might be locked, Marya knocked twice, very gently. There was a definite effect of surprise from within.

'Who's dere?' called Katie, sharply. 'Come; open!'

Marya's voice was not natural. She knocked again.

Katie strode heavily to the door and opened it with a jerk.

Marya was blinded by the sudden light. 'Igi,' she called, in a barely recognizable voice. 'I want for ask one t'ing from you.'

Igi remained invisible and silent.

'Come on! See what she wants,' Katie sang out.

There was the smile of a conquering fiend in her eyes.

'Well, what's your trouble?' rasped the little man.

'You listen. Did you buy her a tock machine?'

'None o' your business,' answered Igi, after one look at the mischievous gray eyes.

'W'at?' shrieked Marya, slipping her shawl from her shoulder.

'Aw, go wan,' commanded the Guinea woman, 'tell her. Be a liddle man. She can't hurt yuh. Come on,

here.' She was enjoying the situation keenly.

'He bought you de tock machine. You make fools wit' him, you big devil pig. You drink wit' him. Earrings you get from him. His kits' eatings you steal; you make him steal. He steals my savings for your humbugs.'

The coldly furious woman darted past the large figure at the door, toward the frightened little man.

'Here, you!' Katie growled, following. 'Don't youse make no rough-house here.' She pulled the wife back.

Marya tried to loosen her arm from the iron grip, and the long-bladed knife fell to the floor.

'Ah-ya!' exclaimed Katie. 'You means business, you old saint, eh? Pick up de knife, fool!' she ordered Igi.

Marya snarled like an infuriated animal at bay. Her eyes blazed. A light foam came to her lips. Igi was afraid to approach her. He stood cackling foolishly until the veins in his forehead stood out like cords. Katie tried to get the knife by a quick lurch, but her prisoner took advantage of the move, kicked it out of reach, and rushed toward her unnerved husband.

The Slavonian had guessed by now that she had to do with a crazy woman, and superstitious horror turned her boldness to uneasy fear. She managed to secure the knife and was backing toward the rear door, signaling to Igi to follow her, when Marya turned upon her and overtook her in the small hallway. The Guinea, terrified, raised the knife with a curse, but Marya forestalled the lunge with a surprisingly powerful shove. The large, heavy body was sent sliding and bumping down the steep, dark stairway. There was no outcry after the last bump.

Up in the entry Marya stood peering down, a look of pleased fascination in her strange eyes.

'You killed her!' Igi whispered.

'Ya-ah,' assented his wife. 'Don't you want to roll down wit' your devil pardner?'

VII

It was a raw night. The stars were blurred. Marya lurched in her walk as she made for the woods across the tracks. The cinders cut her feet. Deep in the woods was a pool that was nearly always dark. Clean, brown leaves lay upon its surface. It mirrored the sylvan enchantments of old oaks, slim birches, gnarly wild-cherry and wild-plum trees, and elusive dapples of light. Subconsciously Marya was drawn to this isolated spot. Her body was very tired. The classic perfection of the little dell, suggesting the caprices and the ardors of dryads and fauns, became the setting for a spiritual conflict of one of the uncouth of the earth.

The sky had cleared and there promised to be a light frost. Marya trod back and forth, lost in the overpowering tumult that robbed her of the ability to reflect. She seemed strangely detached from the vague, distant little world that had revolved about her — the house, the mortgage, the children, the geese, the garden, the ailing neighbors. Left in a vast universe, unclaimed, without the precious fetters of duty and ministration, she contended with unknown emotions that estranged her from herself.

A long time passed and at last physical exhaustion overcame her. She fell into a deep, heavy slumber in a burrow of dead leaves.

Duty, her inexorable master all her days, knocking at the door of her unconsciousness every morning at dawn, echoed sharply upon her senses as the night, with merciless swiftness, made way for still another day.

Marya awoke to a clear realization of her life's wretched snarl. She rose,

cramped in every muscle, from the cold, hard bed of her woe. She leaned over the brink of the faintly glinting pool and washed her face.

Sigi would oversleep if she delayed.

A leaf fluttered to the pool. It recalled the horrible possibility of the night. 'T'ank God!' she groaned, the warm tears falling upon her tough, pallid cheeks. Shaken by the ravages of the night's spiritual storm, she sank heavily into the stolid, deep submissiveness that is the salvation of her kind. Work called. Burdens awaited her, no matter what else was in store for her. 'Let be. I take w'at God send,' she breathed.

It was Mrs. Goddard's wash-day. Merka must go to the cobbler's before school for her shoes. Anyela would never remember to stop the baker wagon. 'De policemans will come. I will have 'to sit. Dey makes you sit twenty, tirty years or all lifetime for killing. She would o' cut me. Let 'em get me. I done my share work already. W'at comes I take. De kits gets eat-ings by de county; I pay plenty taxes already. It be's a good day for dry de close. She want her windows washed maybe. He stole my rugs money. De devil cat make him steal. Let be.' So her confused thoughts ran on.

Sigi, awakened by a premonition of trouble, had jumped from his bed. He dressed hurriedly. The alarm-clock had sounded, but there was no sign of his mother's usual activities. He knocked at her door. 'Ma!' he whispered. He rattled the knob. Then in a nervous fear he looked in. The bed had not been occupied. Something terrible must have happened while he had lain stupidly asleep. The rear door was unlocked; the big dog whimpered. Sigi flew to the street. At the gate he met his mother's ghostly wreck.

'Ma? Ma?' he choked.

'Sigi, it is finish wit' me. I kill de

Guinea woman. Let be. I fix your lunch now.'

'Ma. You kill her! Oh, they'll get you. Where did you? How, ma? Ma, where's pa?'

The boy shook violently.

'Go see. By de woman's house I leave him. She can't drink no more wit' him. Bring de tock machine.'

Sigi whipped round and vanished.

Marya, an automaton of habit, built the fire and called Anyela. Blessed homely tasks offset the deadening weight of catastrophe until her son returned.

'Ma,' he whispered, drawing his mother into the pantry. 'Pa's skipped. De Guinea woman's in bed. She's crippled. She says pa's a w'ite-livered rat, an' he says he was going to skip. She says you should keep your mouth shut. She ain't got nothing to tell nobody, she says.'

'I did n't kill her?' Marya reeled. Her tears fell heavily. 'But I done a black, bad sin just de same. I take a knife, wit' my craziness. I want kill her and I got de sin on my soul,' she moaned.

For some strange reason the crime seemed more crushing, now that she was released from the actual guilt. She found her mind growing unsteady in its command of the daily routine. Her physical exhaustion was complete, and before long a burning fever consumed her.

For many weeks she lay in the wonderful bed, each small part of which attested to her thrift and industry — the patched ticking, the goose-feather stuffing, the coarse lace, the gay quilt. But at last, one Sunday, she was able to be taken into the front room. There was a mysterious air of ceremony about the children as they drew about her before the closed door.

'Now,' said Sigi, and a scratching, buzzing sound was heard within the

room; then the muffled wail of a ban-shee, which broke into a stirring rhythm.

The door opened and a scene of splendor met the convalescent's eyes. The red rug lay on the floor — the red rug of her heart's desire. The curtains hung correctly at the window. A table and four chairs of a matching shininess and rigidity furnished the room.

Marya leaned on her son in breathless bewilderment. 'Who pay?' she asked.

'Well, it's all paid for, all right,' Sigi replied, 'and you'll find out about it soon enough.'

Marya's impatience blighted her children's expectation of her anticipated delight.

'Here, then,' said Anyela, showing her a much folded letter. 'I'll read it to you.'

It was a Polish letter from Marya's brother in St. Paul. Igi had arrived there, unable to account for himself or for his unannounced visit. He would answer no questions. He ate very little and coughed a great deal. And then he died, attended by a priest. The brother asked for advice.

'We wrote to him,' said Anyela, 'that you was sick. We told him to send the body here. We made a plain funeral in the church. Then come the insurings man and says he got pa's

insurings money ready. The lady was so sorry you got sick and she cried w'en Vara told her about the rug money. She sent the rug. She says you stood by her w'en her whole family was sick.'

'Yes — and de tock machine?'

'Well, ma, I know you'll be mad. The talking machine the Guinea woman give us. And earrings. She's a cripple. Her man got a job away and she went too. Her man heard the stories about her and pa.'

'Shut off de music!' Marya ordered. 'I go to bed. My back ain't strong like I t'ink.'

'Anyela,' she asked quietly that evening, 'Anyela, w'en I got de fever I don'd know nottings. But I t'ink me a bended woman comes by my bed an' tends me. For w'at I got dem tinkings?'

'Well,' Anyela began, 'you was awful sick. The doctor said you must have a nurse. We send the kids by Leza's. Sigi and Vara and me worked steady. We was a-scared about getting behind with the payments. There was n't any way to get a nurse right away. The Guinea woman asked the doctor could she be the nurse. He says she's all right. She was awful good to us, ma. She was bad crippled from the fall. She was so still and so w'ite, ma, and acted so shamed-like.'

'Let be,' said Marya with a deep sigh.

NEWARK BAY

BY H. G. DWIGHT

I HAVE stood on the bluffs of Scutari
and watched the morning mists smoke out of the Golden Horn —
full of fairy ships and iridescent sails,
like a harbor of the Happy Isles.

And I have watched the pinnacles of Seraglio Point
prick up black and slim and strange as the Arabian Nights
against a sanguine sky.

I have wandered among the lonely pillars of the Parthenon,
and wondered how those Greeks of long ago made them so simple and so noble,
and how even so many suns could turn them into amber,
and how the antique drama of the day
looked between them as if I had never seen it before,
ending above the Bay of Salamis —
Was it a triumph? Was it a tragedy? —
in an unearthly fume of gold and violet.

I have sat in the ruined theatre at Taormina,
where mask and buskin mime no more,
but where a scene is set immortal in the world
of the jewel-blue Ionian Sea,
and the far-off opal mountains of Calabria,
and the lovely line of the Sicilian coast,
with its lacy ruffle of foam,
and the Sicilian hills,
bare and dark and grave, yet secretly aflame with oleander,
and the white town sitting on its high shelf of rock in the sun,
and little Mola aloft on her crag like a castle in a fairy story,
and supreme over all, hanging between blue and blue in a shimmer of silver,
the enchanted cone of Ætna.

I have climbed the North Cape,
into an Arctic wind you could not stand against,
into an Arctic fog swirling like a madman's brain.
The wind tore terrifying chasms in the fog,
and through them dropped splinters of a lost midnight sun,
or through them, out of a void of thunder,
the spray of melted icebergs
spouted up chimneys of black rock.
It made me ashamed of the crowded shelter hut,
where tourists giggled into the spray of champagne
or scribbled picture postcards.

But I like Newark Bay.
You don't know where it is unless you are a Jersey commuter!
And no cliffs encircle it.
No famous cities lend it a little of their renown.
No beautiful buildings are reflected in it.
No typhoon ever tore it out of its bed.
Nor is the color of it very wonderful.

Never mind.
It has a wonderful way of catching color from the sun.
It has a wonderful way of rippling under the moon.
It has a wonderful way of darkling to infinity,
of somehow expressing what you feel when you rumble across it at mid-
night,
Tired and happy and unhappy and exalted after listening to violins.
And you should see the gold that twinkles around it in the dark,
that spatters it when the factories are alight.

I like the long lines of the chimneys, too,
and the smoke that flutters from them on the wind.
I like the barges that puff up and down from nowhere to nowhere,
on errands strange as any Indian patamar.
At night they give you such a friendly wink of a green eye!
I like the visions of hill-towns you catch from it on a clear day.

I like the black bridges that wade across it,
and the trains that slide so smoothly over them,
all day and all night, in a blur of black or gold —
and the sense of its loneliness,
and of so many million interwoven destinies that shuttle to and fro
and leave it lonely again.

I like those great beds of reeds that border it,
humble and green and alive to every whim of the air.

I like those little straggling wooden piers
and flat-bottomed boats at leash under a certain factory.

They always make me think of a certain palace on the Grand Canal,
a palace of delicate marbles carved long before factories or bridges came to
Newark Bay,
in which a princess lives.

But she would not be a princess,
nor would she live in that palace,
if it were not for that factory on Newark Bay.

How ingenious some people are!

And how many ways there are of achieving palaces on the Grand Canal!

And I can manufacture nothing more ingenious than verses,
and they will never achieve me a palace on the Grand Canal!

Never mind.

I like a certain corner in Newark Bay
where a little inlet runs out beside a bridge.

On the shore some signboards make a fantastic splash of color
as you flash past them on the train.

Through the water marches a file of piles,
with restless green reflections fastened to them.

And shore and water meet each other so intimately,
in such an undulating line!

I will stand up for that line, even after the coast of Sicily.

I wish I could etch the grace and the humor and the subtlety of that line.

And beyond it the bay opens under the sky,
wide and pale as a Venetian lagoon.

And far away, high and white and incredible as the other world,
glimmers a tower in New York.

SING SING: AN EVOLUTION

BY FRANK MARSHALL WHITE

I

TWICE within the first six months of the year 1916, the honor system, as conducted at Auburn and Sing Sing prisons in the State of New York under the Mutual Welfare League (an organization composed of the inmates themselves and introduced by Thomas Mott Osborne), proved its strength by a supreme test — the voluntary return of an escaped prisoner, actuated solely by conscientious motives, each man believing that he was coming back to increased punishment. And in each instance the prisoner was one whom the old school of penology, which believes in punishment by retribution, would have declared to be hopelessly incorrigible.

Peter Cullen, 30 years of age, who left Sing Sing on April 20 and returned some three weeks later, had been in duration two thirds of his life, following the prescribed course of the wayward boy of the New York slums, from the correctional institution in childhood through the House of Refuge and the Elmira Reformatory to a State prison, the five-year term he was serving for grand larceny being the second in the same institution. 'Tough Tony' Mareno, aged 32, who went away from Sing Sing on January 1 and came back two days afterward, had pursued a similar course, and at the time of his escape was working out an indeterminate sentence of from twelve and a half to sixteen and a half years for highway robbery, having served more than eight years of his

term in three prisons of the State. In the cases of both Cullen and Mareno, there is striking demonstration of Mr. Osborne's theory that the man without early moral training, who has been driven to crime by environment, is more likely to possess higher and nobler qualities than the prison inmate of education and breeding who has risked punishment for crime for the sake of living in ease and luxury. 'As between the bank-wrecker and the gunman, for stanchness and loyalty,' says Mr. Osborne, 'give me the gunman every time.'

What aggravated Cullen's offense in taking French leave of Sing Sing was the fact that he was the League's sergeant-at-arms, and as such had charge of the discipline of the organization. He was one of Warden Osborne's most ardent supporters, and he seemed to be no less faithful to Acting Warden Kirchwey. Until the time of his escape, he had been praised in nearly every issue of the *Bulletin*, the prison paper, for his effective upholding of the honor system. The prison officials have a suspicion that Cullen's escape may have been encouraged — for private reasons — by some of the other inmates of Sing Sing. A prisoner of the State of New York who earns commutation of sentence by good behavior is compelled, on being sentenced to a second term, to serve out the remainder of his unexpired sentence before beginning the other. The day of Cullen's departure was that of the real beginning of his second term of five years; he was not unnaturally

depressed by that circumstance, and it is believed that his fellow prisoners procured for him means of escape, under the temptation of which he forgot his oath of allegiance to the League. In any event, he took advantage of the privileges of his position as sergeant-at-arms to go out under cover of darkness and return to his old companions of the underworld in New York City.

And now the marvel happened. Among his friends of other days Cullen was depressed and gloomy. When they congratulated him on the pleasures of freedom regained, he gave no evidence of gratification. His thoughts were continually on the League he had betrayed, and his conscience allowed him no peace of mind. Unlike Mareno, who during his two days' absence from Sing Sing fell among former prisoners, — old members of the League who urged his return, — Cullen's associates knew of the honor system only by repute. More significant than anything else in the story of his evasion is the fact that they did not laugh when the escaped prisoner told them the reasons of his unrest, professional criminals though they were. On the contrary, when he talked of giving himself up, they encouraged the idea.

And so it was that on a Sunday evening in May, when Warden Osborne, who, during his temporary absence from Sing Sing, was living at a hotel in New York City, came through the corridor, he was accosted by a man he had never seen before. The stranger simply said to him, —

'Is this Warden Osborne? — Pete Cullen is outside in a taxi.'

At the curb before the hotel Cullen begged Mr. Osborne to get into the taxicab with him, and for half an hour the two drove about the streets while the escaped prisoner poured out his remorseful soul to his friend. Of course Mr. Osborne's sympathetic advice to

Cullen was to go back to prison and 'take his medicine,' which was exactly what he was prepared to do. When the taxicab returned to the hotel, a friend of Mr. Osborne's was waiting in his motor to take him to dinner. Mr. Osborne commandeered the motor and sent Cullen to Sing Sing in it, while he and his other friend went to dinner in a cab. A couple of hours later Warden Kirchwey shook hands with Cullen in the office of the prison, and he went down to the cells to begin his five-year term over again, with added punishment for his escape. So ended one of the most significant episodes in penal history.

II

The existence of conditions making possible the events outlined in the story of Cullen's escape and his return to prison would have been considered as absurd, when the first cell-doors of Sing Sing were opened nearly ninety years ago, as a prediction that in the twentieth century soldiers would fight battles in the air. The annals of Sing Sing are a record of unmitigated horror that began before the foundations were laid; for it was built by convicts from Auburn under the direction of Captain Elam Lynds, the former principal keeper — as the warden was then known — of the older prison. Captain Lynds, with one hundred convicts in irons and a force of armed guards, arrived from Auburn in May, 1825, and built a camp near the site of the proposed structure.

The captain was a type of the old brutal school of penologists. He believed that the reformation of a criminal who had reached the age of 17 years was hopeless. To his mind, a prison was solely a place of punishment; and the whole duty of its officers was performed when they prevented the escape of their prisoners and taught them the lessons of order, obedience, and industry. His

own practice, which he enjoined upon his subordinates, was never to overlook the slightest infraction of the prison rules and to visit instant punishment upon all offenders with the cudgel or the whip.

No history of Sing Sing has yet been written, and probably the worst atrocities committed within the prison boundaries will never be recorded; but it may be said without fear of contradiction that not one of the stones in the sombre walls went into place unprofaned by the curses and tears of men driven under the lash to their toil. The construction of Sing Sing was begun in 1825, prisoners being confined in the cells as fast as they were constructed. Eight hundred cells were ready for occupancy in 1829, the prison's capacity being gradually increased to the present twelve hundred cells. Captain Lynds became principal keeper of the new prison, he and the other keepers with their cudgels knocking down and beating the prisoners at will. A convict who was clubbed into unconsciousness by a keeper was not necessarily immune from further punishment, for as much as a hundred blows with the 'cat' might be his portion afterward.

Sing Sing had been chosen as the site for a new prison because of the stone and marble quarries within the boundaries of the State property, and when the cell block was completed the prisoners were set to work in the quarries. Men and oxen were used indiscriminately in transporting the stone and marble blocks from the quarries to the wharves on the river, the practice being to drive from fifty to one hundred men on chains attached to the poles of the carts that carried the heavy blocks, ahead of a team of oxen, keepers applying the whip to human and bovine legs and backs alike at the difficult places in the roadway. Sometimes men alone were driven to the carts, and more than

once it happened that the legs of those nearest the front wheels were broken when a sharp turn under a heavy load jolted the cart-pole out of their hands.

The food was so scanty and so bad under Captain Lynds's administration that the prisoners often suffered the pangs of hunger continuously for weeks; and although outrageous punishment was meted out to those who filched bread, the men ran every risk to obtain a little additional nourishment to their scanty rations. In the winter prisoners sometimes paced their cells all night to keep from freezing. Unruly convicts were manacled in their cells for months at a time.

Captain Lynds was tyrannical and brutal with the subordinate officials of Sing Sing. He even attempted to dictate to the prison inspectors, and objected to their speaking with the prisoners on the ground that this tended to interfere with the discipline. Such was his reputation in the village of Sing Sing that he was threatened with personal violence should he venture into the streets.

It was not until 1843, thirteen years after the prison was first occupied, that steps were taken to temper man's inhumanity to man in Sing Sing. In July of that year the following rules for the conduct of the institution with regard to prisoners and keepers were promulgated by the State inspectors:—

1. That no person be permitted to strike a convict in any other manner than with a 'cat,' except when necessary for self-defense.

2. That no assistant keeper shall inflict more than ten blows with the cat, for any one offense.

3. That no convict shall be whipped more than once for the same offense, except by order of the Board.

4. That the principal keeper shall not inflict, or cause to be inflicted, more than 25 blows for one offense.

5. That no punishment shall be inflicted until at least twelve hours after the commission of the offense.

Captain Lynds, who was then principal keeper after having served in Auburn for a time, objected strenuously to this coddling of the criminal. He declared that the milk-and-water sentimentality of the inspectors was almost certain to result in a wholesale jail delivery, since it would be impossible to keep the prisoners under control when it became known among them that their keepers might not use their cudgels. He particularly reprehended the twelve-hour remission of punishment rule. How, he asked, could a prisoner be expected to obey a command, if there were not provision made for its immediate enforcement? The principal keeper was overruled, and the following year he was dismissed from his post.

Picture Captain Lynds with his cudgel, first of Sing Sing's keepers, at one end of the line, and at the other end Warden Osborne and Professor Kirchwey; and a measure of penological progress is afforded. Indeed, of all the wardens who have come and gone during the long years of the prison's existence, there are probably no greater contrasts in personality than between the ruffian of 1829 and the philanthropist and the educator of 1915 and 1916.

Very slowly did conditions improve in Sing Sing. There was progress, however, although most of the tales of this particular prison-house have been of inhumanity and cruelty, of murder and murderous assaults, of escapes and attempted escapes, of drunkenness and drug-addiction. In the women's prison, which was established in 1835, the use of the whip was abolished the following year; but it was not until 1847 that the practice of flogging male prisoners, 'except in cases of insurrection, riot and self-defense,' was abandoned. How-

ever, in a memorandum to the Governor of New York in 1870, the Prison Association of the State noted that, although the whip was no longer used after 1847, 'other and even more cruel methods of inflicting bodily pain were resorted to, and the domination of force was again triumphant.' It was not until 1869 that the law forbade the infliction of the punishments 'commonly known as the shower-bath, crucifix, or yoke and buck' in the prisons of the Empire State.

With the beginning of this century conditions were improved in many respects in the New York prisons. Industrial training had been introduced into Sing Sing, when the manufacture of clothing, shoes, furniture, and so forth, for use in State institutions superseded work in the quarries; but now scholastic training was begun, the students being required to attend school a part of every day in the year with the exception of Sundays. A well-fitting uniform was substituted for the prisoner's former striped suit, and the lock-step was replaced by the military step. The prisoners' hair was neatly trimmed with shears, instead of being cut close to the scalp with clippers. Dentists and oculists were brought into the prisons to care for the eyes and teeth of the inmates; crockery replaced the old tin cups and pans; an electric light in each cell superseded the old tallow candle. All forms of corporal punishment were abolished, and — theoretically, at least — infraction of rules in the New York prisons merely consigned the prisoner to solitary confinement until he reached a normal condition of mind and signified his willingness to conform to discipline.

Nevertheless, in 1913, George W. Blake, who was appointed a special commissioner to investigate the prisons of New York, reported: 'The worst features of the prison management can-

not be discussed in any public document, but the subject is of such vital importance to the State that no time should be lost in submitting it to the attention of men competent to present a method of bettering a condition that breeds disease of the mind and body and that should touch the heart of every man with human instincts.' The almost incredible charge was made in June of that year that Sing Sing officials had conspired with rogues outside the prison to starve the unhappy men in the cells, giving them rotten meat and vegetables in meagre quantities in place of wholesome and plenteous food provided by the State, and pocketing the difference in price. As Mr. Blake said, 'The average man's patience may withstand the thought of graft derived from bricks and stone in the dishonest construction of prison buildings; but when it is wrung from the bodies and minds of helpless and suffering human beings it turns him savage and makes him yearn for the blood of the politicians responsible for it.' (These are the same politicians, by the way, who tried to force Warden Osborne out of office.)

Sing Sing prison is physically a disgrace to civilization. The cells are about seven feet long, three feet and three inches wide, and six feet and six inches high, providing $147\frac{1}{3}$ cubic feet of air space, as against 400 cubic feet required in the municipal lodging houses of the City of New York; so that when two men were in a cell together, as frequently occurred, they had less than a quarter of the amount of air to breathe that science declares to be essential to health. There is absolutely no plumbing in the cell-house, no toilet provisions. In each cell was a bucket which served for all the prisoner's needs; and, as these buckets were emptied only once in twenty-four hours, the stench that emanated from them may be imagined. The small amount of drinking

water given to the prisoners was contained in a smaller bucket, which stood in the cell for hours at a time. As both the buckets were uncovered, the drinking water soon became contaminated. The inmates of Sing Sing were aroused every morning at 6.30, and by 7.30, their cells cleaned and their buckets emptied, were in the mess-hall, where a scanty breakfast awaited them. At eight o'clock they were in the various workshops. At noon dinner was served in the big mess-hall, and half an hour later the men were back in the shops. They worked until a quarter past three, when they were given a few minutes exercise, and sent to their cells carrying their suppers — a cup of tea and a piece of bread.

That was the week-day routine. Sunday, until the summer of 1913, was a day of torture. The men were allowed out of their cells for breakfast, and then they were permitted to attend divine service, provided they felt like thanking God that there was only one Sunday in the week. All the inmates of the prison were then — at eleven o'clock in the morning — back in their cells with their rations for the rest of the day, no dinner being provided for them on Sunday, since that would interfere with the keepers' day of rest. When Monday happened to be a holiday, the men were kept in their cells from four o'clock Saturday afternoon until 6.30 o'clock Tuesday morning — a total of more than sixty hours, with the exception of the time necessary to eat breakfast on Sunday and attend religious services, and the time for one meal on Monday. The same conditions existed when a holiday fell on Saturday or Sunday and was celebrated on Monday.

These terrible Sundays and holidays were responsible for the demand in Sing Sing for liquor and drugs, and the traffic in this contraband involved thousands of dollars annually. If it is

considered strange that this traffic was not restrained, let the fact be considered that some eighty or ninety small-salaried keepers were going in and out of the prison daily, many of whom were putting in the bank money made by the sale of drink and drugs to habit-ridden inmates, who would undergo torture rather than inform on the agents who brought them the wherewithal to deaden temporarily their sufferings. It was the coalition between disreputable keepers and the more depraved of the prisoners that was accountable for the crimes of violence that were of constant occurrence in Sing Sing. During one week in November, 1913, two inmates who were suspected, and *only* suspected, of being informers with regard to the drug traffic were murderously beaten in one of the prison corridors by other prisoners whose identity it was impossible to prove. Of course both of these assaults were witnessed by keepers, none of whom would admit having seen an overt act committed.

III

These same conditions existed in Sing Sing when, one year later, in December, 1914, Thomas Mott Osborne began to make penological history there. In two hours of his first Sunday as warden, Mr. Osborne did more to advance the cause of prison reform than had been accomplished before in all the years that man has been sequestering his lawless brother from society. Then, for the first time in prison history, the inmates of a big and overcrowded penal institution were assembled in the chapel, and the guards ordered from the room. And, wonderful to relate, the prisoners did not turn and rend the warden or themselves! Indeed, a more orderly group of men could not have been found that Sunday afternoon in any church in all Christendom.

(The men came in two divisions of about seven hundred each, the chapel not being large enough to seat them all at once.) And less than two years before, the warden of Sing Sing had felt it necessary to put a loaded pistol into his pocket when he went into the prison yard! Only a year and a half before, the prisoners in Sing Sing had mutinied and set fire to the shops. It may be remarked incidentally that — again for the first time in the history of Sing Sing — *not one infraction of the prison rules* was reported for the twenty-four hours ending on the Monday morning following the assemblage of the inmates in the chapel without their guards.

Warden Osborne had got together the prisoners of Sing Sing — who were already familiar with the principles of the Mutual Welfare League introduced by him in Auburn, of which they subsequently became members — to consider a revision of the prison rules, and he at once approved fifteen almost revolutionary changes suggested, at his request, by the men themselves. The most important of these changes was one whereby the prisoners asked that in cases of minor breaches of the rules, they be allowed to discipline themselves without initial intervention of warden or keepers. To this Mr. Osborne replied that he was fully in sympathy with the suggestion, and that he would carry the idea further and allow the prisoners to decide *all* breaches of discipline, with appeal, where the justice of a decision was disputed, to the warden's court — which is composed of the warden himself, the principal keeper, and the prison physician. The roar of delighted applause that greeted this announcement was an augury of the successful operation of the new order.

Other prison rules that had been in existence for years were swept away by

Warden Osborne with the observation that he could not understand why they had ever been made. These included restrictions on letter-writing, on the purchase of stamps, on the receiving of money for the purchase of luxuries like tobacco.

Another rule which Mr. Osborne declared should never have been promulgated, and which he promptly abolished, forbade the receipt by prisoners of shoes and sweaters from friends and relatives outside of the prison. The request that the men be allowed to see visitors on Sundays and holidays, which had not been permitted up to the advent of the new warden, was granted by Mr. Osborne with the comment that Sundays and holidays were the very days that the friends of the prisoners were best able to call upon them. Requests were granted that the men be allowed to keep their daily papers in their cells until they had finished reading them, instead of being compelled to give them up each evening, and that lights be allowed in cells and dormitories until 10 o'clock, instead of being put out at 9.30.

In its annual report, dated March 31, 1916, the State Prison Commission of New York summarizes the changed conditions in Sing Sing thus:—

‘Under the wardenship of Thomas Mott Osborne, a greater measure of responsibility for conditions within the prison has been delegated to the inmates. Discipline in the institution has been left largely to the officers of the Mutual Welfare League. Prisoners march to and from the mess-hall and shops under their own officers, and the question of punishment for infraction of rules has been determined by a court composed of inmates, the accused having the right of appeal to a higher court, composed of the warden and other prison officials. Ball games, tennis matches and other athletic sports, a swim-

ming-pool, moving-picture shows, lectures, and other entertainments have been provided for the recreation of the prisoners.

‘Two inmates have been permitted to marry, under the new régime, and one or more were allowed to leave the institution to attend the funerals of relatives.

‘A wage rate as a standard for work done has been established, and a bank started with token money. A store has been stocked with provisions, wearing apparel, tobacco, etc., where the inmates are permitted to trade.’

IV

Mr. Osborne considers the most important result of his first year's work in Sing Sing to be the changed spiritual attitude of the men, which alters their whole relation to society upon their release.

‘The failure of the previous prison systems has come fundamentally from attacking the problem from the wrong point of view,’ he says. ‘The first effort toward a prison system was the so-called Philadelphia system, which followed the abolition of capital punishment in Pennsylvania in 1794. This was the solitary system, each man in a separate cell, without work, with no books but the Bible, and never seeing any one save his jailer and occasionally the chaplain. This was upon the supposed theory that the cause of his being in prison was a mental one, and that the way for him to learn to think straight was to reflect upon his sins, when with the aid of the Bible his mind would regain a normal condition. When it was found that the Philadelphia system led to insanity and suicide, it was abandoned in the other states, although solitary confinement still persisted in Pennsylvania for many years.

‘The next step in prison reform was

the so-called Auburn system, which approached the problem from the physical side. Men were shut in solitary cells at night, but there was congregate work by day, and absolute silence at all times. The idea underlying this system was that men should be forced to act right, when by force of inertia, after a sufficient length of time, they would reach a condition in which they could be trusted to go out into the world and act right there. Results have shown, however, that two thirds of the men in state prisons are recidivists. So far from learning righteousness by the attempt to close all doors to wrongdoing, men left prison under this system in a state of such wrath against society that they were determined to "get even" at all hazards. The new system, under which the authorities trust, not the individual prisoner, but the entire community of prisoners, allowing the community to handle the cases of discipline, produces a responsibility on the part of every sensible man.

'The privileges given are in return for the proper assumption of responsibility. No privilege is an end in itself, but only a means to an end, that end being the increase of this feeling of responsibility, thus producing the frame of mind in which a man may return to society and "go straight." Other evidence of improved conditions in Sing Sing is found in the fact that for more than four weeks the last year there was not a single case of discipline or punishment in the prison. As warden, I have found it necessary to inflict punishment on but three occasions. The drug and liquor traffic has been eliminated, with consequent improvement in the health of the inmates. The efforts of the authorities under the old system to prevent the sale and use of drugs and liquors in Sing Sing was in vain. It was not until the men themselves determined to stamp out the evil that the thing was done.

'There is great mental improvement among the inmates of the prison, ambition among them to learn and to help others to learn, stimulated by the night school numbering more than five hundred pupils, conducted entirely by prisoners. Sing Sing is becoming a place of education instead of a mere den of caged animals. Then there has been immense improvement in the physical well-being of the men, not only because of the cessation of the use of drugs and liquors, but by reason of the exercise the recreation hours afford — in summer swimming, baseball, handball, and bowling. The result is that the men are leaving prison not only much better in appearance, but with their muscles in better condition to begin work. These are some of the important results the new system has brought about.'

The changing of human liabilities into human assets being the chief end of the new penology, Mr. Osborne has accomplished in Sing Sing an invaluable service, even had it been effected at an expense to the State. In reality, he has brought about these results with economic gain to the State. The gross sales of the products of Sing Sing in the fiscal year of 1913-14 amounted to \$318,733.59, and in 1914-15 to \$354,327.89, showing an increase under the Osborne régime of \$35,594.30, or about 11 per cent. The value of the goods manufactured there in 1913-14 was \$282,093.83, while in 1914-15 it was \$342,816.39 — an increase under the Osborne régime of \$60,722.56, or about 21 per cent. The profit from Sing Sing industries in 1913-14 was \$40,833.69, and in 1914-15, \$82,084.21 — an increase under the Osborne régime of about 100 per cent. The percentage of profit on the production of 1913-14 was 14 per cent; under the Osborne régime in 1914-15 it was 24 per cent. The per-capita cost of officers' salaries at Sing Sing for the last fiscal year was far less

than at any other of the three State prisons. At Great Meadow, with an average daily population of 712, the per-capita cost of officers' salaries was \$94.14; at Clinton, with an average daily population of 1447, it was \$88.35, and at Auburn, with an average daily population of 1429, it was \$88.53. At Sing Sing, with an average daily population of 1616, the same per-capita cost was only \$80.65.

One of the most striking results of the operation of the machinery of the Mutual Welfare League in Sing Sing has been its beneficial result upon prison discipline. In previous years fights among prisoners and attacks by prisoners upon their keepers were of so frequent occurrence that no record of them was kept, save in the event that a wound was severe enough to be treated in the prison hospital. Measuring the prevalence of fighting by the number of wounds treated by the prison physicians, the discipline under Warden Osborne has been better by 64 per cent than during the two fiscal years previous to his administration, which in their turn were the best two years in this respect in the history of Sing Sing. During 1912-13, with an average of 1442 inmates, there were 383 wounds treated, and in 1913-14, with an average of 1466 inmates, 363 wounds — an average for the entire period of 1454 inmates and 373 wounds. During the fiscal year of 1914-15, under the Osborne régime, the number of inmates of Sing Sing averaged 1616, and to keep pace with the two previous years the number of wounds should have been 414. The actual number of wounds was 155! This comparison is scarcely fair to the Osborne administration either, for under the old system the men often concealed their injuries rather than be punished for fighting, which the surveillance of the Mutual Welfare League renders impossible under the new ré-

gime. Previous to the existence of the league many of the wounds received by prisoners were the results of assaults upon their keepers. During the Osborne régime there has been but one assault by a prisoner upon a keeper, and in this instance the keeper refused to make a complaint because he believed the prisoner to have been deranged.

The general betterment of conditions at Sing Sing under Mr. Osborne's rule, as indicated by the comparative number of men driven insane by prison environment during the last four years, is also remarkable. In 1912, with a prison population of 1488, it was necessary to transfer 32 prisoners who had become insane to the Dannemora State Hospital; in 1913, with a prison population of 1,442, 48 men were sent to Dannemora, and in 1914, with the prison population 1,466, the number of men removed to Dannemora was 27. Last year, with the biggest prison population in the history of Sing Sing, it was necessary to transfer only 19 men to the State Hospital. There have been but three escapes from Sing Sing under the Osborne régime, exclusive of that of Tony Mareno, who returned voluntarily, up to the present writing. There were four the year before. There were ten escapes in 1913, six in 1912, four again in 1911, 17 in 1910, and 19 in 1909. The degree of Warden Osborne's control over the men in his confidence is demonstrated by the fact that on the night of one of the escapes during his administration he sent 15 prisoners out into the darkness to search for the fugitive, all of whom returned to the prison of their own accord, six of them being away most of the next day.

One of the warden's most daring experiments tending to prove a sense of honor among the men of the prisons occurred in the spring of 1915. The delegates of the Welfare League had held an election in the prison court-room,

and the count was not finished until after one o'clock in the morning. The warden then invited the fifty-four delegates into his house, sent for his cook and butler, both also convicts, and served sandwiches and coffee. The warden's house, which has no bars on windows or doors, is outside the prison walls; there was no guard within a hundred feet of it. The New York Central railroad tracks are just under the windows on one side, and the public highway on the other. After their repast the fifty-six prisoners, whose sentences ranged from a few years to life, went quietly to their cells.

A comprehensive illustration of Warden Osborne's method in dealing with the men of the prisons was afforded during his second month at Sing Sing, when he practically dismissed the guards from the workshops: that is, he directed them merely to patrol through the buildings instead of standing over the workers. Mr. Osborne introduced the new system in the most unruly shop first. Gathering the two hundred and fifty workers in the knitting-shop about him, he said, —

'Boys, I understand that you are the worst-behaved bunch in the whole prison — and I'm going to put a stop to it!'

The men stared at him uneasily.

'I'm going to dismiss your guards,' the warden continued, 'and you'll have to choose your own delegates, from among yourselves, to preserve order.'

The men in the knitting-shops have been among the best-behaved and most industrious in the prison ever since.

To carry out all Mr. Osborne's ideas for prison reform, it will be necessary to demolish the present cell-block at Sing Sing, establish a receiving station on that site, and build a new prison on the farm-colony plan — a project to which the Governor of New York has

virtually committed himself. The Osborne idea is the division of the prisoners on this farm into three grades — the first grade to live in cottages outside the prison enclosure, the second to live in dormitories within the walls, and the third — the temporary incorrigibles — to be confined in cells. A man, on entering the prison, will be assigned to the second grade, and it will depend on himself whether he is elevated to the first or degraded to the third. Under Mr. Osborne's plan the first-grade prisoners will supervise the second grade, and the second grade the third, the second and third grades being composed of the delinquents of the first and second respectively. He believes that this supervision of one grade by another will be of invaluable service in teaching the men why the criminal is a menace to society. Mr. Osborne is working to bring about the payment of full wages to inmates of State prisons, allowing them to pay their own maintenance while in durance, the surplus going to the support of their families, or to be banked until their terms expire in the event that they have no dependents. He would establish a free library, a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a large hall for entertainments and social gatherings in the prison.

What bearing upon public morals, by the way, has a desire on the part of the powers of evil to serve the powers of good, as manifested in the declaration of the underworld denizen to the Mutual Welfare Leaguers in search of Tony Mareno, that 'there is not a crook in the whole United States who would not be glad of the chance to do a good turn for Thomas Mott Osborne'? The more one reflects upon the potentialities of such a condition, the more significant does it become.

DRIFT

BY R. K. HACK

I

No thinking man to-day needs arguments to persuade him that our civilization is insecure, and that the nations are drifting rudderless. As L. P. Jacks has said, the literature of 'Where the devil are we?' is enormous, and cumbers our periodicals. It is, however, pretty obvious where we are; it seems to me high time to put the preliminary question, 'How the devil did we get here?' If we can arrive at some faint inkling of an explanation of our involuntary and desperate wanderings, we shall then at least have a better chance of guessing some way out of this catastrophic maze.

How came we here? It is plainly the business of the historians to answer that question. And behold, here they come flocking by the hundred, each with his learned monograph or ponderous tome, each with his contribution to a reasonable and scientific solution of the great problem, — 'Economic Causes of the War,' 'Political Causes,' treatises on Pan-Germanism, on the Kaiser as a religious mystic, and so on, — until we realize that the war was absolutely inevitable, that all intelligent men, including historians, had known for forty years that it was inevitable, and that we live, not perhaps in the best of all possible worlds, but at any rate in a world which could not conceivably have been different from what it is.

Now, this consciousness that we and our civilization are adrift remains, even

after we have read the historians, unimpaired; indeed, it amounts to a conviction. It is, so to speak, a residue; it is what is left over of doubt and of groping after everything has been made clear to us. The mere statement of the paradox shows that something is wrong. Can it be that the historians are, after all, inadequate? It will be hard, especially for historians, to admit any such unorthodox criticism. But what else can we say of guides who abandon us in the midst of the wilderness?

We have good reason to be out of patience with the historians. Have we not been told that *historia docet*? The only purpose of writing history is that it may serve as the continuing memory of mankind; that it may supplement the petty experiences of each individual until he contains within himself the soul of the race; that it may exalt the will and enable the wisdom of each generation to leave the world a little better than they found it. If, therefore, history teaches that progress is automatic, and that the present is the inevitable result of the past, history fails to serve its purpose. It certainly supplies no incentive to undertake the moulding of the future, nor any guidance in that task. What is just as serious, it has not supplied us with a genuine explanation of the past. In this connection, it is very easy for us to forget now what fools we were three years ago.

Let me quote a few words from an address made by Lord Bryce as President of the International Congress of

Historical Studies, on April 3, 1913. 'The world,' he said, 'is becoming *one* in an altogether new sense. . . . More than four centuries ago the discovery of America marked the first step in the process by which the European races have now gained dominion over nearly the whole earth. . . . As the earth has been narrowed through the new forces science has placed at our disposal . . . the movements of politics, of economics, and of thought, in each of its regions, become more closely interwoven. . . . World History is tending to become One History.'

And a little over a year later, it became plain that the altogether new sense in which the world was becoming one was an altogether unpleasant sense. Every phrase which Lord Bryce used seems to have been dictated to him by some sardonic devil: the new unity, the emphasis upon the dominion which we have gained over the whole earth but not, alas, over our own souls, and the new forces which science has placed at our disposal, in order that we may employ high explosives to destroy each other on land, in order that we may assassinate under the sea, and that we may defile the air with Zeppelins. The historians have indeed been blind leaders of the blind; let us not blame them overmuch, but let us not trust them at all.

If we cannot learn from the historians, we may perhaps learn from their mistakes. Chief among these is the dogma which I have called Automatic Progress. Automatic Progress is a 'racer' with a peculiar pedigree; he is by Optimism, out of Evolution. He also has the peculiar habit of attempting to win his races by stuffing himself with all the oats he could reach — a habit which proves to be somewhat of a handicap. Intoxicated by the heady wine of natural science, the historians of human affairs have attempted to

introduce the reign of law into their interpretations of human society and politics.

And yet the appalling truth, which is obvious now that we have been sobered by the war, is that the 'laws' of human nature are not comparable to the laws of science. There is no orderly evolution toward an end, there is no Automatic Progress; in the place of these figments of a sick imagination and of scientific vanity, we may and must recognize the truth which has been thrust upon us, the truth of Change. The one thing certain is that the world is always changing, and that it may change for the worse as well as for the better. We have no guarantee; and if we can only bring ourselves to admit humbly that we have none, I believe we shall be within measurable distance of discovering how we came to be where we are.

Suppose we search for an example. Do you know a man who acts as if he had a lien upon the future? Then you know that he does not pay attention to the art and business of living, and that he spends his existence, not in making things happen, but in having things happen to him. The world is for him a sort of perpetual Coney Island railway, whereon he sometimes glides along smoothly, and sometimes suffers a disastrous tumble. After which, if he is a good historian, he will pick himself up and proceed to demonstrate that the machinery made it inevitable that he should tumble.

Only, in the case of this war, there are millions who will remain where they fell.

Our faith in Automatic Progress is therefore partly responsible for our present situation. It was this faith that lulled to sleep the peoples of Great Britain and of France while Germany made ready. Germany, I hasten to say, did not believe in Automatic Progress;

but let us first attempt to analyze the faith of the other nations who did so believe. Why were we so blind before the event? It is not a complete answer to say that we were fools, or to damn our historians and politicians for having misled us. All our literature up to 1914 is crammed with expressions similar to that which I have quoted from Lord Bryce. They sound like the laughter of an infant just before the priest tosses him to Moloch. Here is another such utterance, from a very brilliant little book called *The Living Past*: 'Even as this is being written the growing unity shows itself effectively in overcoming the most dangerous crisis of recent times, the Balkan difficulty of 1913. It is by such wise and patient action that the Western "Concert" comes into being, and will increasingly assert itself — strong, far-seeing, and united for the common weal.'

Upon the truth of these utterances the guns are thundering their adequate commentary. The delusion was, however, universal — always excepting Germany; and the source of the delusion is, I believe, to be found in two ideas which have held the greater portion of the western world in their grip for more than a century. The first is our idea of the function of the state; the second is our idea of the function of science. So long as we adhere to these ideas, so long are we doomed to drift.

II

All political and social discussions are cluttered with a mass of abstractions. We talk of liberty and rights, of *laissez-faire* and of state interference, of democracy and capital and labor. It would, of course, be idiotic to attempt to banish abstractions; but there is no valid reason why we should employ them as blinders, and it is possible to describe our idea of the function of the

state in fairly simple terms, in terms of our action. We act as if the state were a corporation whose business it was to insure us against the interruption of our business. So long as our own private business prospers, we do not pay as much attention to the state as we do to the weather reports. When our private business does not prosper, we are vexed with the government. If a sufficient number of citizens are vexed, we overthrow the government — that is to say, we do nothing whatever to alter the government; we merely change the list of office-holders in the governmental corporation. We, as individuals, pay taxes to the corporation; the corporation in return for the taxes is supposed to guarantee our individual lives and our individual happiness. The transaction is commercial. And therefore in practice we regard it as proper to get something for nothing; and the business of making a 'profit' at the expense of the government becomes a part of every large industry conducted by the citizens of that government. Those who are at least fairly prosperous are inclined to 'dodge' their taxes. Consult your own conscience: do you not feel that you have done your whole duty by the government when you have voted and paid your taxes? How much time do you spend thinking about the government? Let us take a favorable case and suppose that you spend five or six hours a day in thinking, as distinguished from the performance of routine tasks: how great a proportion of that time do you devote to the problems of the government? One hour? Ten minutes? Perhaps.

Our political actions, therefore, as well as our whole political system, make manifest the unpleasant truth that the idea which controls our actions and upon which the system is built is the idea of the Social Contract, of government as an insurance corporation;

and the theory of the Social Contract was spawned by the brain of Thomas Hobbes, the great atheist, coward, and logician, about three hundred years ago. Hobbes's idea was that government is the club which all of us agree to put in the hands of one large strong man, in order that he may protect us against each other, and also against foreign aggression. His idea was based upon the utterly false notion that primitive society was invariably engaged in civil war, except in so far as government, which is to say the Social Contract, intervened. Profoundly false as the theory was, it was popularized by the genius of Locke and of Rousseau, and speedily became dominant. It is *par excellence* the breeder of revolutions. Of course, if the government is under contract with you to protect your life, liberty, and happiness, and nevertheless fails so to do, the contract is void; and it is your duty to install another government. Thus the theory engenders fatally the very civil warfare which Hobbes said government was designed to avert. We rebelled against Great Britain, with the noble battle-cry, derived from the Social Contract, 'No taxation without representation.'

Even when the theory did not cause bloodshed, it assisted in the creation of party warfare, which is civil war without bloodshed. For parties are nothing but corporations, organized and maintained in order that they may take over by legal process the government (the 'club'), and themselves enjoy the privilege and the profits of wielding that club. Hence we speak of the 'party in power.' Hence we drift. For we are actually all of us in the same boat, and yet the helmsman is expected to steer with one eye on the course plotted by the leaders of one half of the passengers, and the other eye on the leaders of the other half of the passengers, who,

as he is perfectly aware, are doing their best to wrench the wheel from his control. That is the process we call government! What, in the name of the Great Dead Governments, would anarchy be? It is no wonder that we drift. The only miracle is that we survive at all!

We began by inquiring why it is that modern nations are unhappily engaged in drifting, instead of directing their undoubtedly vast energies toward a better and happier future. We found that the historians are of little use in such an inquiry, because they confine themselves to the delightful task of saying at great length that every result has an adequate cause, and that we are where we are because we were where we were. As we look about us for some clue to the mystery, we find it in our own behavior. Each one of us devotes only an infinitesimal portion of his time to the study of our collective welfare. In obedience to the theory of the Social Contract and to the sublime principle of the division of labor, we have cast that responsibility upon the shoulders of the government, that is to say upon the professional politicians. If 'our' party happens to be in power, we try not to damn them; if the other party is in power, we damn them anyhow. When we inquire why it is that the citizens of a great living state can conduct themselves with somewhat less than the amount of intelligence which a vegetable expends in growing, we find that it is because our current governmental systems and practices and ideas are based upon, and have never outgrown, an idea called the Social Contract, an idea which was conceived in error and nourished in egregious folly. It is therefore only natural that a government founded upon such an idea should prove to be unsatisfactory in times of peace, and, in time of war, a disastrous failure.

Hence it is the duty of us all to do our best to uproot the erroneous idea that government is a function which concerns only experts, as well as the idea that government is something really external to each one of us. We play a part in government as truly when we neglect government as when we are so-called politicians. This then is one of the reasons why we drift, and why we still suppose that the government is a sort of insurance company.

III

There is, however, another reason. It is the prestige, the magical power which we have deluded ourselves into believing that science possesses. If you want to make a man neglect his business, all you have to do is to persuade him that some one else is doing his business for him as well as or better than he could do it himself. Is not the cheating trustee a well-known figure? The cheating trustee administers the fortune of an infant in such a way that the trustee gets the fortune and the infant gets nothing. The modern world has persuaded itself that all it has to do is to hand over its fortune to science. Science has accepted the trust; and just now science, with a 'neutral' stare, is presenting to us the results — the bombing aeroplane and the Zeppelin which is used to kill babies, the high explosive shells and the Krupp guns, the gasoline-pumps which the Germans employ to spray their enemies with, in order that they may efficiently burn them to death, the submarines, an interminable catalogue of hellish devices. And more than that, we have behind the firing-line the spectacle of a whole nation utilizing every atom of its scientific and industrial organization to destroy human life. It is wicked, it is insane, it is anything you like — and yet it is simply what we have permitted

ourselves to do. On second thought, the comparison of science to the cheating trustee is altogether too flattering — too flattering to us, I mean. No exterior agent has cheated us; it is we who have cheated ourselves.

Again we are confronted by the problem of our motives. Why is it that we have allowed science to run amuck, to be, not a savior but a destroyer? One of our motives is fine, unselfish, idealistic — the desire to make the world a better, cleaner, healthier place to live in; the other is the lust for gain, the greed which has exploited the earth by means of scientific industries. In the pursuit of gain, we have not only suffered ourselves to be enslaved by science, which is our tool, but we have done so because we had our attention so concentrated upon the material advantages which we could procure by the use of the tool, that we totally overlooked the disadvantages, both material and spiritual, which result from the misuse of the tool. We talk about our 'conquest of nature'; but we have been employing a two-edged sword, which cuts as deep into us, into our flesh, as it cuts into nature. The earth does not bleed when it is torn up by a scientific engineer; but we do, when we are torn up. The same scientific principles are involved in both cases; only the motive is different. We cannot control the principles of science, but we can control human action and human motives, *if we will*. We must put to ourselves the same question as before, when we were discussing government: why is it that we have been so stupid as to allow a mere tool to dominate us? It is not enough to say that our greed blinded us; it is not enough to say that we have modern scientific warfare because we wanted modern scientific factories. Greed accounts for much, but not for all of our folly. Our false idealization of science is responsible for the rest.

I cannot help formulating, at this point, a prayer. I wish that some great lawgiver would appear among us, and enforce with flaming eloquence this new commandment: *Let no man among you worship an abstraction.* For science is an abstraction, and the worship of science has killed and is killing its millions. It is worth while to investigate the genesis of this delusion; and if we can find out how the worship of science is born, we may be able to kill it before it kills us.

Suppose that a poor and ignorant farming community has settled upon a land of average fertility. They have no doctors, and every once in a while the accumulated filth in the midst of which they live causes them to suffer from a terrible epidemic, which they denominate a 'visitation of God.' Crops are uncertain; if they are good, the farmers cry, 'God is merciful'; if they are bad, the farmers cry, 'God is angry with us for our sins.' They cannot travel, for they have bad roads. The men work all day in the fields; and the women work all day about the house. They make their own clothes, for there are no factories. Their life is at best full of toil; of art there is little or none, unless it be the art of the church, which swallows most of their trifling gains. At worst, their life is one of blind terror and of dreadful suffering, of squalor and of cruelty. And they ascribe every event, whether good or evil, to the will of God.

Into the midst of such a community comes a group of quiet black-coated men, who with incredible rapidity alter and transform the life of these people from top to bottom. They know where to find metals and coal; they erect strange buildings full of strange things which make more cloth in a day than a toiling woman could in her whole life; they build roads and railways; they build sewers and hospitals. Shops spring up, men become rich in a year;

and all of a sudden 'God' ceases to send pestilence upon the community, no matter how much they sin. What process, I ask you, then goes on in the bewildered mind of this community? These quiet men, who worship a new deity called science, have transformed the world; they it is who have overruled the elder god who sent disease and squalor and universal poverty and crops good or bad according to his temper; and therefore the mind of the community draws the only conclusion possible to it — that the new deity is a greater god than the god of their fathers. And so the community enshrines science, prostrates itself before science and all its works, and most of all before the visible priests and acolytes of that great god. Who shall presume to teach this community that these scientists are mere men, that their science itself is in reality no god beyond good and evil, but is merely the entirely human achievement of entirely human intelligences, of which the only proper function is to serve as the tool of man?

True, a few warning voices are heard, a Ruskin, a Tolstoi, a poet here and there. But they are 'sentimental,' they are 'impractical,' whatever those words mean in the vocabulary of hell. It may be worth noticing that the same epithets are now being applied to the Belgians by the Germans. And the result is that the voice of the prophets is drowned by the clamor of the factories and by the shouting of the men who build factories. Yet with the exception of those same sentimental and impractical prophets, no one in the world had brains enough to ask men what was being made in those factories, and for what purpose. If it were not for the bitterness of the tragedy involved, one could do nothing but laugh at a chemist who, though nominally sane, should spend his youth manufacturing quantities of a coarse poison, only to

celebrate his arrival at mature years by himself consuming all of the poison he had himself made. He might at least have killed rats with it. But if we should proclaim that he was guilty of a tragic and ridiculous folly, what shall we say of a nation, of a world, which is doing the same thing upon a cosmic scale?

The worship of science is a religious mania, and its fruits are like the fruits of a religious mania. The world is familiar with them. Torture, persecution, bloodshed, indiscriminate assassination, and the sins of the spirit which are far worse than mere murder: pride and intolerance, burning hatred of all those who refuse to do obeisance to the fanatic's deity, and that last corruption which, seizing upon the soul of the fanatic, makes him see all human truth as one mass of lies, and all lies as truth.

Let no man among you worship an abstraction. Science cannot save the world, for the plain reason that science is not divine. What has been the real history of the last century, the history which the historians have left unwritten? It has been the history of that community of ignorant farmers, and of the suicidal chemist, writ large. As if the world had swallowed hashish, so did its deep draughts of science make every limitation of human power to vanish before its astounded eyes. It was the age of the machine. The railway and the steamer annihilated distance. Darwin came, and we began to speak of Evolution instead of speaking of God; we discussed and believed in, not the Fall, but the Rise of man. The earth suddenly was revealed to be a storehouse of apparently inexhaustible wealth. Trade was no longer between town and town, but between continent and continent. The sky yielded its secrets. New inventions were poured out in floods, until we were so amazed that

we lost the power of wondering at anything.

And it was science which wrought all these miracles, SCIENCE! We had lost faith in almost everything else, to be sure; but had we not gained a new deity of incalculable might? It is no marvel that we transferred our worship to the new god science; and with our worship we coupled all those blind hopes which are the very life of humanity, all our aspirations toward a brighter future, our capacity for sacrifice and for devotion unto death.

Now and then a war fell upon us, but our trust in Automatic Progress had been so thoroughly inculcated by our scientists that we paid little heed. Millions of us were poor, and many even starved in the midst of abundance; but you and I salved our remnants of human feeling by writing a check for charity. Had not science taught us that everything which took place was inevitable? So we bowed our heads to the decree of science, called ourselves humanitarians, and did our best to put ourselves in a position where we could amply afford to bestow charity upon those who were destined to need charity. Science was to abolish war, and disease, and ignorance, and crime, and poverty, at some time in the future. 'Leave it to science,' we said; 'and in the mean time do all you can for your individual self.'

What was worse, most of us took our own advice. We left all the rest to scientific experts: government we turned over to the politicians, law to the lawyers, health to the doctors, science to the scientists, religion to a dwindling body of clergy, and morals to I don't know what. Literature and the other arts became a means of dissipation, a distraction for an idle hour or for an idle scientist. We raved about cubists and futurists and imagists. And we utterly neglected the common

weal, since we were so certain that divine science would shed upon us a collective blessing, just as manna was shed of old upon God's people.

IV

Then came the awakening. Germany, the one country in the world which was above all others fitted, by blood and nurture, by Prussian Kaiser and Prussian discipline and Prussian rapacity, to be the new vessel of the new deity, proclaimed the holy war in the name of science, and signalized her entrance into the militant service of that god by ravishing Belgium, by ravishing the women and children of Belgium and France, by ravishing everything save the soul of Belgium and France. Since the first days, each successive act of Germany has thundered a half-misunderstood warning in the ears of a world which had gone far — who knows how far? — upon the same road toward the same insane and hellish destination, — half-misunderstood, for the precise reason that we were, and still are, ourselves infected with the same maniacal worship of science which has, under a German Kaiser and a German God, utterly destroyed both the reason and the humanity of Germany. Little Belgium has won her immortality by those days and months of heroism. France, the most humane and the most loved of nations, had sometimes set foot on that hateful road, but she was the first when the war came to perceive her own error and to return to that difficult path over which alone humanity may climb. For England, the lesson has been harder, but she is learning it at great cost.

But the United States? Well, the nice, comfortable world in which we believed has been shattered, and we have been vainly striving to put it together again just as it was. The vast

majority of our people have been shocked by what Germany has done. But they have not understood why Germany has acted as she has; they have not explained the sources of her sins, and therefore they have explained away these sins by means of the common historical superficialities, or, failing in that, have simply and speedily forgotten the sins of Germany as fast as Germany committed them. Why, indeed, should we remember them? Do we not find it peculiarly easy to forget our own sins? And just in so far as we Americans, like the Germans, have sinned the sin of greed, just in so far as we too have bowed down before deified science, just in so far as we too have suffered the tools of man to dominate and enslave the spirit of man, so far are the sins of the Germans our own, so far we render ourselves their accomplices. And the extent to which this moral cancer has eaten into our souls is made manifest by our moral insensibility. Our traditions of liberty have been perishing, and in their place we have erected shrines to prosperity, by which we mean greed, and to efficiency, by which we mean science. But these gods are also the gods of the Germans, and therefore we Americans have had for the Germans that involuntary sympathy which proclaims us their fellow-worshippers. We should in all humility thank heaven that no Kaiser and no preëminent military caste have taken us over, as they took Germany over, and educated us through military discipline and through scientific discipline to coördinate all our passions and all our powers into the service of a god who is incarnate Germany, a trinity of greed and brutality and science.

This, therefore, is the danger which menaces the American people: not, as we have vainly imagined, the danger that we might be forced into the war, or that we might be attacked after the

war, but rather our secret idolatry of a god who is at least first cousin to the god of the Germans. We may well be grateful that he is not identically the same; if he were, we should be fighting with the Germans against the Allies, and against humanity. As it is, we are neutral. We cannot repeat too often the truth that there is nothing moral about neutrality. Neutrality means indifference. It does not mean even-handed justice; for justice takes an active part in the affairs of men, whereas we are decidedly not taking an active part. We are, indeed, making money, but that is for our private pocket. We feel dimly that something has happened to us when our ships are sunk by Germany and when our fellow citizens are killed by Germany; and even while some of us are proclaiming that we ought to 'do our bit' to bring the intolerable assassins to justice, others of us, though of pure American descent, are saying of our innocent dead, 'It serves them right! What business had they to be in a place where they could cause us trouble!'

The open public German propaganda which has been carried on among us is indeed damnable; but the real peril to American civilization is in our own hearts and minds, in the stealthy corruption of our power to perceive the truth and to know good from evil, in the mental and moral debauchery which is inevitable among men who worship greed and science.

It is not my purpose to propose that we should join the Allies. But I do propose that we should strive to make ourselves spiritually and intellectually fit to join the cause of humanity. And there is one very definite step that we can take in that direction. As worshipers make ablution before they enter a temple, so we must purge ourselves of falsehood and of the idolatry of science. If we fail to accomplish this, we

shall continue to drift until we are damned, until our names are written in the records of history as of those who thrust themselves out of the fellowship of nations. The cause of humanity is one in which we can enroll, whether we 'join the Allies' or not; and there is literally an infinite amount of work to be done, of the hardest kind of work. For we cannot alter men for the better by a mere fiat; we can only alter men for the better by altering their ideas. Despite Germany and all her science, the human spirit cannot be governed by injunction.

Science, as I have tried to show, is neither god nor devil; science, by itself, has power neither to save nor to destroy. But we are learning at horrible cost the lesson that men armed with science can destroy in a moment human life and happiness and beauty that science can never replace. We are learning that the Germans are the only great modern nation which does not drift, or rather which was not drifting before the war. All the world worshiped science, and that was bad enough. But the Germans were the only people who had gone so far mad as to worship exclusively German science. All the world worshiped prosperity. But the Germans were the only people who believed that all the prosperity should belong to Germany. All the world made treaties, but the Germans were the only people who believed that they were above treaties. The Germans were the only great modern nation which was ruled by an autocracy. This autocracy expended all its cunning and all its force in the effort to accomplish rather an easy miracle, in the effort to make a nation worship itself. The autocracy succeeded. It employed national education and national drill and the Franco-Prussian War; it wove into a compact whole all the idealism and the capacity for obedience and for self-sacrifice. The

nation was already drunk with science; and the autocracy drove it insane with patriotism. The miracle was done, and the Germans called themselves the Chosen People.

But the rest of the world did not know that the Germans were insane, and so it had not prepared an asylum for them. The rest of the world was partly mad itself, what with the worship of prosperity and of science. France recovered first, and Great Britain is struggling toward sanity. But we of the United States have with appallingly few exceptions continued in our ante-bellum frame of mind. We have not suffered, and our eyes have not been opened. We are still drifting; and our minds are still filled with the old illusions, the old belief in Automatic Progress which has caused us to drift. The first work we have to do is to eradicate these false ideas, and so to regain control of ourselves. Whether peace comes soon or not, this work must go on; else peace will be again, as was the peace of 1871-1914, but a pitiless truce before a still more terrible war. 'Leagues to Enforce Peace' and similar schemes are as toy pop-guns to a Krupp. We have to alter, not our laws and our treaties, but the very stuff of our mental life, to which our laws are as the froth on a spring of living water.

v

For one thing, the real function of government, like the true character of a man, is made manifest by crises. War is such a crisis; and we may plainly see, both in France and in England, that the 'pay your money and the government does the rest' theory of the Social Contract is wholly abandoned in time of war. The traces of that theory which are left, particularly in England, are not sources of strength and happiness to the nation, but of weakness and

of sorrow. The true function of government is to secure a better future for all its people, and the true relation between the government and its people is — to use an old-fashioned analogy — the same as the relation between the family council and the members of the family. The trouble with our present theory is that it does not work. Had France and England displayed before the war a tithe of that solidarity and devotion which is now making them glorious, would Germany have dared to declare war? Unless we can so alter our ideas as well as our political framework in the direction of solidarity and away from our present practice, we shall continue to have in peace but a mockery of real government, and in war, disaster.

For another task, we have science to subdue. That will be a great battle. To win it, we need enthusiasm and hard work and clear thinking. What shall be our plan of attack?

In the first place, you will observe that I have said that we must 'subdue' science; I have not said that we ought to annihilate science. To subjugate science, to bring it under the yoke of the human will, to guide it in the service of human justice and human truth — this is not to destroy science, but to prevent it from destroying us. So much for true science. But against false science we must indeed wage a war of extermination. How shall we know the difference between the true and the false? It is hard to distinguish between them, for they both are dressed out in the same language, and they both parade the same airs of ultimate and indefeasible authority. Yet this question can be answered — by another question. *How do we know the difference between a man and a machine?*

A man is alive, and a machine is not alive. This is the test by which we can distinguish between true and false sci-

ence. In so far as the world and all that is therein is mechanical, science and scientific method can attain truth; in so far as the world and all that is therein is alive, science and scientific method are invalid, false, foredoomed to eternal failure. Therefore those sciences are justified which deal by scientific method with material, physical, mechanical facts — such sciences for example as chemistry and physics. But how about the sciences which pretend to deal with living beings, and above all with man, who is preëminent among living beings? How about biology, psychology, sociology, philology, politics, economics, history, and their associated multitude of subsidiary sciences?

Let us be bold and tell the truth; they are valid only in so far as living beings are mechanisms, and no further. With regard to man, they are less valid than they are when they deal with any other living being, for man is the least mechanical of animals. And therefore the cataract of volumes and myriads of monographs which have during the last century flooded our universities and our schools, and which have been written upon the hypothesis that man can be entirely explained as a mechanism, are radically false. Therefore there is no science of history, no science of economics, no science of sociology or of psychology, which can either render adequate account of the human past or predict the human future. It is true that we men are partly mechanisms who must eat in order to live; it is true

that many of our actions are the product either of instinct or of self-interest. But it is equally true that men have voluntarily starved themselves to death, and it is equally true that even now millions of men are voluntarily devoting themselves to be killed, not out of self-interest, but out of their love for a future in which they themselves will never share.

How far astray we have been led by these false sciences, we do not realize. They have not succeeded in abolishing our souls, but they have incalculably perverted them. How extensive and disastrous is the perversion they cause, we have ample opportunity to see in the case of the Germans. Call to mind the fact that German science has for sixty years been the avowed model on which we Americans have based our instruction, that up to two years ago we openly worshiped German science, and that to-day there are thousands of our best-educated citizens who still believe, as the Germans believe, that science reigns supreme over humanity. This belief we can and we must overcome; and the ideas which are rooted in this belief we must trace out one by one and destroy as we should destroy so much poison.

Let us not suppose that this will be a merely negative task. Truth cannot grow in soil which is choked by lies; and we cannot fulfill our aspirations towards that better future which it is our dream to create, unless we make room for the truth.

GOODNESS AND RELIGION

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

Of all persons who hinder the progress of religious thought, possibly the most effective is the man who is broad-minded without being deep-minded. It takes an exceptionally gifted man, one of unusual intellectual powers and mentality rarely disciplined, to be 'broad' without spiritual deterioration. It has been well said that one's religion is like a river. When a river breaks over its well-established and ancient banks, unless it is a stream remarkably deep, it will quickly degenerate into an odorous and malarial swamp. Obviously, the best thing to do with ordinary rivers is to keep them within their ancient bounds. An extraordinarily religious soul may break over the banks and hew out new channels successfully. The ordinary man, breaking over the former restraints in an intense desire to be 'broad,' usually accomplishes nothing except his own spiritual stagnation and the annoyance of his neighbors.

For a spiritual genius like Phillips Brooks, to take only one example, one can have nothing but admiration; for in breaking over the bounds of conventional religion he did not abandon them. He appreciated their value and sought merely to broaden the old channel. But it is with a very different feeling that one observes the genial gentleman who enlivens an after-dinner smoke with the smiling and patronizing remark to the clergyman present, 'Well, I'm broad-minded enough to know that one church is as good as another.' Of course he is broad — swamp-broad, and covered with a rich intellectual

scum which prevents his knowing what arrant nonsense he is uttering. He knows that one cigar is not as good as another; that one bar is not the equal of every other bar; that Henry James and Robert Chambers are not equals as novelists; that Beethoven and Irving Berlin are not occupants of the same musical plane. He has very definite opinions as to the moral superiority of either Germany or England, and even of the comparative righteousness and usefulness of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt. And yet there he sits, pitying his poor clergyman for being a narrow-minded ass, and saying, 'One church, one religion, one philosophy is as good as another.'

But even this person is not quite so far away from the broadness of Brooks and Parker and, I may add, Cardinal Newman, as is the man of whom you hear that 'he is not connected in any way with religion, but he is a good husband, father, and citizen, and what more can one ask?' The sublime complacency of the man who tells you this about *himself* is beyond remark. The egoist who esteems himself infallible is as nothing to his cousin who deems himself impeccable. What we do fail to perceive, quite often, is that even when the speaker is talking of *some one else* he is displaying a bit of that careless thinking which is apt to characterize the man who is 'swampy-broad.' He has confounded morality with religion.

This mistake is so commonly made that it is worthy of some attention.

There is, to be sure, a relationship between being good and being religious, but it is not the relationship of identity. It is the relationship of producer and produced, of antecedent and consequent, of cause and effect. It would be foolish to say that a dynamo and an electric light are the same thing; that green apples is a term synonymous with indigestion; that an architect's plans are the same thing as a completed building; or that sex-attraction is but another name for the social institution called the family. In the same way it is an evidence of muddled thinking to maintain that being good is the same thing as being religious.

No matter what religion you take up, you will find that it is not, in essence, a system of ethics. It is, rather, an agency for strengthening people by means of contacts, real or fancied, with supernatural power, that they may have the courage and the power to fulfill a system of ethics. In other words, the essential thing about religion is its mysticism, the fruit of which is the nerving of men and women up to a system of morality. The purpose of religions, in their origins, will invariably be found to be the imparting to people of supernatural sanctions for, and supernatural power to fulfill, the ethical system deemed necessary by the culture of the worshippers. This, which is true of all religions, can be seen to be true of Christianity in particular if one will examine either the methods of its Founder or the expression which it took upon that Founder's removal from it of his material Presence.

It is a matter that has often been remarked by disparagers of Jesus of Nazareth that there is nothing new in his ethical teachings, no original contribution to ethical thought. The Golden Rule was not his invention. The principle of universal fraternity was a part of much of Jewish Messianism in

the century or two before He came. One can comb the ethical teachings of the Nazarene carefully and find not one whit of moral instruction that had not been uttered elsewhere before He came. He laid little stress upon moral instruction. The Sermon on the Mount is very largely a collection of ancient wise saws commented upon in such a way that the hearers might see their real significance. Indeed, He spoke truth when He said that his function was to fulfill, to round out to completion, the utterances of the Law and of the ancient prophets or preachers of his people.

And when He deals with erring individuals there is no attempt to instruct them in a new system of being good. The Magdalen is taught no new code of sex-morality. The unadorned command to 'Go and sin no more' implies that she already knew what she ought to have been. Apparently Levi and Zaccheus were not attracted from their 'grafting' habits by lectures on political science or the ethics of government. They felt somehow in Jesus a power sufficient to make them do what they already knew they ought to do. The centurion at the Cross exclaimed, 'This was the Son of God,' after hearing but seven brief cries, only the first of which had any connection with ethics, and that an indirect one. The thing about Jesus which attracted people was not especially the newness or beauty of his moral science. It was rather that men and women felt a power flowing from Him which they unhesitatingly deemed the power of God Himself — filling them with a force sufficient to make them deny the world, the flesh, and the selfish Devil, and aspire toward living up to a morality which they already perceived, but which theretofore they had deemed beyond their power of achievement.

That this is true is plain from the early history of Christianity, as it is

revealed in the Book of the Acts, the Epistles of St. Paul, and the writings of the early fathers. It is nearly always a matter of astonishment to the rare moderns who take to Bible reading, to find how little ethical instruction there is in the New Testament and how much there is about personal contact with the power of God as revealed in Jesus Christ the living. Very little time is taken writing to converts, or preaching to the heathen, about what they ought to do, while very much is written and preached about how God had visited the earth in Jesus Christ, who was not dead but alive, and had sent the Holy Spirit, the Strengtheners and Consoler, to breathe into people the ability to live up to what they knew it was proper for human beings to be.

As the Christian Church developed, it manifested from the beginning certain tendencies which many of our contemporaries deplore. What these critics do not see is that these tendencies were not perversions of Christ's method, but fulfillments of it. These tendencies were toward Dogmatic Creeds and toward Ritualistic and Sacramental worship. The early creeds, as they have been preserved to us, contain little or nothing of ethical teaching. They are designed to preserve for us certain fundamental facts about the coming, the life, the death, and the continued life of Jesus the Incarnate God, and of the possibility of continued communion with Him through surrender to the Holy Spirit which He sent, and which dwells in the Church of his followers. One sees in this a recognition that Christianity is not primarily a system of ethics but rather a means of attaining power for a system of ethics. Nor is the sacramental system a means of teaching morality. It is rather a means of gaining mystical contact with Jesus. Baptism is the rite of incorporation into Christ of the converted or the newly

born. Confirmation is the rite whereby Christians are to receive the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The Mass is the rite of personal communion with the Redeemer. To the development of these sacraments and the surrounding of them with elaborate ceremonial, mystically significant, the Church devoted a very great deal of attention, until all the people understood perfectly that the Christian religion was not nearly so much a morality as it was a coming into contact with Him of whom the evangelist St. John said that He came 'that they might have life and have it more abundantly.'

The history of the splitting of Christendom into two camps, known generally as Catholic and Protestant, is the story of increasing misunderstanding concerning the relationship of morals and religion. First of all, on the one side there was a growing failure to recognize that religion was designed as a sanction, a handmaid, an inspirer of morality, and a developing regard for it as an end in itself; and then, on the other side, there was by way of reaction a complete repudiation of the mystical essence of religion and a tendency to deny that morality needs sanctions, handmaids, and inspirers. The same two tendencies toward error are in the world to-day, but it seems likely to some observers — and therein lies the hope of a reunited Christendom — that eventually all Catholics will discover, as great numbers of them have, that religion is meaningless when made an end in itself; and that all Protestants will find, as great numbers of them are finding, that morality without mysticism, at least Christian morality without Christian mysticism, is so difficult as to be impossible. Religion, for such a reunited Christendom, will be a thing essentially mystical, a thing of ceremony, of ritual, a thing awe-compelling, a thing which breathes of God Incar-

nate Glorified, and yet a thing to be used of men primarily in the gaining of God's strength for the fulfilling of the highest ethics, for the bringing in upon the earth of the Kingdom where the Divine will shall be done as it is in Heaven.

It would be a most unusual soldier who would say from the trenches, 'I never replenish my cartridge belt, but that does not matter, of course, so long as I continue to shoot my rifle.' What a sense of astonishment we should feel if Mr. Jones said, after dinner, 'You

know Smith is not a man who eats. Fact is, he never takes a bite of food. But then, you see, that is of no importance because he works so well and so hard all the time.'

And yet no more logical is the position of the man who states that he has substituted morality for religion; who contends that for the performance of that hardest of tasks — being a human being — he has found in the power of his own weakness an adequate substitute for the sustaining power of the Presence of God.

BIRTHRIGHT

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

LORD RAMESES of Egypt sighed
Because a summer evening passed;
And little Ariadne cried
That summer fancy fell at last
To dust; and young Verona died
When beauty's hour was overcast.

Theirs was the bitterness we know
Because the clouds of hawthorn keep
So short a state, and kisses go
To tombs unfathomably deep,
While Rameses and Romeo
And little Ariadne sleep.

THE MIND OF WOMAN

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

I

THE question of the mental characteristics of women, while it still retains psychological interest and practical importance, has been much narrowed down in recent times. Of old there were always champions of the intellectual excellence of women (usually masculine champions), but they appeared to be maintaining a brilliant paradox. Most people, whether men or women, seem to have felt that women had little use for mind; it was their husbands' business to furnish that; their part was to seek knowledge, as they were taught to seek God, through men. The sphere of women was generally held to be — as it still is commonly held to be in Germany, though to-day no country is so actively engaged in disproving this statement — children, church, cooking. It had not apparently become clear that there is no sphere more important, and none in which the exercise of intellect is more supremely desirable. Popular theories received a rude blow from that great eighteenth-century movement of thought, culminating in the French Revolution, which taught that all human beings are born equal and that differences are due merely to environmental conditions, to social inequalities. Useful as this movement in practice was, the notion itself, though it still has its belated survivors among ourselves, was crude and simple-minded as a complete account of the matter. The more searching biological method of the nineteenth century arose, and led

to a reaction which at first fostered new superstitions on a pseudo-scientific basis; for it was widely asserted that women, even by the anatomical conformation of their brains, are intellectually inferior. Now that view also possesses only historical interest. It is almost undisputed that a species like our own, which has reached so high a degree of success, could have progressed only through the possession of a marked superiority in both sexes.

The question has thus lost something of the interest which it may have possessed when it was a kind of game of sex-rivalry; to-day, when we see a sex animus of this kind introduced into the question, we know at once that the discussion has been placed on an antiquated and unprofitable foundation. Yet the problem of the varying mental characteristics of men and women still possesses a very real interest; for we know that sexual differences are consistent with sexual equality, and we know, moreover, that psychic sexual differences are inevitable so long as there are physical sexual differences; for since body and mind are linked at every point, like minds in unlike bodies are unthinkable.

One of the most interesting and most discussed aspects of this question is the sexual distribution of genius. It is by no means a matter of primary practical importance, for genius is always a rare and incalculable element in human life. But it is so often dragged to the front in the consideration of the question before us, that it is necessary that we

should know how to deal with it as against those who have too summarily settled its significance, in the light of their own prejudices, whether on one side or the other.

Genius, as roughly distinguished from talent, — which simply means the ability to do better what others do well, — is the far rarer ability to do something which others have hitherto been unable to do. Such ability involves a radically abnormal temperament, for it means seeing the world from a different angle from other people and feeling it with a different sensibility. Such a person is necessarily solitary, a rebel at heart, and highly charged with an energy which manifests itself in play, or in work which has the characteristics, and the zest, of play. This energy is derived from a reservoir which, it is sometimes held, normally yields the energy of sex or the energy of war, and is in genius diverted into a new channel. Among people with much sexual energy or much fighting energy — as was notably the case among the Greeks — we should thus expect to find genius more than usually abundant.

Now, if — striving to put aside anything we may have heard regarding the sexual distribution of genius — we ask ourselves which sex in the human species is the more apt to be abnormal, solitary, rebellious, playful, with the greater reserves of sexual energy and fighting energy behind it, most people, it is probable, would find themselves in agreement. As a matter of fact, genius, as generally recognizable, is incomparably more often met with in men than in women. There is no doubt on this point. Among British persons of genius, placing the question on an objective basis, I found that only 5.3 per cent were women, while, in history generally, Professor Cattell finds it is 3.2 per cent. Dr. Cora Castle, in a more special and comprehensive study of

eminent women, found, a little to her dismay, that from the dawn of history to the present day only 868 women have ‘accomplished anything that history has recorded as worth while.’ Moreover, the eminence thus attained has by no means always been due to ability, but often to quite other qualities and even to the accident of position. By Dr. Castle’s objective method, Mary Queen of Scots comes out as the most eminent woman of history; and while she was doubtless one who would have attracted attention in whatever social circle she had been born, she was not a woman of genius and very dubiously even a woman of talent.

There is no doubt about the fact; but when the question is thus placed upon a foundation much broader than that of genius in the narrow sense of the term, it is easy to see that, up to a certain point, the fact has no significance. Women have not so often been eminent as men for the very good reason that they have not so often had occasion to be eminent. Even as queens, though they have shone on the throne, women have had less occasion for eminence than men because they have not always been eligible as monarchs. In the learned professions, where talent so easily leads to success and fame, women have been more decisively shut out from eminence; for, save very occasionally, these have been absolutely closed to women until yesterday, and are to some extent closed still. That is a completely adequate reason why in the list of eminent women great lawyers, great preachers, great politicians, who so abound among eminent men, have no existence. For the display of talent, even for the exhibition of notoriety, opportunity is necessary, and such opportunity has not been accorded in the same measure to women as to men; in some countries and at some periods, indeed, it has not been accorded at all.

But it is another matter when, as in the past so often happened, 'lack of opportunity' was invoked to explain the deficiency of women of genius in the narrow and special sense. A little consideration would soon have shown the emptiness of that unintelligent parrot cry. Even the very fact that opportunity is so essential for the attainment of success in the ordinary social and competitive fields of accepted ability, might have suggested a doubt whether opportunity is of much value in the development of genius, which is necessarily novel and solitary, a revolt against the abilities of the ordinary social and competitive fields, and perhaps a lifelong object of hatred, contempt, or, at the best, indifference, to the community in which the unhappy genius-possessioned victim lives. The world has never offered opportunities to genius in men, and it might even be said that, for the sake of a little charm or a touch of piquancy, it is readier to condone genius in women than in the other sex. As a matter of fact, however, women of genius have had just the same difficulties to overcome as men of genius, and they have overcome them exactly as men have overcome them, single-handed, and in the end triumphant. This has been so even on the stage, where one might imagine that a woman's path is easy. It is true that some great actresses, and also some great actors, have been born to the stage, being themselves the children of actors. But many actresses — a far larger proportion than have enjoyed the advantages of respectable middle-class birth — have sprung out of the gutter, slowly and painfully to attain success and fame.

One of the greatest of actresses, Mademoiselle Clairon, left an autobiography which supplies a highly instructive picture of the thorny path of genius in women. A seven-months child, weak and small, harshly brought up by

a superstitious and violent mother, in ignorance of all the refinements of life, and knowing nothing up to the age of eleven but how to read a prayer-book, she yet rebelled against the career of work-girl for which she was intended. It so happened that she was often shut up, alone and without occupation, in a room from which, by standing on a chair, she was able to look across the street into the room opposite, where, by a strange chance, lived a popular young soubrette actress; and here she could see the actress taking her dancing lessons. That vision decided Clairon's career, but she was still only at the beginning of a long series of difficulties which, with infinite patience and skill, she finally overcame.

How little all that we understand by opportunity — social equality, educational facilities, open professional careers — counts for in the development of genius in woman, is shown by the remarkable fact, brought out by Dr. Castle, that, in the most recent historical period, eminence has been attained by a proportionately smaller number of women than was the case in the eighteenth century. This is so as regards England, France, and Germany, as well as America; Italy is, in a small degree, an exception; but, on the other hand, Italy in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries was more prolific in eminent women than in either the eighteenth or the nineteenth. Even within the ordinary range of ability it would appear that opportunity, as tested by that college training which is usually held to mean so much for men, plays but a very small part. A few years ago, Amanda Northrop investigated the 977 successful women of America on the basis of *Who's Who in America* and found that only 15.5 per cent of them had received a college training. Moreover, the college played a decreasing part, and the percentage

of successful American women who had been college-bred was less for those born between 1860 and 1870 than for any preceding period.

The fact is that all that we conventionally term 'opportunity' is wasted on genius, worse than wasted, for in the midst of such opportunity genius runs the risk of being stifled. Genius is more likely to be at home in the gutter or in the desert, and it is out of such soils that the most exquisite genius has sometimes grown. During the Middle Ages, women in the cloister enjoyed just the same opportunities as men for the development of genius, but the one woman of literary genius who arose in the cloister during all those ages, Hroswitha, wrote plays which are in violent and startling contrast to the cloistered life. If genius is less often manifested in women than in men, the cause is not to be found in environment, but within; it is an intimate secret of structure and mechanism. We find genius more often in men, just as we find transposed viscera or twelve-toed feet more often in men; just as we also find that even the papillary ridges of the fingers show greater polymorphism and asymmetry in men than in women. For the cultivation of such anomalies all the opportunities of the world are offered in vain.

II

When we turn from genius to what we commonly regard as its opposite, that is to say to idiocy, — although it would really appear that genius and idiocy are more closely related than we usually imagine, — we seem to see a similar preponderance of the male. There is no question that in all institutions for the feeble-minded, idiocy in most of its varying forms and degrees is more prevalent in males. It is true that Miss Leta Hollingworth, on the ground of

her experience at the New York Clearing House for Defectives, argues that there is a fallacy in the results presented by institutions. There is not the same amount of social pressure on girls as on boys, she holds, so that the feeblest-minded girls are not so readily driven out of the world by the stress of mental competition. The undoubted fact that girls are more precocious than boys is also a protection to them from this point of view; a female of the mental age of six (as measured by the Binet scale), Miss Hollingworth states, survives in society about as well as a male of the mental age of ten or eleven. Even apart from this, it is much easier for the weak-minded woman to obtain employment than for the weak-minded man; in her own feminine environment her weak-mindedness is much less likely to attract attention than that of the weak-minded man in his environment. There may be something in this argument. It falls into line with the conclusion of Cyrus Mead in Indiana, that feeble-minded girls more nearly approximate to normal girls than feeble-minded boys to normal boys. And that conclusion again is but a special example of the wider law of which every student in the great field of sexual differentiation is forever finding confirmation: that the organic characteristics of man vary more widely, more extravagantly, than those of woman, who tends, as it were, to keep closer to her centre of gravity.

Even if we are disposed, with Miss Hollingworth, to regard the greater tendency of the male to idiocy as a mere fallacy, due to women being normally nearer to the threshold of idiocy than men, but able by their precocity and cleverness to disguise the fact, we should still have to recognize that we are in the presence of an exception to a general tendency. For most of the congenital abnormalities to which we may

VOL. 118 - NO. 3

most properly compare idiocy are recognized as more prevalent among males than among females. There is, in other words, a greater variational tendency of the male. A 'variation,' as it has always been understood by biologists, who were necessarily the first to be concerned with this phenomenon, is a congenital anomaly due to some early deviation of growth not traceably of the nature of disease. Color-blindness is a typical variation, and, as is so often the case with variations, it is much more frequent in males than in females. So it is also with left-handedness and albinism and congenital deaf-mutism, as well as with most of the various physical abnormalities.

This tendency was well recognized by Darwin, as by most biologists. Some years ago, however, investigators who were not biologists entered this field and confused the issues by applying statistical methods, which in themselves were undoubtedly sound and accurate, to data which had no connection with the innate variational tendency; so that, notwithstanding all the vaunted virtues of the methods, the results attained could only be unsound and inaccurate. Those methods were specially applied to differences in size, even in the size of adults, — for here was a seductive field for the mathematical statistician, — and conclusions were drawn as to the comparative 'variability' of the sexes on this basis. It should have been obvious that nothing could thus be learned concerning the comparative incidence of innate variations in males or females. At the best the inquiry would have to be restricted to the time of birth, and even then was liable to be affected by fallacies. This is now, no doubt, generally recognized, and most biologists to-day seem prepared to reaffirm the old doctrine of Darwin that variations are more apt to appear in males than in females.

III

This question of the comparative frequency in men and women of the two extremes of intellect and idiocy is of considerable interest, and so much weight has sometimes been placed upon it that it has been necessary to discuss it with some care. But its practical importance, it must be repeated, is small. The concerns of life are carried on within the ordinary range of intelligence, and sexual differences here, if there are any, produce much more effect than even the most striking differences at either of the two extreme ends. Such ordinary differences in intelligence can be studied either in the school among the young, or among adults in the various vocations which men and women follow together. Precise investigation, however, encounters many difficulties.

There is, for instance, the very fundamental difficulty, as regards adults, that while men and women are employed together in many occupations, it is by no means easy to find them doing exactly the same work together under exactly the same conditions. Nearly always some fairly obvious consideration, such as the undesirability of giving night-work to women, or the impossibility for them of work involving a heavy strain on the muscles, causes a sexual division of labor, and this is fatal to any precise investigation into sexual differences. I encountered this difficulty many years ago when I endeavored to ascertain the experience of the English Post Office, which employs so large a number of both men and women clerks. Although the work of the Post Office clerk, male and female, may seem to the public uniform, yet it was practically impossible to find men and women doing exactly the same work together under exactly the same conditions. It was thus impossible to secure any precise and unimpeachable

data revealing sexual differences in intelligence and ability. Nothing was forthcoming but opinions of officials, founded on experience, it is true, but necessarily of a merely general character; and these opinions on the whole fairly balanced each other.

That seems to be the result nearly always found in the long run in the occupations in which both men and women are employed. Real conflict of opinion occurs only when there is a question of introducing women into an occupation previously exercised by men. Conservative prejudice in such a case induces the belief that women are not fitted for this occupation, and after experiment there may be a reaction to the contrary belief that they are better fitted for it than men. This happened lately in England with regard to fruit-picking. The farmers held that women would not be able to do this work so well as men; but the shortage of men owing to the war made the employment of women necessary, and then the farmers enthusiastically declared that the women excelled the men. It will probably be found in the end that the aptitudes of the sexes for this, as for other occupations, are, taken all round, about equal. Such differences as practical experience reveals generally are not in intelligence, but are merely the results, in skill and aptitude, of fundamental sexual distinctions which are obvious and well recognized. Such are the much greater average muscular development and power of men; the liability of women under ordinary industrial and civilized conditions to suffer physical disturbance; the comparative lack of occupational interest in women, due to the fact that they usually look forward to marriage as their eventual career; and the inevitable reaction on conduct in life of the different nature of the primary sexual activities — the aggressive energy of the male and the maternal

protectiveness of the female, qualities which become transformed, in the ordinary course of life, into initiative activity in men and social and philanthropic activity in women. Such differences seem rarely to have any measurable practical influence on intelligence, except in so far as they produce fatigue; and even in aptitude and skill it has been found, at some time or some place, that women have been able to exercise efficiently every occupation, even the most strenuous, exercised by men. The only avocation of men which women have never exercised, save very rarely, and on the smallest scale, is the soldier's. We may perhaps conclude that fighting is not, in the complete sense, a human vocation.

It is at the same time quite true that attempts have been made, on a more or less scientific basis, to ascertain psychic sexual differences in adults. Perhaps the most notable attempt in recent years is that set forth by Professor Heymans, of the Dutch University of Groningen, in his very interesting book, *Die Psychologie der Frauen*. Professor Heymans is a trained scientific psychologist; he is unusually free from bias; and he belongs to a country where women have long enjoyed a considerable degree of equality with men. He employed the *enquête* method, and sent out detailed questionnaires to Dutch physicians concerning the families they were acquainted with. It is a disputed method, but on this occasion some of its disadvantages were avoided. The physicians were women as well as men, and their answers concerning individuals of each sex, given in percentages, may be compared and any sexual bias, if present, easily be revealed. Heymans concludes that the chief fundamental distinction between men and women is the greater emotionality — or, as I have termed it, affectability — of women. The figures given by the

women observers showed this even more clearly than those of the men.

Consequently all the mental, moral, and other characters, desirable or undesirable, which are correlated with emotionality, are especially found in women, and will continue so to be found so long as emotionality is more marked in women than in men. This need not necessarily be forever. Heymans regards it, indeed, as fundamental, and puts aside with contempt the notion of those who imagine that education or even racial experience can have created the characteristics of the sexes; it is much more likely, he declares, following Steinmetz, that sexual differences influenced culture than that culture created sexual differences. But fundamental differences can probably be modified by sexual selection; men mould the women of the future, and women mould the men of the future, by the ideals which affect their choice in marriage. Women are what they are because men have so far chosen them so, and men have likewise been created by women's choice. In so far as the sexual difference in emotionality is more fundamental than this, Heymans does not attempt to explain it. But it may not be beyond explanation. Though the congenital variational tendency may be more marked in men, the very different quality of variability is more marked in women. 'Souvent femme varie' is a physiological verity. Such variability is inevitable in an organism so largely concerned with reproduction, and may well constitute the physical side of emotionality. So that even the most admired qualities of feminine intelligence, in so far as they are correlated with emotionality, may have a deep physiological root.

IV

On the whole, we are not brought by either experience or science to any pre-

cise or detailed knowledge of these minute and subtle mental differences between men and women, which yet, we cannot fail to believe, inevitably exist. We turn more hopefully to the school and the college, where boys and girls are found working in the same way under the same conditions, and have been subjected during recent years to a vast amount of experimentation, especially in America and in Germany. Even here, however, we meet with misleading facts at the outset.

One such fact of fundamental importance is the greater precocity, physical and mental, of girls. This is marked even from infancy, and it seems now to be proved that girls walk and talk earlier than boys. The female—it is perhaps a general tendency in Nature—tends to attain complete development earlier than the male. One imagines to one's self that Nature, aware of the special stress which will be placed upon woman by reason of her preponderant part in reproduction, anxiously hastens woman's development in preparation for that stress. The result is that the girl tends to be a more capable and intelligent person than the boy of the same age. This is a fact which seems to be unknown to those legislators whose mania it is to make laws for the 'protection' of young women. It is also overlooked by those who consider that the comparison of data derived from the examination of school-children is finally decisive for sexual differences. The intellectual tasks of school life are not those of adult life in the world, and even if they were we could by no means be sure that sexual differences would remain the same as in early life. Men apparently often continue to progress after women have ceased to do so, and thus illustrate the old fable of the hare and the tortoise; in one small field, that of drill-work in arithmetic, this seems to have been clearly shown,

and the majority of investigators report a better rate of improvement in boys, even though girls may at the outset have been faster. Such investigations have led to the generalization that, while girls are more industrious than boys, the natural limits to which girls can raise themselves by industry are sooner reached than by boys.

It is generally agreed by investigators that boys are superior to girls in judgment and reasoning, in mathematics, and in analytical processes generally, for there is, as Heymans and others have concluded, a deep feminine dislike of analysis, probably connected with the emotionality of women. In most other respects schoolgirls seem to be either equal to schoolboys or superior to them.

The general result is that during school-life girls stand better than boys of the same age in most measures of general intelligence. The girls are decidedly better in the majority of tests of memory, which counts for so much in most branches of school-work, and it is also generally held that they are more impartially industrious. It must at the same time be pointed out that these qualities are by no means necessarily the highest qualifications for success on a wider stage of life. Memory, as Josiah Morse has found, is the chief aptitude in which colored children excel, while they are inferior to white children, as girls are inferior to boys, in judgment and reasoning.

Special aptitude, again, so important for future life, is not correlated — as Ivanoff found at Geneva, notably in regard to drawing — with general intelligence or impartial industry. Here, as ever, we find that advantages are balanced by disadvantages. The student in this field may best prepare himself for the inevitable conclusion by devoutly reading Emerson's essay on Compensation.

v

It is something even to be able to feel confidence in this conclusion which still remains so vague. Sexual differences in mind are deeply rooted, even though subtle and elusive, and in their distribution a balancing equivalence prevails. We are still only at the beginning of the inquiry, as all careful investigators insist. That is why so many of the statements reached seem to be contradictory. Frau Rosa Mayreder in her thoughtful *Survey of the Woman Problem* has brought forward some of these contradictions with gentle ridicule. It must be remembered, however, that a sex which presented no contradiction in its characteristics could scarcely present anything of vital worth; even a nation of any worth presents vital contradictions.

Moreover, seeming contradictions, when really well based, can often be reconciled in a higher unity, even when they are not due mainly to the varying influence of different temperaments or different environments. Some insist on the petty immoralities of women, as shown, for instance, in a predilection for smuggling, and others on their over-conscientiousness as shown by the frequent breakdown in health of work-girls when promoted to the post of manageress or forewoman. It is easy to accept such seemingly opposed conclusions without disputing the truth of either. So with the greater sympathy of women, and at the same time their greater cruelty; these are but two diverse aspects of the same emotionality.

Similarly, the narrow conclusions of the specialist are often misleading, even when just. Dr. Mathilde von Kemnitz, a Munich gynecologist, has lately come to the conclusion that the majority of the intellectual women of to-day are 'asthenically infantile,' adding that this cannot be assumed to be either a

cause or a result of their intellectual activity, and that we can draw no conclusions from it regarding the women of to-morrow or women in general. This is no doubt an admirably cautious reserve. But if she had possessed a wider outlook, Dr. Mathilde von Kemnitz might have reached a more illuminating conclusion. There is an element of the child in the man of genius; it is not therefore surprising that we should find it also in women of the

same temperament; when, moreover, we reflect that it is precisely in the infant that brain and nervous mass are relatively largest, it would be surprising if high intellect were not associated with a tendency to the presence of the infantile type. The facts of the specialist, however carefully wrought, taken separately, tell us nothing. Yet they are the precious fragments of mosaic by which alone we can form any large and harmonious picture of the universe.

LITTLE SELVES

BY MARY LERNER

MARGARET O'BRIEN, a great-aunt and seventy-five, knew she was near the end. She did not repine, for she had had a long, hard life and she was tired. The young priest who brought her communion had administered the last rites — holy oils on her eyelids (Lord, forgive her the sins of seeing!); holy oils on her lips (Lord, forgive her the sins of speaking!), on her ears, on her knotted hands, on her weary feet. Now she was ready, though she knew the approach of the dread presence would mean greater suffering. So she folded quiet hands beneath her heart, there where no child had ever lain, yet where now something grew and fattened on her strength. And she seemed given over to pleasant revery.

Neighbors came in to see her, and she roused herself and received them graciously, with a personal touch for each. — 'And has your Julia gone to New York, Mrs. Carty? Nothing would do her but she must be going, I suppose.

'T was the selfsame way with me, when I was coming out here from the old country. Full of money the streets were, I used to be thinking. Well, well; the hills far away are green.'

Or to Mrs. Devlin: 'Terence is at it again, I see by the look of you. Poor man! There's no holding him? Eh, woman dear! Thirst is the end of drinking and sorrow is the end of love.'

If her visitors stayed longer than a few minutes, however, her attention wandered; her replies became cryptic. She would murmur something about 'all the seven parishes,' or the Wicklow hills, or 'the fair cove of Cork tippy-toe into the ocean'; then fall into silence, smiling, eyes closed, yet with a singular look of attention. At such times, her callers would whisper: 'Glory b' t' God! she's so near it there's no fun in it,' and slip out soberly into the kitchen.

Her niece, Anna Lennan, mother of a fine brood of children, would stop

work for the space of a breath and enjoy a bit of conversation.

'Ain't she failing, though, the poor afflicted creature?' Mrs. Hanley cried one day. 'Her mind is going back on her already.'

'Are you of that opinion? I'm thinking she's mind enough yet, when she wants to attend; but mostly she's just drawn into herself, as busy as a bee about something, whatever it is that she's turning over in her head day-in, day-out. She sleeps scarce a wink for all she lies there so quiet, and, in the night, my man and I hear her talking to herself. "No, no," she'll say. "I've gone past. I must be getting back to the start." Or, another time, "This is it, now. If I could be stopping!"'

'And what do you think she is colloquing about?'

'There's no telling. Himself does be saying it's in an elevator she is, but that's because he puts in the day churning up and down in one of the same. What else can you expect? 'Tis nothing but "Going up! going down!" with him all night as it is. Betune the two of them they have me fair destroyed with their traveling. "Are you lacking anything, Aunt Margaret?" I call out to her. "I am not," she answers, impatient-like. "Don't be ever fussing and too-ing, will you?"'

'Tch! tch!'

'And do you suppose the children are a comfort to her? Sorra bit. Just a look at them and she wants to be alone. "Take them away, let you," says she, shutting her eyes. "The others is realer."'

'And you think she's in her right mind all the same?'

'I do. 'Tis just something she likes to be thinking over, — something she's fair dotty about. Why, it's the same when Father Flint is here. Polite and riverintial at the first, then impatient, and, if the poor man does n't be taking

the hint, she just closes up shop and off again into her whimsies. You'd swear she was in fear of missing something.'

The visitor, being a young wife, had an explanation to hazard. 'If she was a widow woman, now, or married — Perhaps she had a liking for somebody once. Perhaps she might be trying to imagine them young days over again. Do you think could it be that?'

Anna shook her head. 'My mother used to say she was a born old maid. All *she* wanted was work and saving her bit of money, and to church every minute she could be sparing.'

'Still, you can't be telling. 'Tis often that kind weeps sorest when 't is too late. My own old aunt used to cry, "If I could be twenty-five again, would n't I do different!"'

'Maybe, maybe, though I doubt could it be so.'

Nor was it so. The old woman, lying back so quietly among her pillows with closed eyes, yet with that look of singular intentness and concentration, was seeking no lover of her youth; though, indeed, she had had one once, and from time to time he did enter her reverie, try as she would to prevent him. At that point, she always made the singular comment, 'Gone past! I must be getting back to the beginning,' and, pressing back into her earliest consciousness, she would remount the flooding current of the years. Each time, she hoped to get further, — though remoter shapes were illusive, and, if approached too closely, vanished, — for, once embarked on her river of memories, the descent was relentlessly swift. How tantalizing that swiftness! However she yearned to linger, she was rushed along till, all too soon, she sailed into the common light of day. At that point, she always put about, and laboriously recommenced the ascent.

To-day, something her niece had said about Donnybrook Fair — for

Anna, too, was a child of the old sod — seemed to swell out with a fair wind the sails of her visionary bark. She closed her mind to all familiar shapes and strained back — way, way back, concentrating all her powers in an effort of will. For a bit she seemed to hover in populous space. This did not disturb her; she had experienced the same thing before. It simply meant she had mounted pretty well up to the fountain-head. The figures, when they did come, would be the ones she most desired.

At last, they began to take shape, tenuously at first, then of fuller body, each bringing its own setting, its own atmospheric suggestion — whether of dove-feathered Irish cloud and fresh greensward, of sudden downpour, or equally sudden clearing, with continual leafy drip, drip, drip, in the midst of brilliant sunshine.

For Margaret O'Brien, ardent summer sunlight seemed suddenly to pervade the cool, orderly little bed-chamber. Then, 'Here she is!' and a wee girl of four danced into view, wearing a dress of pink print, very tight at the top and very full at the bottom. She led the way to a tiny new house whence issued the cheery voice of hammers. Lumber and tools were lying round; from within came men's voices. The small girl stamped up the steps and looked in. Then she made for the narrow stair.

'Where's Margaret gone to?' said one of the men. 'The upper floor's not finished. It's falling through the young one will be.'

'Peggy!' called the older man. 'Come down here with you.'

There was a delighted squeal. The pink dress appeared at the head of the stairs. 'Oh, the funny little man, daddy! Such a funny little old man with a high hat! Come quick, let you, and see him.'

The two men ran to the stairs.

'Where is he?'

She turned back and pointed. Then her face fell. 'Gone! the little man is gone!'

Her father laughed and picked her up in his arms. 'How big was he, Peg? As big as yourself, I wonder?'

'No, no! Small.'

'As big as the baby?'

She considered a moment. 'Yes, just as big as that. But a man, da.'

'Well, why are n't you after catching him and holding him for ransom? 'Tis pots and pots o' gold they've hidden away, the little people, and will be paying a body what he asks to let them go.'

She pouted, on the verge of tears. 'I want him to come back.'

'I mistrust he won't be doing that, the leprechaun. Once you take your eye away, it's off with him for good and all.'

Margaret O'Brien hugged herself with delight. *That* was a new one; she had never got back that far before. Yet how well she remembered it all! She seemed to smell the woody pungency of the lumber, the limey odor of whitewash from the field-stone cellar.

The old woman's dream went on. Out of the inexhaustible storehouse of the past, she summoned, one by one, her much-loved memories. There was a pig-tailed Margaret in bonnet and shawl, trudging to school one wintry day. She had seen many wintry school-days, but this one stood out by reason of the tears she had shed by the way. She saw the long benches, the slates, the charts, the tall teacher at his desk. With a swelling of the throat, she saw the little girl sob out her declaration: 'I'm not for coming no more, Mr. Wilde.'

'What's that, Margaret? And why not? Have n't I been good to you?'

Tears choked the child. 'Oh, Mr. Wilde, it's just because you're so terrible good to me. They say you are

trying to make a Protestant out of me. So I'll not be coming no more.'

The tall man drew the little girl to his knee and reassured her. Margaret O'Brien could review that scene with tender delight now. She had not been forced to give up her beloved school. Mr. Wilde had explained to her that her brothers were merely teasing her because she was so quick and such a favorite.

A little Margaret knelt on the cold stone floor at church and stared at the pictured saints or heard the budding branches rustle in the orchard outside. Another Margaret, a little taller, begged for a new sheet of ballads every time her father went to the fair. — There were the long flimsy sheets, with closely printed verses. These you must adapt to familiar tunes. This Margaret, then, swept the hearth and stacked the turf and sang from her bench in the chimney-corner. Sometimes it was something about 'the little old red coat me father wore,' which was 'All buttons, buttons, buttons, buttons; all buttons down before'; or another beginning, 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair! He promised to buy me a knot of blue ribbon to tie up my bonny brown hair.'

Then there was a picture of the time the fairies actually bewitched the churn, and, labor as you might, no butter would form, not the least tiny speck. Margaret and her mother took the churn apart and examined every part of it. Nothing out of the way. 'Tis the fairies is in it,' her mother said. 'All Souls' Day a-Friday. Put out a saucer of cream the night for the little people, let you.' A well-grown girl in a blue cotton frock, the long braids of her black hair whipping about her in the windy evening, set out the cream on the stone flags before the low doorway, wasting no time in getting in again. The next day, how the butter 'came'!

Hardly started they were, when they could feel it forming. When Margaret washed the dasher, she 'kept an'eye out' for the dark corners of the room, for the air seemed thronged and murmurous.

After this picture, came always the same tall girl still in the same blue frock, this time with a shawl on her head. She brought in potatoes from the sheltered heaps that wintered out in the open. From one painful she picked out a little flat stone, rectangular and smoother and more evenly proportioned than any stone she had ever seen.

'What a funny stone!' she said to her mother.

Her mother left carding her wool to look. 'You may well say so. 'Tis one of the fairies' tables. Look close and you'll be turning up their little chairs as well.'

It was as her mother said. Margaret found four smaller stones of like appearance, which one might well imagine to be stools for tiny dolls.

'Shall I be giving them to little Bee for playthings?'

'You will not. You'll be putting them outside. In the morning, though you may be searching the countryside, no trace of them will you find, for the fairies will be taking them again.'

So Margaret stacked the fairy table and chairs outside. Next morning, she ran out half reluctantly, for she was afraid she would find them and that would spoil the story. But, no! they were gone. She never saw them again, though she searched in all imaginable places. Nor was that the last potato heap to yield these mysterious stones.

Margaret, growing from scene to scene, appeared again in a group of laughing boys and girls.

'What'll we play now?'

'Let's write the ivy test.'

'Here's leaves.'

Each wrote a name on a leaf and

dropped it into a jar of water. Next morning, Margaret, who had misgivings, stole down early and searched for her leaf. Yes, the die was cast! At the sight of its bruised surface, ready tears flooded her eyes. She had written the name of her little grandmother, and the condition of the leaf foretold death within the year. The other leaves were unmarred. She quickly destroyed the ill-omened bit of ivy and said nothing about it, though the children clamored. 'There's one leaf short. Whose is gone?' 'Mine is there!' 'Is it yours, John?' 'Is it yours, Esther?' But Margaret kept her counsel, and, within the year, the little grandmother was dead. Of course, she was old, though vigorous; yet Margaret would never play that game again. It was like gambling with fate.

And still the girls kept swinging past. Steadily, all too swiftly, Margaret shot up to a woman's stature; her skirts crept down, her braids ought to have been bobbed up behind. She let them hang, however, and still ran with the boys, questing the bogs, climbing the apple trees, storming the wind-swept hills. Her mother would point to her sister Mary, who, though younger, sat now by the fire with her 'spriggin' [embroidery] for 'the quality.' Mary could crochet, too, and had a fine range of 'shamrogue' patterns. So the mother would chide Margaret.

'What kind of a girl are you, at all, to be ever lepping and tearing like a redshanks [deer]? 'T is high time for you to be getting sensible and learning something. Whistles and scouting-guns is all you're good for, and there's no silver in them things as far as I can see.'

What fine whistles she contrived out of the pithy willow shoots in the spring! And the scouting-guns hollowed out of elder-stalks, which they charged with water from the brook by means of wadded sticks, working piston-wise! They

would hide behind a hedge and bespatter enemies and friends alike. Many's the time they got their ears warmed in consequence or went supperless to bed, pretending not to see the table spread with baked potatoes, — 'laughing potatoes,' they called them, because they were ever splitting their sides, — besides delicious butter-milk, freshly-laid eggs, oat-cakes and fresh butter. 'A child without supper is two to breakfast,' their mother would say, smiling, when she saw them 'tackle' their stirabout the next day.

How full of verve and life were all these figures! That glancing creature grow old? How could such things be! The sober pace of maturity even seemed out of her star. Yet here she was, growing up, for all her reluctance. An awkward gossoon leaned over the gate in the moonlight, though she was indoors, ready to hide. But nobody noticed her alarm.

'There's that long-legged McMurray lad again; scouting after Mary, I'll be bound,' said her mother, all unawares.

But it was not Mary that he came for, though she married him just the same, and came out to America with their children some years after her sister's lone pilgrimage.

The intrusion of Jerry McMurray signaled the grounding of her dream-bark on the shoals of reality. Who cared about the cut-and-dried life of a grown woman? Enchantment now lay behind her, and, if the intervals between periods of pain permitted, she again turned an expectant face toward the old childish visions. Sometimes she could make the trip twice over without being overtaken by suffering. But her intervals of comfort grew steadily shorter; frequently she was interrupted before she could get rightly launched on her delight. And always there seemed to be one vision more illusive than the rest which she particularly longed to recap-

ture. At last, chance words of Anna's put her on its trail in this wise.

When she was not, as her niece said, 'in her trance, wool-gathering,' Anna did her best to distract her, sending the children in to ask 'would she have a sup of tea now,' or a taste of wine jelly. One day, after the invalid had spent a bad night, she brought in her new long silk coat for her aunt's inspection, for the old woman had always been 'tasty' and 'dressy,' and had made many a fine gown in her day. The sharp old eyes lingered on the rich and truly striking braid ornament that secured the loose front of the garment.

'What's that plaster?' she demanded, disparagingly.

Anna, inclined to be wroth, retorted: 'I suppose you'd be preferring one o' them tight ganzy [sweater] things that fit the figger like a jersey, all buttoned down before.'

A sudden light flamed in the old face. 'I have it!' she cried. 'T is what I've been seeking this good while. T will come now — the red coat! I must be getting back to the beginning.'

With that, she was off, relaxing and composing herself, as if surrendering to the spell of a hypnotist.

To reach any desired picture in her gallery, she must start at the outset. Then they followed on, in due order — all that procession of little girls: pink clad, blue-print clad, bare-legged or brogan-shod; flirting their short skirts, plaiting their heavy braids. About half way along, a new figure asserted itself — a girl of nine or ten, who twisted this way and that before a blurred bit of mirror and frowned at the red coat that flapped about her heels, — bought oversize, you may be sure, so that she shouldn't grow out of it too soon. The sleeves swallowed her little brown hands, the shoulders and back were grotesquely sack-like, the front had a puss [pout] on it.

'T is the very fetch of Paddy the gander I am in it. I'll not be wearing it so.' She frowned with sudden intentness. 'Could I be fitting it a bit, I wonder, the way mother does cut down John's coats for Martin?'

With needle, scissors and thread, she crept up to her little chamber under the eaves. It was early in the forenoon when she set to work ripping. The morning passed, and the dinner hour.

'Peggy! Where's the girl gone to, I wonder?'

'To Aunt Theresa's, I'm thinking.'

'Well, it's glad I am she's out o' my sight, for my hands itched to be shaking her. Stand and twist herself inside out she did, fussing over the fit of the good coat I'm after buying her. The little fustherer!'

For the small tailoress under the roof, the afternoon sped on winged feet: pinning, basting, and stitching; trying on, ripping out again, and re-fitting. 'I'll be taking it in a wee bit more.' She had to crowd up to the window to catch the last of the daylight. At dusk, she swept her dark hair from her flushed cheeks and forced her sturdy body into the red coat. It was a 'fit,' believe you me! Modeled on the lines of the riding-habit of a full-figured lady she had seen hunting about the countryside, it buttoned up tight over her flat, boyish chest and bottled up her squarish little waist. About her narrow hips, it rippled out in a short 'frisk.' Beneath, her calico skirt, and bramble-scratched brown legs.

Warmed with triumph, she flew downstairs. Her mother and a neighbor were sitting in the glow of the peat fire. She tried to meet them with assurance, but, at sight of their amazed faces, misgiving clutched her. She pivoted before the mirror.

'Holy hour!' cried her mother. 'What sausage-skin is that you've got into?' Then, as comprehension grew:

'Glory b' t' God, Ellen! 'tis the remains of the fine new coat I'm after buying her, large enough to last her the next five years!'

'T was too large!' the child whimpered. 'A gander I looked in it!' Then, cajolingly, 'I'm but after taking it in a bit, ma. 'T will do grand now, and maybe I'll not be getting much fatter. Look at the fit of it, just!'

'Fit! God save the mark!' cried her mother.

'Is the child after making that jacket herself?' asked the neighbor.

'I am,' Margaret spoke up, defiantly. 'I cut it and shaped it and put it together. It has even a frisk to the tail.'

'Maggie,' said the neighbor to Margaret's mother. "'T is as good a piece o' work for a child of her years as ever I see. You ought not to be faulting her, she's done that well. And,' bursting into irrepressible laughter, 'it's herself will have to be wearing it, woman dear! All she needs now is a horse and a side-saddle to be an equestrienne!'

So the wanton destruction of the good red coat — in that house where good coats were sadly infrequent — ended with a laugh after all. How long she wore that tight jacket, and how grand she felt in it, let the other children laugh as they would!

What joy the old woman took in this incident! With its fullness of detail, it achieved a delicious suggestion of permanence, in contrast to the illusiveness of other isolated moments. Margaret O'Brien *saw* all these other figures, but she really *was* the child with the red coat. In the long years between, she had fashioned many fine dresses — gowned gay girls for their conquests and robed fair brides for the altar. Of all these, nothing now remained; but she could feel the good stuff of the red kersey under her little needle-scratched fingers, and see the glow of its rich color against her wind-kissed brown cheek.

'To the life!' she exclaimed aloud, exultantly. 'To the very life!'

'What life, Aunt Margaret?' asked Anna, with gentle solicitude. 'Is it afraid of the end you are, darling?'

'No, no, asthore. I've resigned myself long since, though 'twas bitter knowledge at the outset. Well, well, God is good and we can't live forever.'

Her eyes, opening to the two flaring patent gas-burners, winked as if she had dwelt long in a milder light. 'What's all this glare about?' she asked, playfully. 'I guess the chandler's wife is dead. Snuff out the whole of them staring candles, let you. 'T is daylight yet; just the time o' day I always did like the best.'

Anna obeyed and sat down beside the bed in the soft spring dusk. A little wind crept in under the floating white curtains, bringing with it the sweetness of new grass and pear-blossoms from the trim yard. It seemed an interval set apart from the hurrying hours of the busy day for rest and thought and confidences — an open moment. The old woman must have felt its invitation, for she turned her head and held out a shy hand to her niece.

'Anna, my girl, you imagine 't is the full o' the moon with me, I'm thinking. But, no, never woman was more in her right mind than I. Do you want I should be telling you what I've been hatching these many long days and nights? 'T will be a good laugh for you, I'll go bail.'

And, as best she could, she gave the trend of her imaginings. Anna did not laugh, however. Instead, with the ever-ready sympathy and comprehension of the Celt, she showed brimming eyes. "'Tis a thought I've often myself, let me tell you,' she admitted. 'Of all the little girls that were me, and now can be living no longer.'

'You've said it!' cried the old woman, delighted at her unexpected respon-

siveness. 'Only with me, 't is fair pit-yus. There's all those poor dear lasses there's nobody but me left to remember, and soon there'll not be even that. Sometimes they seem to be pleading just not to be forgotten, so I have to be keeping them alive in my head. I'm succeeding, too, and, if you'll believe me, 't is them little whips seem to be the real ones, and the live children here the shadders.' Her voice choked with sudden tears. 'They're all the children ever I had. My grief! that I'll have to be leaving them! They'll die now, for no man lives who can remember them any more.'

Anna's beauty, already fading with the cares of house and children, seemed to put on all its former fresh charm. She leaned forward with girlish eagerness. 'Auntie Margaret,' she breathed, with new tenderness, 'there's many a day left you yet. I'll be sitting here aside of you every evening at twilight just, and you can be showing me the lasses you have in mind. *Mary's* the time my mother told me of the old place, and I can remember it well enough myself, though I was the youngest of the lot. So you can be filling it with all of our people, — Mary and Margaret, John, Martin and Esther, Uncle Sheamus and the rest. I'll see them just as clear as yourself, for I've a place in my head where pictures come as thick and sharp as stars on a frosty night, when I get thinking. Then, with me ever calling them up, they'll be dancing and stravaging about till doomsday.'

So the old woman had her heart's desire. She recreated her earlier selves

and passed them on, happy in the thought that she was saving them from oblivion. 'Do you mind that bold lass clouting her pet bull, now?' she would ask, with delight, speaking more and more as if of a third person. 'And that other hussy that's after making a ganzy out of her good coat? I'd admire to have the leathering of that one.'

Still the old woman lingered, a good month beyond her allotted time. As spring ripened, the days grew long. In the slow-fading twilights, the two women set their stage, gave cues for entrances and exits. Over the white counterpane danced the joyous figures, so radiant, so incredibly young, the whole cycle of a woman's girlhood. Grown familiar now, they came of their own accord, soothing her hours of pain with their laughing beauty, or, suddenly contemplative, assisting with seemly decorum at her devotional ecstasies.

'A saintly woman,' the young priest told Anna on one of the last days. 'She will make a holy end. Her meditations must be beautiful, for she has the true light of Heaven on her face. She looks as if she heard already the choiring of the angels.'

And Anna, respectfully agreeing, kept her counsel. He was a good and sympathetic man and a priest of God, but, American-born, he was, like her stolid, kindly husband, outside the magic circle of comprehension. 'He sees nothing, poor man,' she thought, indulgently. 'But he does mean well.' So she set her husband to 'mind' the young ones, and, easily doffing the sordid preoccupations of every day, slipped back into the enchanted ring.

TO ONE 'ASHAMED OF BEING AN AMERICAN'

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

You hang your head? Alas, then, for the land
That still must shift without your meed of pride!
Yet those there be who neither blush nor chide,
Yea, and high-hearted ones are they, who stand
Erect, elate, for all that mercy's hand
Pours forth unmeasuring where need has cried,
The while our state, by sneer and taunt defied,
From peace elects to take the stern command.

Beware, O friend misprising, lest too late
You shake your spirit free to bear its part
In all the mighty motions that await
The calm republic holding at its heart
The veriest good for all the sons of men —
Life, under law, for each free citizen!

'KULTUR' IN AMERICAN POLITICS

BY FRANK PERRY OLDS

I

'GERMANY serves the whole world as an example in cultural and intellectual matters. They may storm, shout and get into a passion; they cannot dispute the superiority due the Germans in all provinces of science and industry.'

The above quotation, from the New York *Staats-Zeitung* of July 7, is a clear

statement of the German-American attitude towards 'Kultur.' All the peculiarly German forces in this country agree whole-heartedly in the opinion there expressed. From the German point of view, the United States is woefully deficient in cultural matters, and two great institutions among those maintained by German-Americans have decided that the time has long

been ripe for a change — the National German-American Alliance, together with its state branches and its affiliated societies, aided and abetted by the German-language press.

The Alliance, while denying a political activity 'in the usual sense of the word,' openly admits that it has a 'cultural mission' to perform, boasts that it has 'always shown itself the best friend of Germanism and proved itself a support and herald of true Americanism.' This mission, as defined by the New York State Alliance on July 2, consists essentially in the following points: 'The promotion of the study of the German language and literature in our public schools; the encouragement of worthy immigrants to become citizens; the creation of liberal immigration laws; the abolition of those laws which unnecessarily limit our personal liberty; increased active participation of German-speaking citizens and organizations in public life, politically and otherwise, to the end that our civil-service legislation be improved and extended, that public corruption be grappled with and true patriotism cultivated by putting the welfare of the state over our personal interests; and, finally, the cultivation of everything in the German character and in German civilization which must be regarded as a desirable element in our national process of assimilation.'

The resolutions containing the principles just mentioned assert that the prevailing thought 'in this whole work is our serious desire for America's good.' The German-language press believes unanimously that 'no real American can doubt the purely American motives behind such a declaration.' The Alliance urges that 'the individual, whatever his party, be led by them in his political activity.'

The Alliance further admits that it has been trying to consolidate the Ger-

man vote. In correspondence from the press bureau which it maintains in Philadelphia, it says, —

'In unity is power, and the power of American citizens of German descent and their political significance is centred in the preservation of their unity, which is the goal of the German-American Alliance. Every attempt to break it up and destroy it amounts to treason to the cultural mission of the German race in the United States of America.'

Referring to this same consolidation of the German vote, the St. Paul *Volkszeitung* says that the President's foreign policy has accomplished 'the consolidation so often and so vainly attempted in the past.'

Such consolidation of the German vote, taken together with the admitted aims of the Alliance, can aim at but one thing: permanent legislation in favor of 'Kultur' and a pro-German policy in our international dealings.

The Chicago *Abendpost* admits this in its issue of June 8: —

'For many years back the German-Americans have been flattering themselves with the hope that the founding of the National German-American Alliance might become the point of departure for a healthy political activity. That was at least one reason for founding the National Alliance for a great number of Germans who took a greater interest than usual in the public affairs of the country. It is better to say right out, Yes, we favor a policy which will be advantageous to Germany; we are fighting everything which has for its goal Germany's detriment or which might result in hostility between Germany and the United States.'

Thus, 'Kultur' is to be impressed on the country and a pro-German attitude demanded 'in the best interests of the American people' and 'by every means at the command' of the

National Alliance and its constituent organizations.

The propaganda is directed against our predominating Anglo-Saxon culture; its mission, according to the Baltimore *Deutsche Correspondent*, is that 'of preventing the now incipient Anglicizing of the American people, of seeing that the race of men issuing from the melting-pot be no Anglo-Saxon, but a purely American race having its own history, its own politics, its own culture, its own philosophy of life, its own way of thinking and feeling.'

Up to now, this propaganda has made little headway. Unity of action was not to be had, and only unity of action could avail. Germans must unite as Germans to accomplish such a task as their leaders have set for them. They must also break loose from party ties. 'We urge everybody,' says Max Hottelet, an influential German of Milwaukee, speaking of the presidential contest, 'in this great electoral campaign to forget former party ties and to come out for our principles.' Urging Democrats to leave their party, Eduard Goldbeck, in a letter printed editorially in the Milwaukee *Germania-Herold*, says, 'As party members, German Democrats will regret this result, but they will comfort themselves with knowing that they have done their duty to America and TO GERMANY.'

Thus, the point of the Alliance's contention that it is not in 'party politics' loses its force. Of course it is not in 'party politics.' It is in politics to get what it can for 'Kultur' and for Germany, and it cares not a straw from which party its favors come.

Up to the outbreak of the European war, efforts toward uniting the German vote were unavailing. Party adherence and lack of unity persisted. Only when an extraordinary impulse arose did they join hands. This happened in 1890, in Wisconsin, during the

agitation of the Bennett law, which made a certain minimum of English instruction compulsory in all schools of the state. As Emil Court, secretary of a local political organization in Milwaukee, said a few weeks ago at its first meeting, —

'In the past we were once before brought together like this in Wisconsin — at the time when the Bennett law threatened us. It was then that the Lutherans and Catholics and all societies in Wisconsin of whatever description, all citizens in whose veins German blood flowed, stood together as a unit and killed the Bennett law. What we accomplished then, we can accomplish again.'

Similar enthusiasm has long been felt for the preservation and introduction of German instruction in the public schools, the spread of which is sought 'in the interests of the entire American nation.' A circular published in papers using the German language and emanating from New York even goes so far as to urge all Germans to speak German exclusively in the street-cars, stores, theatres, and all public buildings, to the end that German be forced upon the nation, at least as an auxiliary language. Americans would then soon learn German, the writers of the circular believe, in order to get German-American business.

In local elections, Germans were chosen as Germans, irrespective of party, as far back as 1908, at the behest of the German press and of the Alliance. The attitude of the Milwaukee *Germania-Herold* on this matter is typical: —

'In the interests of America, therefore, we shall have always to choose on principle among equally worthy candidates the candidate of German descent, and, indeed, on principle as long as the danger of America's Britannization is not definitely broken and caused to disappear.'

Now a new impulse has come to unite them — the European war. Their sympathy for Germany has aroused them, united them, and made them willing to forget party ties. This sympathy actuated Edmund von Mach, when, characterizing the war as a war against the principles of 'Kultur,' he called upon German-Americans to unite here in the interests of 'Kultur.'

'Then we too shall be invincible and able to contribute our part to the ultimate victory,' he said. 'When the fanfare of peace then blows at last, we shall have no cause to feel ashamed, and we shall be able to raise our heads proudly on high and rejoice, "Thank God, we, too, have been able to have a share in the patient suffering and to aid."'

What can this mean but a political activity toward the Germanization of America?

Connected with this sympathy for Germanism is an implacable hatred of everything Anglo-Saxon. Anglo-Saxonism is English and un-American. Germanism should be, must be, universal.

What is the danger of it all? Simply that in their hot enthusiasm, the Germans may win a partial success, especially in state and municipal elections. As the *New York Staats-Zeitung* aptly says, 'Every nation has something sacred, and that is its soul, its individual and independent entity, its peculiar ego. If it gives over this sacred thing to another, it has lost itself.' We shall be lost, if we betray our present, natural culture, even though we substitute 'Kultur.' We have the *Staats-Zeitung's* word for it. That is our danger — that we be robbed of our national soul.

There is, however, some amelioration in sight. Even among German newspapers, there is a healthy opposition to this propaganda, but the Alliance and its press are meeting it with intimidation. Referring to the state of

mind of Germans the *Chicago Abend-post* said a few months ago, 'they are very much afraid of being considered un-German'; but, it added, 'we should be the last to grant Italians and Russians in Germany the right to act in elections to the Reichstag as Italians and Russians.' As another example, mention may be made of a group of influential Philadelphia Turners, which, while censuring the National Turnerbund for failing to recognize the Kaiserhof Conference in Chicago, 'raises its voice in protest and warning.' It orders that 'the damage already done be nullified,' and asserts that the Turnerbund 'will not only have to give up its stand but also seek and find a closer feeling with the National Alliance.'

Such is the procedure against delinquents who refuse to obey their orders. Yet, the Alliance 'is not seeking to force its members to vote for any individual candidate.'¹

The ultimate 'cultural' objects of Pan-Germanism are far from realization, but these distant goals have been laid aside for the moment. They are useful in the attempt to capture minor offices of government, but for the Presidency they will not serve. The attitude of German-Americanism has come about through the mission of revenge alone. It is not based on 'Kultur,' unless undying hatred be an element of 'Kultur.' German leaders in the national contest do not get their inspiration from the future. They are little troubled about the actions of the new president. They look backward at the 'blunders' of the present administration. They behold our President's 'Anglo-Saxonism' and Roosevelt's 'defection' from the ranks of the Germans, and they

¹ Those desiring further information on German propaganda in this country will find a very complete discussion in the *Atlantic* for April. — THE EDITOR.

thirst for revenge on these two men. Roosevelt they hate as a traitor to the German cause; the President they hate as one who has never known 'Kultur,' who has always been an 'Anglo-maniac' and an agitator for this country's return to the English colonial system. 'Any Republican, except men of the Roosevelt-Lodge-Root clique, can certainly win against Wilson,' the Cleveland *Waechter und Anzeiger* declares. 'How thoroughly President Wilson has incurred their displeasure is shown by the remarkable circumstance that there is not one of the Democratic German-language papers, so far as we know, upon whose support he can depend,' says the *Germania-Herald*. The President's 'undiluted Anglo-Saxonism' must be made innocuous. The encouragement of 'Kultur' must wait.

II

The German press and the Alliance unite in claiming that they desire nothing more than 'strictest neutrality' in their presidential candidate. Neither President Wilson nor Mr. Roosevelt, in their opinion, has the slightest appreciation of the nature of such neutrality.

'The public is stuffed with lies and falsely told that German-Americans are wretched villains, miserable blackguards and faithless traitors,' says the *Excelsior*, a German Catholic weekly, 'because they will not subscribe to the pseudo-patriotism "for revenue only" imported from London and patented in Washington, and the pseudo-neutrality similarly imported and patented. The German-Americans, so the fabrication goes, demanded of Wilson a policy which would be advantageous to the Central Powers and prejudicial to the Allies. No, you members of the international association of lies, the German-Americans demand a policy which shall

treat the belligerent parties equally and demand and compel respect for our rights from one side with the same emphasis it does from the other.'

That this neutrality, in the opinion of Germans, is non-existent may be seen from the following excerpt from the *Waechter und Anzeiger's* typical Fourth of July editorial: —

'And from fear of imagined and fabricated German dangers for our dear Monroe Doctrine, America has again become a British vassal state on this Fourth of July, 1916. It is governed as pleases London, its trade is dependent on British permission on land and sea, it may pass no laws which England does not want, its citizens must no longer turn to their representatives in Congress with their desires, and Congress must no longer trouble itself with important affairs of the land. The British Ambassador in Washington, the British financial and munitions agent in New York, the metropolitan press in British possession, British spies in all branches of public life, and British prevarication which gives fine names to hateful things: that is the picture before which we stand. And two ex-Presidents approve this condition — out of fear of a danger which is fabricated for them.'

The Alliance and the German press actually *do* want nothing but 'neutrality,' as they understand the term, but their understanding is based entirely on their German feelings and not on such considerations as beseeem American citizens. Neutrality should uphold our 'rights,' they say, and serve all violators thereof with an 'equal measure' of punishment. To this end, they consider essential the declaration of an embargo, a warning to Americans to keep off Allied merchant vessels, a reprimand to England because of her violation of Greece and her seizure of our mails, a protest against England's

violation of our commerce. To be neutral, the United States must protest to England on her blockade and agree with Germany's principles of her submarine warfare.

The attitude of Germans toward an embargo on arms is characteristic of their general attitude. They believe an embargo should be declared in the interests of humanity and as a means of shortening the war. As far back as December, 1914, the German-American Chamber of Commerce issued an appeal to Germans throughout the country, in which it demanded that all Germans exert their influence on Congress in favor of an embargo.

'The bill before Congress forbidding the export of all war materials must pass,' it commanded. 'And as soon as possible. To this end all American citizens of German descent must be mobilized immediately. Congress must feel the "furor Teutonicus" in all its strength. We must successfully and brilliantly measure our strength with the Anglo-American element. We must prove that German-Americanism in the United States is a power which must be reckoned with. Every German must write to his Congressman and request him categorically to vote for this bill.'

Germans deny that sympathy for Germany dictates this demand. They claim to be actuated only by the interests of America. 'It is said,' says the Cincinnati *Volksblatt*, 'that Germans sought with this demand to help their kin in the old country. Apart from the fact that this is untrue, only a war exporter and a pro-Britisher could see in it an opposition to American interests, for it is easily proved that arms exports are the cause of great damage to our own country.'

Yet the demand *does* favor Germany. All demands made by the German-Americans do. This can hardly be re-

garded as accidental. On the submarine question, Germans stand united for a proclamation of warning to American citizens to keep off merchant vessels of the Allies. They believe that the President's attitude on the submarine question is ill-characterized by the expression 'humanity.' They point out that the speediest slaughter is often the most humane, and urge that the President put no obstacles in the way of such 'humanity,' as practiced by Germany. While not favoring any action on our part against the violation of Belgium by Germany, they urge action against England because of her 'violation' of Greece. These demands, also, are favorable to Germany. Must that again be considered accidental? The whole fabric of German demands is woven with anti-British threads on a warp of pro-Germanism. Our attitude toward England is characterized as shamefully weak; England's mail seizures, her violations of our commerce, her generally 'outrageous' conduct call forth the most violent of denunciations of a President who has shown himself a 'traitor to America's best interests' by not erring in his neutrality on the German side.

Such is the German conception of neutrality. Such is the foundation on which they establish their criticisms of President Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt. Such is the platform on which they will criticize our next president, if the war still continues.

III

The greatest fear in the hearts of Germans directly preceding the Republican Convention was that they might have to choose between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt. It was to avoid that necessity, if possible, that the German-American Conference was called at the Kaiserhof in Chicago directly before

the Convention. 'The German-American Conference,' says the letter of censure to the National Turnerbund, 'offered us our only great opportunity to make clear to the parties our stand as American citizens and to spread before them our grievances and demands and the unadulterated truth before the nominations and before election — and to do this emphatically through men whom we had sent as delegates and irresistibly through the support of a united German-Americanism such as is to be found in the ideals incorporated in the National Alliance.'

Since Germans felt that Mr. Wilson would most certainly be renominated, the Kaiserhof Conference attempted to work only on Republican delegates. After Mr. Hughes's nomination, delegates to the conference openly boasted that they had been instrumental in Roosevelt's defeat and Hughes's consequent selection. It will be so if Hughes defeats Wilson.

The causes back of German dissatisfaction with Roosevelt are patent. His 'hyphen' speeches troubled them. German papers represented him to their readers as a 'traitor' to the German cause. The *Germania-Herald* said of him in April last year, 'Among all the bitter disappointments which we have had to experience since the outbreak of the war, it was perhaps the bitterest of all that we should see this man with whom, of all others, we felt so much united, on whose moral support we had confidently relied in these hard times, acting in concert with the Germanophobes.'

Why German-Americans should have expected Mr. Roosevelt to defend them is not very clear, but everything which he said disillusioned them — especially his attitude on Belgium's violation — and they developed for him a most violent hatred. Dr. Münsterberg, coming to Roosevelt's aid, was ridiculed as an

unknown theorist from whom nothing sane might be expected, and as a representative of 'Puritan' Harvard under orders from President Lowell!

Who can say that the results of the Kaiserhof meeting, as they see those results, have not encouraged Germans to an even bolder confidence in their power? Now, in addition to this complacent belief in their intellectual superiority, they are developing a bullying spirit of conceit in their political strength. They promise Mr. Hughes 'as many as 3,000,000 votes.' Time alone will make good or break that promise — time and Mr. Hughes.¹

Against the domestic policies of the President, Germans have no criticism to make. 'If the European war had not broken out during Woodrow Wilson's administration,' says the *Deutsche Correspondent*, 'it could only be said of President Wilson, "He served his country well."'

It cannot but seem strange to most intelligent men that Germans agree fairly well in commending *all* of Mr. Wilson's domestic policies and in condemning *all* his foreign policies.² Yet such is the case. 'In word and in deed, Woodrow Wilson has always shown a patience towards the cause of the Allies hardly compatible with the dignity of the country, while towards the Central Powers he shows himself the inexorable Shylock demanding his pound of flesh, even though he must have known that he was thereby crippling one party

¹ It would seem that such a number is much too large. Even the Alliance has not so great control of the Germans as that. It can depend at most on half its members and on a few thousand non-members among the readers of the German press. — THE AUTHOR.

² Even in the case of the merchant submarine Deutschland, Germans feel that they have ample cause for complaint. To their mind, our government insulted Germany by doubting, even for an instant, the status of the boat. This shows the German-American feeling for 'strict neutrality' at its height. — THE AUTHOR.

and giving advantage to the other. The one-sidedness of his actions right now again gives cause for serious accusations which he cannot get rid of in an off-hand manner.' Thus the St. Louis *Westliche Post*. Because of this one-sidedness, 'nothing which Democratic leaders can say or do will make German-Americans friends of Mr. Wilson again.' 'The great mass of German-Americans,' says *Amerika*, a German Catholic organ, 'are through with him and only circumstances now quite unforeseen could bring about a reconciliation. They cannot be talked down.'

The 'hyphen' plank in the Democratic platform and the President's speeches which preceded it arouse their wrath. 'If the German-American, yes, the entire non-British element of the population,' says the *Waechter und Anzeiger*, 'can forgive and forget what Wilson has done to it, or even pretends to forgive under the circumstances, then it deserves to be treated as it has been treated.' They want nothing to do with the candidate who 'tries to get the vote of the Know-Nothing element' by 'such dirty tactics.'

No word is considered too strong by German papers to bring home to their readers the 'traitorous' actions of the 'vice-regent of England' ruling 'with high hand' in 'the branch offices of the British government' in Washington. Wilson is pictured as a traitor to the interests of his country, a 'lackey in Britain's livery' who knows that he is doing wrong, but persists in 'kissing the hand of his Britannic Majesty' as the latter 'kicks him like a dog.' Our 'so-called government' is ridiculed, to the end that hate, relentless and burning, may be instilled in the hearts of their readers.¹

It is stated without qualification that the President wanted a war with

¹ The expressions quoted are all taken from editorials in the German press. — THE EDITOR.

Germany and did his best to bring one about. It was Germany that frustrated his plans, 'humane' Germany who could not see America suffer as she has suffered. Mr. Wilson and his adherents, together with the pro-Allies, are typically characterized by the *Excelsior*: —

'They are only Anglo-Saxons working on Cecil Rhodes's testament, to the end that the proud, independent United States may again be brought under the yoke of Old England. And at their head — intentionally or not — stands Woodrow Wilson, who still calls himself President of the United States, but who really is nothing more than a British colonial director. By their fruits shall ye know them!' The *Excelsior* adds, 'If ever in the history of the Presidents of the United States an impeachment process was in place, it is in place now.'

The later phase of the President's Mexican policy is characterized as the boldest plan ever conceived by a presidential candidate. The President realized that defeat would be his portion, 'if nothing unusual happened.' 'But Wilson has power in his hands,' says the Philadelphia *Tageblatt*. 'He can bring about situations which will compel the people to leave him in office. Serious foreign developments alone could move the people "not to swap horses while crossing a stream." That is the long and short of the Mexican affair.'

The President is criticized for his attitude on the Lusitania tragedy. German papers agree in fixing the blame for the loss of American lives on England, who 'merely used American citizens as a safe-conduct for her ammunition' in the hope that serious difficulties with Germany might develop if these should be killed. Says the *Waechter und Anzeiger*, 'To speak of a crime on the part of Germany in the Lusitania case is the most foolish cant

conceivable. Our munitions exports, America's wallowing in blood-money, America's self-deception — these are crimes also on the conscience of our own people.'

The President's action in the Sussex case continues to be discussed at intervals. The *Fatherland*, criticizing our government for believing its own evidence rather than Germany's original denial of blame, holds that 'to question the statement of the German government in this matter is to impeach one's own good faith.' Later, when that government formally admitted her guilt, The *Fatherland* remarked: 'The German Government has admitted that, according to first evidence presented, the Sussex was sunk by a German submarine. The *Fatherland* is by no means convinced that the evidence is authentic.'

By the German-American press, every hypothesis put forward by Germany is believed rather than the statements of the President, who is altogether too monarchical for the gentle exponents of Kaiserism in our land. 'Mr. Wilson should have been Czar,' says the *Waechter und Anzeiger*.

Such is the criticism, such the language that is being used to turn the German vote from Mr. Wilson. That the language has an American sound can hardly be maintained. Whether or not the criticism is justified is not the subject of this article.

IV

Evidence already presented shows that the German-Americans are demanding 'neutrality' of their candidate, and that they are convinced that President Wilson does not have their brand. They are just as little convinced that his antagonist will be amenable to their wishes, but they do not hate Mr. Hughes. The *Excelsior*

expresses approximately the correct idea:—

'Everybody knows that Hughes has in no way expressed his views on his position and that he has not even been asked to express them. German-Americans merely weigh his personality against Wilson's and will vote for Hughes, not because they hope for a pro-German stand from him, but because they believe that he is able to differentiate between right and wrong, while Wilson has shown that he cannot do this. People will, of course, not demand of German-Americans that they vote for Wilson. Wherefore, only Hughes is left.' If it should turn out that Mr. Hughes is 'neutral' in the 'Hexamerican'¹ sense, so much the better. If not, they will have their revenge, and 'Scarcely any one will deny that the war will be over before Hughes has any opportunity to define his American policies, so that for Germans it makes no difference what Hughes or Wilson will do.'

In spite of their natural coolness toward a man about whose intentions they know almost nothing, the German press and the Alliance express themselves in most cordial terms concerning Mr. Hughes. The *New York Herald* particularly extols in him qualities which will make him an ideal candidate for German voters. This paper was especially gratified by his nomination, since it had suggested his candidacy as far back as December, 1915. It feels a sort of proprietary interest in him by right of discovery.

All the German papers, excepting a few of small circulation and influence, agree that Mr. Hughes can be no worse than Mr. Wilson, although they have had some doubts since Mr. Roosevelt espoused the Republican cause. They propose 'to take a chance' on the dou-

¹ Dr. Hexamer is President of the German-American Alliance. — THE EDITOR.

ble probability of a speedy end of the war and Mr. Hughes's superior ‘neutrality.’ That is all the significance which can be attached to the general trend of Germans to the Republican camp — that and their all-consuming hate for the present occupant of the White House. But even hate is a fickle thing. Who knows what may yet develop?

Throughout all German-America the campaign goes merrily on, with slander for Wilson's share and flattery for Hughes's. Individuals or organizations which show a tendency to go over to the Democratic camp are loudly denounced as traitors to the cause, as renegades and turncoats; but the increasing number of such defections is noticeable to the close observer. As their grip on the German vote weakens, the Alliance and its faithful press grow bolder in their attacks on the man, who, whatever his shortcomings, is still our President.

Enjoying a fair degree of privacy because they are printed in a foreign language, German papers do not hesitate to use bad names, coarse slang and vile expressions in discussing the head of our ‘so-called government.’ Publicity is needed, but few newspapers appreciate the need or dare supply it. Boycotts have been suggested, but to the average newspaper a boycott means death.

The delegates to the Kaiserhof,¹ emboldened by their success in Chicago, hope for further conquests. The press, depending on its ‘dear friends’ and ‘faithful bed-fellows,’ the Irish-Amer-

icans, still feels sure of its 3,000,000 votes and of ultimate victory.

Does ultimate victory mean the practical support of all German contention against England? England's plans for a commercial boycott of Germany as construed throughout German-America are directed largely at the trade of the United States. In order that these plans be frustrated, ‘diplomacy would dictate that the United States unite intimately with Germany; but Wilson is merely a Germanophobe, and cannot see the light. Even the Chicago *Abendpost*, a reactionary paper, feels that it is ‘imperative under these circumstances for America to unite intimately with the Central Powers — industrially and politically.’

Where will it all end, if Germans, continuing a united force in American life, proceed in politics, federal and local? What would be the ultimate goal in their political efforts? I answer with a quotation from the *Waeckter und Anzeiger* :—

‘The result of parliamentary government, which is more or less synonymous with party government, as is shown by the results of any election, is the eternal shifting of inexperienced men, poorly informed men and those trained for other professions. What brings about this shifting of inexperienced men, we see right here in America in our presidents, who are also products of party government. It may, of course, be much better than an autocracy where the autocrat cannot see for the lack of a parliament which can speak out and let him see — better, that is, than the stability of erring blindness. But it is infinitely worse than a government system in which the officials are experts, whose office is their profession, who are publicly instructed by a representation of the people.’

¹ It may be well to state here that the National Alliance cannot in its own name act in political matters because of its charter, which was granted by a special act of Congress. The meeting at the Kaiserhof was therefore called by the Pennsylvania Central German-American Alliance, which is unhampered by a federal charter and is used by the Alliance in its political activities. — THE AUTHOR.

HAS THE WAR AFFECTED THE WEATHER?

BY ALEXANDER McADIE

It is a commonplace of conversation that for some months past the weather conditions have been abnormal, particularly in the matter of rainfall, in the battle-zones and elsewhere. Detailed data from regions close to the firing lines are not available; and we have only general statements of inclemency in so far as they affect military operations. But in districts not far away, — the British Isles, for instance, — the records of excessive raininess during the winter of 1914-15 and at subsequent times have not escaped comment; and others besides meteorologists are discussing the possibility of a connection between the heavy cannonading and the rainfall. The professional meteorologist is called upon to answer whether there is any rational explanation of what appears to be a marked departure from the usual sequence of weather conditions. Is it possible that the tremendous expenditure of ammunition — an expenditure which the layman may well regard as an experiment in concussion sufficiently vast to be decisive — has facilitated condensation and its later stage, precipitation? In concise terms, has the bombarding not only caused clouds but forced the clouds to send down rain?

It is conceivable that such could be the case; and stranger things have happened than the revelation through war of fresh progress in man's effort to comprehend and master the processes of Nature. And here, as is so often the case, Nature herself has suggested the relation, for we have all noticed that

after an exceptionally near and heavy clap of thunder, the raindrops fall with a rush, as if the very tumult had shaken the clouds and caused the downpour. Later we shall see how this well-known phenomenon is to be interpreted.

Three separate lines of inquiry suggest themselves as throwing light on the problem. First, the underlying principles of the formation and flotation of a drop of rain; second, the causes of excessive rainfall in certain places at certain times; and third, the direct relation, if any, which exists between the use of high explosives and showery or rainy weather. To most of us the raindrop is an ordinary, commonplace drop of clean water, or rather it seems to be clean. It is one of the most common phenomena of everyday life, and most of us never stop to think that its life-history could be eventful; in fact we are sure that there can be nothing unusual about a drop of water falling through the air. On the contrary there is much that is wonderful in the wanderings of the little visitor; and the structure of each minute globe is in its way as marvelous as the structure of the great nebula in Andromeda.

Probably no two raindrops are exactly alike. Photographs of snow-crystals make it plain that no two flakes even in the same storm have identical shapes and structures. Raindrops are formed under somewhat similar conditions of strain, with forces more energetic, but never quite permanently balanced. Drops change incessantly, even those that seem to be quiescent.

Many have made long journeys and undergone modification at every turn of the road; but large or small, each globule is a complex of ionic infinitesimals wrapped in a blanket of water-vapor. It is an elastic blanket, tiny beyond measure, and changes its size and sometimes its form, with every variation in pressure, temperature, and electrification. The process of wrapping the ions in the blanket of vapor still baffles science, although man has had recourse to certain small messengers, waves of light, wave-lengths little larger than a millionth of a millimetre, and sent these among the ions to do his bidding.

Generally speaking, a raindrop or any water-drop is an aggregation of hydrogen and oxygen atoms combining in the value of two to one. In a gram of hydrogen (that is, about fifteen grains), there are six million million million atoms. But still smaller than atoms are these carriers of electric charge called electrons, oscillating many million times per second and as constantly colliding with one another. An English physicist who has worked much along these lines, once said that unless we had a better test for a man than we have for an unelectrified atom we could never detect that the earth was inhabited.

But larger than the electrons are certain foreign bodies called nuclei or centres of condensation; and if ever man succeeds in making rain artificially it will be by increasing the number of nuclei. In fact, the vortex guns or smoke-ring firers used in the grape-growing regions of the West to dissipate hail have a certain scientific value in that they furnish nuclei at critical times. Notwithstanding the belief of the vineyard owners, however, the efficacy of these Steiger guns remains unproved. Without nuclei, condensation does not occur even when space is sat-

urated with vapor. And here a word of caution, and a bit of information that rain-makers in general do not know. While textbooks speak of the capacity of air for vapor, they overlook the fact that it is space rather than air which contains the vapor, for air and water vapor are two separate entities and must be considered as such.

The man who has most studied the behavior of the nuclei and who therefore comes nearest to being a genuine rain-maker, though he would be surprised to hear himself so designated, is John Aitken of Edinburgh. His well-known dust-counter is a very practical means of studying the formation of fog or the first step in rain-making. His experiments show that the size of the nuclei or inorganic centres varies considerably; and also the number present at different times. In one of his papers Aitken speaks of the number of nuclei in a puff of smoke from a lighted cigarette as 4,000,000,000,000 per cubic centimetre. Now each of these little particles may serve as a foundation for a raindrop. On a much larger scale, the factory chimney as it belches forth its clouds of smoke is furnishing material for the building of raindrops; and, provided enough vapor is present and certain temperature changes occur, there is no uncertainty about the result.

Aitken, Barus, Wilson, Thomson, Langevin, Pollock, and other physicists have taught us a great deal about the building of a drop of water. There is no difficulty in making rain *on a small scale*. The moisture on the outside of an ice-water pitcher on a warm day proves how easily water-vapor may be condensed and dew or rain made. Nature makes rain by cooling a given volume of vapor. While there is no change in the weight of the individual atoms, the comparatively gross nuclei do change in size and weight because of

physical changes, gravitational attraction, and probably electrical attraction and repulsion. These forces bring about cohesion, and a drop acquires sufficient weight to begin its downward movement against air resistance. The cooling of the vapor (and this is the effective agency) may be due to expansion, as when a stream of mixed air and vapor is carried up in a mighty cumulonimbus cloud or thunder-head; or the cooling may be due to radiation, or to contact and loss of heat by conduction, or, again, by mixing. This may throw interesting light on the many degrees of cloudiness, from the far-distant cirrus or feather to the towering cumulus, from the valley fog of dusk to the black-browed nimbus that precedes the cloudburst.

Sometimes Nature conducts a rain-making experiment in very dramatic fashion, as when a volcano blows its head off. Thus, when Mont Pelée, Krakatoa, Asama Yama, Katmai, and even little Lassen were in eruption, there were produced the heavy rolling clouds, the lightning, the wind-rush, and the downpour. And not only is there direct rain-making close to the volcano: indirectly and at a distance eruptions cause rain, since the gases and fine ash or dust are carried far and wide by the winds, and, serving as nuclei, they increase the rainfall in countries far removed from the scene of outbreak. Some one will say, do not these facts prove that the claims of 'rain-makers' regarding explosions and rains are correct? The answer is, not quite. The explosive output and the atmospheric disturbance in the two cases are not comparable. For example, during one of the recent eruptions of Asama Yama, pressure disturbances were recorded on all the barographs in Japan; but the daily noon gun fired close to the Observatory in Tokio never affects the instruments.

The idea that concussion alone produces rain, then, may be dismissed, as there is no removal or transportation of either water-vapor or nuclei by these compressional waves. And here we may explain the seeming relation of thunder-clap and rain-gush. There is probably marked electrical action facilitating the formation of big drops before, during, and after a flash of lightning. But the lightning, the beginning of the thunder, and the downward start of the raindrops, even if simultaneous, would appear to a person below as occurring one after the other, because of different speeds of propagation. We see the lightning as soon as it occurs because the velocity of light is 300,000 kilometres per second; we hear the thunder five or six seconds later, because the velocity of sound is only 0.33 kilometre per second, and we note the rain-gush still later because its velocity is, perhaps, only 0.03 kilometre. The rain may well have started before the flash occurred or the thunder began. It is also of interest to know that estimates have been made of the amount of energy represented in a thunder tone, if one may use this phrase for what is really a noise and not a tone. In nearly all loud thunder-claps there is one violent or shock wave, a sound wave that travels out in all directions from the path of discharge or core of incandescent air. Dr. Wilhelm Schmidt has shown us how the prolongation of the sound is largely a reflection, not so much from the clouds and sheets of falling rain, as from the 'interfaces' between atmospheric strata of different temperatures, largely by the action of wind. Thus the original sharp report becomes a prolonged roll. In a certain peal which he analyzed, the thunder lasted thirteen seconds.

A word or two is in order regarding the claims of those who insist that explosions, particularly gunfire, are ac-

accompanied by or cause rain. Edward Powers published a book in 1890 proving to his own satisfaction that the great battles of the Civil War were followed by heavy rain. A wider study of the facts does not bear out the statement. This volume, *War and the Weather*, led to an appropriation by Congress of the sum of \$10,000 for experiments in producing rain by the use of high explosives. The writer witnessed some of these experiments, made under favorable conditions. There was no evidence of a causal relation between the detonations of the dynamite and the showers. Again, in the course of a long residence in California he had occasion to follow closely the operations of certain much talked-of 'rain-makers.' Evidence of the production of rain directly or indirectly was lacking. An incident may be referred to here since it illustrates how popular opinion is formed and passes. During the course of a prolonged dry spell a meeting of prominent citizens of a certain town was held to consider the acceptance of an offer from a temporary resident to furnish enough explosives to produce rain. The visitor claimed that he had caused rain on his ranch in Texas by such means. While the meeting was in progress the long-deferred rain began falling, and interest in the question waned. If the meeting had been held a day or two earlier and the explosives been used, credit for making the rain would naturally have gone to the visitor; and it would have been a difficult matter to convince the citizens that the test was not a valid one. It would be a rash man who would

say that condensation and precipitation on a commercial scale are beyond human control; but certainly we still lack conclusive evidence that any of man's efforts have produced rain in measurable amount.

Finally, if the war is not the cause of the abnormal weather, what is? We do not know. The weather map tells only a part, and a very small part at that, of atmospheric motion; and it frequently misleads the forecaster. The writer speaks feelingly, for he has had the unique experience of forecasting the weather in Washington for all of the Eastern states, again at New Orleans for the Gulf section; and for many years at San Francisco for the Pacific and Inter-mountain states. Sometimes it has seemed to him that it was the valor of the forecaster rather than the value of the forecast which deserved commendation. But the time is coming when our information will be extended to all atmospheric levels available, and not limited to one, — that near the ground, — as at present. The newer meteorology, which may well be called *aerography* or the science of the structure of the air, will undoubtedly throw light on cloudiness and rain-formation. At present we can only correlate the excessive rains and certain temperature departures over wide areas with displacements of the major pressure areas, — 'hyperbars' and 'infrabars,' as they are termed. And we know, too, that excessive rains have occurred in previous years when there were no wars; and in all probability will occur again, regardless of the prevalence of gunfire.

THE SECOND YEAR

BY J. B. W. GARDINER

I

THE second anniversary of the declaration of the World War finds the Teutonic Powers, for the first time, on the defensive on all fronts. At the beginning of the war Germany immediately began delivering swift sledgehammer blows at Belgium and France. The first anniversary found her resting quiet on the western front, but driving the Russian armies through Poland and Galicia at an almost inconceivable rate. But now the tables are turned, and as the third year of the war begins, the enemies of the Central Powers are directing, with ever-increasing power, a concentric offense at a number of different points on the outer ring of Teutonic trenches that is slowly forcing these lines back, and compelling the Teutonic Allies to draw in toward the centre. The situation thus created is new to Germany. She has not yet found herself in relation to it. Whether she will be able to overcome the fact that her old advantage of interior lines is rapidly being neutralized by the many-sided attacks she is now having to resist, remains to be seen.

In order to grasp more readily the position of the Central Powers with respect to the Entente it will be necessary to go back to the earliest stages of the conflict and briefly recapitulate.

A state of war in Europe had existed only a few months when it was realized by the Entente that the status thus created was destined to be long lived. It was also realized that modern war,

as it was introduced by Germany, demanded, as the price of success, intense organization of manufacturing industries, complete mobilization of finance, and recruitment of the maximum number of men. Of the nations at war, only the Central Powers had appreciated the necessity for these measures of preparedness before war was declared. In none of the Entente countries had any centralized organization of industries been attempted; in England, military service was voluntary and the volunteer force was small; financial panic, in the early days of the war, was averted only by the narrowest of margins. Germany had used up the first year in heroic efforts to obtain a quick, crushing victory, the Entente in putting their house in order and preparing for the second and even for the third year. The burying of strategy in the trench warfare that followed the battle of the Marne, coupled with the Russian activities in Poland and Galicia which demanded Germany's full attention, gave the Entente powers an opportunity which they were not slow in improving to the utmost.

The second year of the war, therefore, found the Entente poorer in territory, it is true, but richer in experience and in the practical needs of present-day military operations. Both France and England had their manufacturing resources well in hand and were producing within five per cent of their own munition requirements. American manufacturing had been enlisted, and through British finance and British sea

control shipments were beginning to be made to Russia. The British blockade was in full force and Germany was almost completely cut off from the outside world. Germany, then, accustomed to import many millions of dollars' worth of food-supplies, cotton, rubber, fats, and other raw materials from other countries, was suddenly forced to depend on her own interior resources while her opponents had the markets of the world at their backs.

There were at this time — (August 1, 1915) — four important theatres of military operations: the Belgian-British-French front, the Russian front in both Poland and Galicia, the Gallipoli Peninsula, and Trentino and Istria in Italy. Of these, only the Russian front was actively interesting. It is with Russia, then, that the military story of the Second Year of the war will begin.

August 1, 1915, found Russia in the midst of her great retreat. The Germans had previously broken the line of the Dunayets, and, before the Russians could repair the rift in the dam, had poured through, taking the Carpathian line in flank and rear and compelling its retirement. Through Galicia the Teuton drive continued, the Russians being driven from one defensive position to another, drawing back their forces on either side as a break was created in their line. At the beginning of the year the Russian line was a sharp salient, the apex of which was a few miles west of Warsaw, the right flank resting on the Baltic Sea at Windau, the left in the angle between Bessarabia and Rumania.

The immediate German objective was Warsaw, and, as a corollary to the fall of Warsaw, the line of the Vistula River. The Vistula is the most formidable military obstacle in any of the battle areas; broad, deep, with a rapid current at all seasons of the year, its high steep banks make it a defensive

screen of the highest value. It is crossed by railroads only at Warsaw; therefore whoever held Warsaw and controlled the railroad bridges over the river at that point had also control over the river. It is a generally accepted theory that, if the war is to be won by either belligerent, it must be won on the western front. Therefore all other operations, no matter on how grandiose a scale they may be conducted, must have victory in the West as their ultimate goal. This was the inspiration of the German scheme of action. No important Russian offensive west of the Vistula was possible while the Germans held the Warsaw bridge-head. This was one consideration. The other, as stated, was a corollary. Because of its natural defensive strength, the line of the Vistula could, if in German hands, be held by comparatively few men, thus freeing the bulk of the German army for operations on the western front.

The defense of Warsaw depended on the retention of two railroad lines both of which were paralleled by the sides of the Warsaw salient. These were the roads from Warsaw to Grodno and Vilna and to Kovel and Rovno. It was consequently against these necessary lines of communication that the German power was directed. On Wednesday, August 4, the Germans reached the second of these lines and cut it at Lublin and at Cholm. The next day the Russians retired across the Vistula bridges and the Germans entered the Polish capital. The following day Ivangorod was taken, thus placing all that section of the Vistula south of Warsaw in German hands. In both cases the Russian retirement was slow and methodical. As a result, all the large guns and all war material were removed safely to the rear. Novo-Georgievsk, west of Warsaw was, in the retirement, abandoned to stand a siege.

It was evidently the hope of the Russians that it would hold out for some time and thus prevent the Germans from using the river as an avenue of supply. A few days later, however, it capitulated and the Warsaw salient became a thing of the past.

I have dwelt thus at length on the Warsaw operations because, as will be presently demonstrated, upon the Germans' next move after the taking of Warsaw will rest either the ultimate success or the positive collapse of the German cause. No incident of the war was so portentous as the fall of the Polish capital. With Warsaw in German hands the gates to all of Poland and to much of western Russia beyond were thrown open to the German invader. But then was the time for Germany to pause and consider. By halting here with the strong defensive line of the Vistula on her front, Germany could have held the Russians in place, secured East Prussia from future invasion, and with perfect safety conserved her strength for future operations on the western front. But the German leaders looked backward to Napoleon for a comparative situation. They saw him also facing a powerful coalition. They saw him emerge victorious through smashing the coalition by defeating its component units separately and forcing each one into a separate peace. They saw him defeated only when a coalition maintained its integrity in spite of disaster. Writing in 1912, Friederich von Bernhardt, foreseeing the possibility of the present Entente, stated that Germany's only chance of ultimate victory lay in her ability to crush one antagonist, then turn on the other. This was a powerful argument (particularly in view of the then disorganized state of the Russian army) in favor of driving on and gaining a decision, not over a section of Russian territory, but over the Russian

army. Against such a decision was the fact that Russia had two continents behind her and unlimited territory into which to retreat, and that every step eastward would draw the German forces farther and farther from their home bases.

Germany could not withstand the temptation to continue the advance, and her forces poured through the open gates into western Poland. Simultaneously they drove forward in the centre and drew their flanks together like the jaws of a nut-cracker, pinching the Russians between. In the most rapid advance in history, Germany soon had reached the line of the railroad running generally north and south from Riga through Dvinsk, Vilna, Grodno, Brest-Litovsk and Cholm to Lemberg. From Dvinsk south this railroad was passed.

Again Germany was on the horns of a dilemma. Once the line of the Bug River is crossed, there are, in western Russia, only two railroad systems running north and south — the line mentioned and that from Vilna through Baronovitschi, Sarny, and Rovno. Again the choice was presented to Germany, to entrench and turn her attention to the West, or to continue her drive eastward in an effort to destroy the Russian army. Against the latter decision was the fact that to abandon this first line was to condemn the German army to an indefinite offensive; to brave the forces that had crushed Napoleon and the cold that had frozen the blood of the finest of the French soldiery. But Germany saw only a beaten demoralized force between her and victory. She elected to push forward. On the decision made on the banks of the Vistula and reiterated here the fate of Europe depends; for if Germany is eventually defeated it will be these two decisions which have caused her downfall.

The advance continued unchecked.

Several times the Russian Army was threatened with capture or destruction. At Vilna it was surrounded and its line of retreat cut by German cavalry. Yet invariably it made good its escape, and finally retired behind the Pripet marshes, with the Vilna-Rovno road in its rear, the Dwina, the Styr and the Sereth rivers on its front. On this line the Russians brought the Teutons to a dead halt and turned a brilliant tactical victory into a strategic defeat. The occupation of territory in this war means nothing. Russia still has two continents behind her. The destruction of an army, its reduction to a point where it is no longer a fighting machine, — this alone can bring a decision. Thus after months of the fiercest fighting, after expending untold ammunition and sacrificing thousands of her most efficient troops, Germany was faced by an enemy whose power of resistance was greater relatively than when the first effort was made. And, moreover, she found her own army hundreds of miles from its nearest home base, and brought to a standstill between two railroads, one too far in the rear to be of use, the other in her front held by the enemy. The great German drive had been converted into that military paradox — a brilliant defeat.

II

The Russian retreat had reached its last phase, when the British and the French on the western front launched their only great offensive movement of the year. As a military conception it had the same motive as the German campaign against Warsaw. The western battle line is also, for the most part, a huge salient, with its apex at Noyon, its left at Nieuport, its right on the Swiss frontier. It is obvious that, if the Allies could break the German line at two points, — one north, the other east

of Soissons, — and, even if checked before the flood of their forces could pour through the broken dikes, still cut the German lines of communications, the entire salient between the points of attack must fall. To accomplish this the Allies struck simultaneously in Artois and in Champagne. In the Artois sector the attack was launched between La Bassée and Neuville-St. Vaast, with the object of fighting through to the Arras-Lille railroad. In the Champagne sector the front of attack was between Ville-sur-Tourbe and Auberville and was directed against the Chalgerange-Bazancourt road. These two roads are the only lateral lines in their respective districts available for German use and are therefore of vital importance to the German supply system. For some reason (presumably for lack of shell) the movement was quickly halted by the Allies' commanders after only the first line of the Germans had been taken. The attack did not break through, nor did it cut the railroad lines. It was therefore a failure. While failing in its object, however, it did accomplish two things: the Allies took about 30,000 German prisoners, and secured possession of the last line of hill crests that separates the Lens-Givenchy sector of Artois from the great low-lying plain of northern France. As a battle manoeuvre, the attack was expensive in both men and material — much more expensive than the meagre results obtained justified.

On the termination of the western offensive, the opposing lines in the West settled back into their former state of monotonous deadlock. On the Russian front the situation was not dissimilar. When driven to their last trench, so to speak, the Russians were proving that their defense was just a little bit stronger than the German offense. The Teutons could not afford to lie idle. A waiting game was more to their oppo-

nents' liking than to their own. Germany, therefore, in order to strike a vital blow at her most formidable enemy, — England, — looked to the Far East as the scene of her next endeavor. But an offensive in the East would call for a base at Constantinople, and Bulgaria stood in the way. Bulgaria was the bridge between Hungary and Turkey. Without Bulgaria's aid the Germans could never reach Constantinople. From such information as is at hand, it was not merely a question of getting shell over the Oriental railroad to the hard-pressed Turks on Gallipoli. The ammunition factory at Tophane near Constantinople had a production almost, if not quite, sufficient to meet the demands of the Gallipoli defenders. Rumania had, it is true, refused to permit the passage of shell over her railroads; but it was more than a question of shell. It was a question of a place in the sun through domination of the Oriental railroad; it was a question of an attack on Egypt, of a thorough reorganization of Turkey in Teuton interests by means of a direct connection with Germany and Austria. Bulgaria alone was in position to furnish such connection and to provide a regular passageway through which free, unhampered communication could be had between Germany and her Moslem ally. With Bulgaria in the field, it remained for the Germanic allies to conquer only the northern part of Serbia where the Oriental road runs from Belgrade to Pirot, in order to open a direct route from Berlin to Constantinople. The diplomatic efforts of the Teutons were therefore concentrated on Sofia, and, in spite of all the Entente could offer, Bulgaria, early in October, entered the lists on the side of the Central Powers.

The opening gun of the campaign against Serbia was fired immediately upon the announcement of Bulgaria's

decision. This campaign was essentially different from that in any other field of operations. Germany, as well as her opponents, realized from the outset that it was entirely subsidiary. Victory, no matter how complete, might bring the destruction or the dismemberment of the Serbian army. Under no possible circumstances could it bring a decision. The maximum practical result would be obtained when the Oriental railroad was under complete control of the Central Powers, which meant the occupation of the northeast corner of Serbia only, involving the railway points of Belgrade, Nish, and Pirot. Any other accomplishment in this field would be purely incidental.

The entrance of Bulgaria into the war contributed to the forces of the Teutonic Allies certainly not more than 400,000 men and probably not more than 350,000. The Serbian strength, depleted by the Austrian campaign of the previous year and sapped by the typhus scourge which had decimated the population, was at that time not more than 250,000 effectives. Opposed to this force were the 350,000 Bulgarians and an equal number of Austrians and Germans. Obviously, therefore, Serbia could not turn back the attack alone, but would have to depend for the backbone of her defense upon assistance obtained from extraneous sources. Her first call was upon Greece, who, under the treaty of Bucharest which closed the Second Balkan War, was obligated to unite with Serbia in case of attack. The ties of kinship with the German Kaiser proved stronger, however, than treaty obligations, and, contrary to the will of the Greek people, King Constantine refused to be bound.

Serbia then turned to her western Allies, France and England, who, taking advantage of certain leasehold

rights in Salonica which Serbia had acquired by treaty, started a belated movement of troops to that port.

When the Teutonic Allies attacked, the Serbians were concentrated along the line of the Danube and along the northeastern border, guarding the railroad passes between Serbia and Bulgaria. The British and French contingents, having landed in Salonica, were moving up into Macedonia. As in other campaigns, the military problem involved in this invasion can best find expression in terms of railroads, and in this case was extremely simple. There is in Serbia but one railroad running north and south. This road, entering Serbia at Belgrade, has its other terminus at Monastir. At Uskub, some seventy miles north of Monastir, a branch breaks off to the northwest, running up towards Montenegro. It is obvious therefore, that the maintenance of this one line was fundamental to the Serbian defense, as it was their single line of retreat and supply, and the one means by which the reinforcements of the Allies could come north from Macedonia. This road was then the objective of both Bulgarian and Teuton armies. While the Teutons were engaged in forcing the passage of the Danube, the Bulgarians struck from the east at practically every pass along the border. Throwing a force into Macedonia from Strumnitza, they had no trouble in holding the British and French back, while, penetrating the passes farther north, they reached the railroad at a number of points.

The end came soon. The Serbians offered stubborn resistance from the outset, but with their life-line cut by the Bulgarians, unable to get food, outnumbered at every point, they fell back from point to point until, in the last week of December, the Teuton occupation of Serbia was complete. Not a vestige of military force re-

mained. The British and French fell back, now that there was nothing for them to do, and took up a position in front of Salonica, which they strongly fortified. The Serbian army, or its miserable remnant, was either scattered in the wilds of Albania, or, having reached the sea, was transported by the Allies to some of the Mediterranean islands to recuperate. Germany had taken her first real step toward a place in the sun.

While the Serbians were being driven out of their own country and the entire eastern situation was being got under control by the Teutonic Powers, Great Britain was maintaining an army of at least a quarter of a million men on Gallipoli — men who were fighting a series of battles in which there was not one chance in ten thousand of winning. These men could have been used to great advantage in Serbia had the British seen fit to transfer them. But, having undertaken the Gallipoli campaign, they were afraid to let go lest the admission of defeat would cause a loss of prestige among the Mohammedans of the East, where it is essential to the Empire that British rule be unquestioned. When it finally became apparent to the British high command that further fighting on the Peninsula was useless and that to acknowledge failure was really the bigger thing to do, Serbia had been overrun and the gates of the East had been opened.

At the time of the withdrawal from Gallipoli, the British were occupying two separate lines far removed from each other and with no land communications. One of these was in front of Krithia, where they had been held for months without being able to advance against the Turkish defense. The other was along the coast of Suvla Bay, where a landing had been made some months before, with the idea of flanking out of position the Turkish forces which were opposing the British at Krithia. The

forces at Suvla Bay were the first to withdraw, followed after a short time by those at Krithia. The withdrawal was an extremely brilliant movement, the fleet, its guns outranging those of the Turkish forts, holding the Turks in their trenches while the British embarked on the transports.

From Gallipoli the British moved to Salonica, where they went into that fortified camp with the French and the remnants of the Serbian army. These forces at Salonica are destined to play a most important part in the war. It is a repetition of the Torres Vedras of history, and when the time is ripe, we shall see them moving north over the Monastir-Belgrade road, reconquering Serbia and striking at Austria through Transylvania, the back door to the Central Empires.

III

With the conquest of Serbia and the British evacuation of Gallipoli, the armies on all fronts went into winter quarters. There were occasional flickers of activity, of short duration, but there was no movement of troops reported that had any influence on the general situation. Not until the early part of February were active operations resumed, and then an entirely new interest was suddenly created by the opening up of a new theatre — that of the Caucasus.

When the Russians were concluding their great retreat, the Grand Duke Nicholas, who had been in command, was, for political reasons, removed and sent to command the armies in the Caucasus. He immediately set about regenerating and reorganizing the entire Eastern army, and, through the agency of Japan, was accumulating large supplies of ammunition. The first published report of his activities announced that he had advanced almost

to the ancient Turkish stronghold of Erzerum, and although in that wild maze of mountains it was still the dead of winter, it was reported that the fall of the fortress was imminent. Twenty-four hours later it was taken. This was a blow which Turkey had not expected and was not prepared for, and it immediately shook the very foundations of her Asiatic empire. With the Black Sea fleet in complete command of the sea, the Russians' supply of food and munitions was secure. They rested their right therefore on the Black Sea, their centre near Bitlis, west of Lake Van, and their left in southern Persia, and began a serious campaign against Mesopotamia and the Caucasus.

In April the important Black Sea city of Trebizond was taken and at once a large area was thrown open to their armies; but for some reason not yet apparent, the Russians were unable to take advantage of this success. All along the line they were held up by the Turkish defense, and it gradually began to appear as if the Grand Duke was simply to hold what he had taken while the materials and supplies essential to his advance were sent to other quarters. In the latter part of June, however, there was a renewal of Russian successes on the entire front from Trebizond to Bitlis. The Turkish army was defeated at Baiburt and Mamakhatun and what seems to be a general retreat was begun. As the second year of the war closes, the Turks are still in retreat over a wide front; the important fortified post of Erzingan is about to fall into Russian hands, and the entire country north of the East Euphrates River is being occupied. If this campaign accomplishes nothing more than now stands to its credit, it has more than justified itself. The menace to Constantinople which it has constituted is sufficient. Whatever plans the Teutons may have had against Egypt

had to be abandoned, and all the energies of the Turks concentrated against the Russians instead of being directed at the Nile. Farther south, in Mesopotamia, another Russian army was fighting its way during the winter towards Bagdad and the Tigris. It had accomplished but little when the early summer came, and the intense heat put at an end all military operations in this district.

Late in 1914 the British had launched an expedition from the head of the Persian Gulf with the twofold object of protecting the British oil-fields of Persia and of seizing Bagdad. The entire conception was wild and ill-considered. Although this force had considerable initial success, when it had reached the point where the Turks considered it dangerous, they immediately attacked it, drove it from Ctesiphon south along the Tigris and cut off its rear-guard, which it besieged at Kut-el-Amara. The Russian movement against Mesopotamia promised relief, but the failure of the Russians to reach the Tigris made the end inevitable. The British at Kut were forced to surrender. This was immediately heralded as the death-blow to British prestige in the East. As a matter of fact, although months have passed since the surrender took place, nothing has happened to indicate that the incident has not been forgotten. The move was foolish in the first place, and has met its appointed end. The first week in May, 1916, taught England a lesson she will not forget; in a war of world-powers, where millions of men are engaged, it is folly to fritter away strength with a small fraction of your forces in a territory where, from the very nature of things, nothing decisive can take place.

The situation in the West, — that is, on the French front, — as it existed at the time of the surrender of Erzerum, is worthy of consideration as bearing

on the approaching battle of Verdun. Germany at this time had reached the zenith of her military strength. The time was actually at hand, or soon would be, when every loss in her ranks would leave a gap which she could not fill. Her resources in man-power were approaching their limit. Germany saw her opponents, on the other hand, constantly growing stronger. Russia, with her almost untold millions being recruited and drilled; the British summoning every man of fighting age to the training camps; France, weakened somewhat, but still a most formidable enemy. She saw herself therefore growing weaker as her enemies grew stronger. There was but one thing to do. While she was still at her strongest and before her numbers began to wane, she must strike with all her force and gain a decision.

The domestic situation in Germany was also ripe for such a move. There had been a long period of quiet, the people who were suffering the hardships of war were getting restless. The political situation was also growing acute. Russia's great victory at Erzerum was being widely heralded; Rumania was getting restless; that part of the world which Germany was most anxious to impress was beginning to have doubts of the ability of Germany to bring the war to a successful issue. Finally, the Entente was known to have been preparing for an offensive for six months. Vast accumulations of shell were being made, all preparations were complete to throw against the German lines a vast army which would outnumber the Germans at least three to one. If they were permitted to strike first they would have all the advantages which go with choice of battleground and initiative. There was but one answer and this might prove an adequate solution of all elements of the problem. This was an attack in

force in a final effort to end the war.

Germany selected the salient at Verdun as the point of attack, and on February 21, after the usual artillery bombardment, the first infantry attack was launched. The first blow was delivered on the east bank of the Meuse, and, following the usual German strategy, was delivered over a narrow front with immense masses of men. The initial attack, extending over the territory between Consenvoye and Ornes was immediately successful. The French, occupying a series of advanced posts on the several hills north of the main Verdun position, fell back, and after several days' fighting took up what is really their main position on the east side of the river — the ridge of Louvemont, extending in a fish-hook formation from the Meuse, along Pepper Hill, to the fortress of Vaux. Checked here, the Germans shifted eastward and attacked from the Woivre plain. The French position in the plain was strategically of no value, and a quick retirement was made to the first line of hills west of the plain. On this position their lines held fast, and the Germans practically gave up the attack from this direction.

Although it was evidently the German intention to drive the French across the Meuse, and by virtue of their quick hard blows to fold back this line against that on the west bank, the resistance of the French made it necessary again to change the point of conflict to the west bank between Malancourt and Forges. Here also the Germans were at the outset successful, although the French have not yet been forced to retire to their main position, the ridge of Charny. Instead, the Germans found themselves completely checked at the two points most necessary for them to possess, Hill No. 304 and Le Mort Homme. No fighting of the war has been as incessant or as

concentrated as the Germans' effort to take these positions. Five months have passed since the opening gun was fired, half as long again as from Elba to Waterloo; still the Germans are pounding at the French line, gaining a little to-day only to lose it to-morrow. The net result, after sacrificing at least a half million men, has been the acquisition of about 110 square miles of useless territory.

Space does not permit a detailed account of the fighting in this greatest of the world's great battles. It is sufficient to say that no matter what may be the fate of Verdun, the course of the war will not be changed one iota. Verdun is an area, strongly held and strongly fortified. It is a gateway to nothing, and in capturing it the Germans will capture nothing more than a fortified area. There are numerous such areas between Verdun and Paris, and while the taking of Verdun might bring a certain momentary glow to the hopes of Berlin, Wilhelmstrasse knows that in its larger relations to the war as a whole, the battle of Verdun has accomplished nothing.

IV

In the Italian theatres, both along the Isonzo, which was the line of Italy's offense, and in Trentino, where the operations were essentially of a defensive nature, operations had been at a standstill for nearly a year. Fighting there was, some of it most intensive; but the net result was a stalemate. The Austrians could not come down through the Trentino passes, nor could the Italians take the Gorizia bridgehead. Suddenly, in the middle of May (presumably as a result of a winter's preparations), the Austrians struck in overwhelming force at the Italian Trentino line, stretching in a huge semicircle from just south of Rovereto

on the Adige River to a point west of Borgho in the valley of the Brenta.

The Italians were taken completely by surprise and swept off their feet. They were driven back from the positions they had won so dearly last year, and for the first time were fighting on their own soil. For a time it seemed that the line of the Po would be their first stand. The plateaus of Arsiero and Asiago had fallen to the Austrians, and the Italians were almost on the last line of hills north of the plain of northern Italy. Then the great Russian blow was struck against the Austrian line in Volhynia, and the Teuton attack in the Tyrol came to a sudden halt. The Italians immediately struck a counter-blow and, everywhere successful, are now back almost to their former lines. The Austrian blow, though carefully planned and thoroughly prepared, has proved but another flash in the pan, a mere incident. It was designed to eliminate Italy from the war by crushing her on the plain of Lombardy and Venetia. It ended in the wild tangle of the Tyrolean Alps, with Italy still at the gates of Rovereto and the valley of the Brenta.

On Wednesday, May 31, began the greatest battle in the history of modern sea war — the battle of Jutland, between the battle cruisers of the British and the entire German main fleet. But very little is really known as to just what took place. The only accounts we have are the official reports of the British and the Germans, and these are so widely divergent as to facts that nothing can be stated as positive. From such data as have been given out, it seems that the German fleet was about a hundred miles from its base when the British battle-cruiser squadron, which was cruising in the vicinity, saw it, and immediately closed in and gave battle, although completely lacking in capital ships. What the

Germans were doing away from Heligoland; why the British attacked a number of dreadnoughts and super-dreadnoughts with nothing but battle cruisers, has never been made clear. Both sides, of course, claim victory, and each gives an account of its losses and those of the opponent. Between the two accounts there seems to be an irreconcilable discrepancy.

However, there are certain conclusions that can be drawn as a result of what each of the powers concerned has reported of itself. First the German fleet unquestionably, and while the fight was still in progress, sought the refuge of the defensive mine-field in its own harbor. This is not a characteristic action of a successful fleet. Second, if the German loss was only what the German Admiralty reported, the German Navy will after several more such fights cease to exist. It is ridiculous for the Central Powers to attempt to challenge the sea power of the Allies. The odds against them in tonnage are so enormous that, even had the British lost twice as many capital ships as did the Germans in the North Sea fighting, the advantage still remains with the British. The German victory, if victory it was, is too Pyrrhic to allow room for elation.

V

In the spring of 1915 the press of Europe and of America was filled with rumors of the great 'spring drive' that was soon to come. The civilian population of the Entente countries was taught by the press to look forward to this drive as the one thing that would end the war and was watching daily for some sign that the beginning of the end was in sight. But the spring turned to summer, and the summer to fall, and the drive never took place. The same conditions were repeated this year. The spring came and saw only Ger-

many on the offensive, while the Allies seemed satisfied to resist her efforts to break down the French defense at Verdun.

On June 4, however, Russia started what has since proved to be one of the most successful movements of the whole war. The Austrians, it will be remembered, about the middle of May began a large-scale offensive operation against the Italians in Trentino. Russia waited until the Austrians were thoroughly committed to the Italian endeavor and then struck. Russian reasoning was absolutely sound. Of all the nations at war, Austria is the most nearly exhausted in every particular, and especially in men. Consequently when the move against Italy was made, Austria, not having any great interior reserves from which to take men, had to remove them from the Russian front. Therefore it was against the Austrian portion of the line that the Russian blow fell. The Russian line at the time of the attack ran from the Pripet south along the Styr in Volhynia, the Sereth and the Dniester in Galicia, the Russian left resting on the Rumanian frontier. This meant that the greater part of the Volhynian triangle, made up of the three fortresses of Lutsk, Dubno, and Rovno, was in Austrian hands.

The Russians struck out, however, from such portion of that line as remained to them, and in a few days were in possession of the entire triangle. Simultaneously they struck at Czernowitz, the capital of Bukowina, and after much severe fighting were in possession of this all-important bridge-head. This, however, was just the beginning of a great campaign, which had for its object, not merely the recovery of Poland and the recapture of Galicia, but the destruction of the entire Austrian army. Pushing westward from Lutsk, the Russians advanced towards

Kovel, the key to the entire Teuton line in Russia. On every hand they were successful. Carefully prepared defenses were destroyed or passed over as if they did not exist. Entire divisions of Austrian soldiers were captured, vast quantities of guns and military stores of all kinds taken and used against their late owners. The marsh country was left behind and the line of the Stokhod River reached. Here the Germans had come down in force from the north to support the Austrians, and the Russian attack was temporarily halted on the Lutsk-Kovel railroad about twenty miles east of Kovel.

In the south the Russians were even more successful. The Austrians were first driven from the Sereth front and then across the Strypa. Then Russian attention was turned to Bukowina. Austrian resistance was completely shattered and the whole of the Austrian Crown land was again in Russian hands. Again the line of attack was shifted, this time to the comparatively narrow front between the Dniester and the Pruth rivers. This movement met with similar success. Kolomea was taken, Stanislaw cut off, and the entire Austrian position along the Strypa taken in flank. In the meantime the Russians, when they were held up in front of Kovel, undertook still another offensive, this time against the Germans, on the line of the Styr River from Czartorisk to the Pinsk marshes. In a few days the Germans were forced to retreat for a distance of sixteen miles until the line of the lower Stokhod River was reached, when the advance was again halted.

But the Russians had not yet finished. The resistance of the Teutons on the Stokhod line seemed but to increase the fury of their attacks. Turning to the southern side of the Lutsk salient, they broke the Austrian line,

drove it across the Lipa River, forced the crossings of the Lipa and advanced to the Galician border. The beginning of the third year of the war, then, finds them again threatening Lemberg. The Galician capital is fast being surrounded, and the defensive line in front of it rapidly outflanked. Lemberg or Kovel — it matters little which: each will be equally effective, for the fall of one means that the other must be shorn of all its value.

The blow which Russia has dealt the Teutons may well prove to be a fatal one for Austria. In less than two months the Russians have taken three hundred and twenty-five thousand prisoners, have retaken over fifteen thousand square miles of territory, and have destroyed in this territory one of the most carefully prepared defensive positions in any battle area. Nearly one half of the entire Austrian force has been put out of action. Nor, as the second year of the war comes to a close, is the end yet in sight. The entire Teuton line from Riga to the Carpathians, which the Russians are now penetrating, is under continuous and very severe pressure. There seems to be no end to the Russian reserves in men and to the ammunition on hand. If the Russian ammunition holds out (and no one knows how much Russia has accumulated), it does not seem possible that the Teuton army, weakened as it is by the loss of nearly one quarter of its effectives, can escape a long retreat, at least to the line of the Niemen and the Bug, and perhaps even to the line of the Vistula. The great mistake of the Germans in passing these lines last August is now apparent.

On the first of July, the French and the British on the western front began their great offensive. The scene of the attack was at Albert, some miles north of the point where the battle-line changes its direction from north and south

to east and west. The exact point of turn is at Noyon. The object of the attack at this point is to force the abandonment of the Noyon salient and the uncovering of the flank of the German line north of this point, and, by an attack against this flank, to force the German line to fall back out of northern France and western Belgium. As in all such attacks, it is leveled at necessary lines of supplies, the principal of which in this vicinity are the railroads passing through Douai and Cambrai. The plan is an ambitious one, and, if these two points can be reached, the object is necessarily accomplished. The initial success has been considerable, particularly of the French. The Germans evidently considered that the resistance which the French had offered at Verdun had largely sapped their strength and that, as a result, no offensive movement was to be feared from them, at least this year. Consequently, knowing that the British had not been engaged, the main German force was concentrated against that section of the front which the British held, and the French front was to some extent neglected. The resistance offered to the French attack has, therefore, been unable to hold them back and they have driven forward about six miles almost to the banks of the Somme River. They are now on the outskirts of the town of Peronne, a minor German field base, with the Germans hemmed in between the French lines and the river. To the north of the Somme, where the British line joins the French, the advance has not been so marked. The resistance, for the reason given above, has been much more stubborn and much more effective.

The advance has not yet reached the stage where any conclusions may be drawn from it. It is still in its incipency, and while the initial progress is

generally satisfactory to the friends of the Entente, there are no indications as to whether there is sufficient potential strength in the British and the French to accomplish the objects for which the movement was begun.

The entire Entente operations as they are now being conducted show for the first time since the beginning of the war the cohesion, the unity of action and of command, essential to ultimate victory. It was distinctly noticeable that up to early June of this year the operations of the Allies were marked by a lack of coördination, by an individualism that was fatal. There seemed to be no general plan, no coöperation. The Allies have finally, however, created a General Staff, on which all of the Powers are represented, and all military moves are dictated by this body. Nothing has shown the result more plainly than the present operations.

The sequence of attacks is worthy of special study. First, after Austria was given time to commit herself thoroughly to the Italian campaign, so that removal of troops from that field was impossible, Russia struck with tremendous force. The other powers held back until the Teutons had had time to reinforce their Russian line at the ex-

pense of other fronts, and then struck on the West. The ultimate results of such a campaign are patent. Suppose, for example, a circular battle-line, with the opponents drawn up on the rim of the circle. It is obvious that if attacks are made against this circle one at a time and at separated points, the power within the circle, having excellent interior lines, can reinforce any point at which the attack is directed. It is equally obvious that the only way to prevent this is to strike at all points at once — in other words, to conduct an offensive against so many points in the ring that it will be impossible for the interior power to reinforce at all without weakening some one point to such an extent that the line may give way. Once the line is really broken in one point, the whole circle must contract and shorten its radius.

This is exactly the German situation. For the first time since the war began, Germany finds herself confronted on all sides with the full force of the Allied Powers. What the result will be no one can predict. Because of the resources of the Allies in men, money and shell, the plight of the Central Powers begins to look extremely serious. It may well be the beginning of the end.

BRUSILOFF: MAN AND GENERAL

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

AN achievement so brilliant as that of General Brusiloff, like a sudden splendor of dawn from the midst of darkness, inevitably arouses an eager desire to know something of him; and, in the absence of knowledge, gives birth to all kinds of fancies and imaginings. One of the best newspapers in New York printed, a day or two after the beginning of his great offensive, a charming and whimsical article, alleging that about the unknown personality of the Russian general were already gathering all the stories of military prowess that had served for Alexander, for Cæsar, for Napoleon; he was fast becoming a Solar Myth. And we have had, since then, a curiously detailed story that Brusiloff is only a *nom de guerre*; that the victor on the eastern battle-line is really the ill-starred Sir Hector MacDonald *redivivus*, come back to repeat the triumph of Omdurman. And, in passing, one may note that this legend of a miraculous return wreathes itself about every dominant personality, not only the spiritual heroes like Gautama and Zoroaster, but the men of war, like Friedrich Barbarossa, asleep in the Kyffhäuser, Shivaji of the Mahratta hills; and now, for the second time, about the fine soldier who forfeited the renown won in the Sudan. So insistent is the sense of immortality aroused by genius and power.

It becomes, then, almost a duty for those who have had the opportunity to meet and know General Brusiloff, to put on record some of the facts of his life; for his achievement has made him

a part of history, and he is well entitled to wear, in his proper person, the laurels he has so gallantly won.

To begin with, one should make it entirely clear that there is nothing haphazard or extemporized, no element of mere luck, in what General Brusiloff has accomplished; no single factor of effort or training or science has been lacking in his lifelong preparation, and no element of devotion or consecration. Heredity, too, has played its part, and early environment has had a share in the ripening of his genius.

Alexei Alexeievitch Brusiloff comes from the great traditional school of Russian military prowess and skill, the Caucasus, where, among mountains far overtopping the Alps, the armies of Russia have fought for generations against the valorous savage tribesmen of whom the Cherkess, in the north, and the Kurds, farther south, are outstanding types. His father, a former General Alexei Brusiloff, won renown in the Caucasian wars; he was serving with the Russian armies in the Caucasus when the present war hero was born there, some sixty years ago. And his father's fathers, for generations, had stood high in the Imperial service, an earlier ancestor having already won high military renown in the southern tracts beyond the dominions of the Moscow Tsars, in the days before Peter the Great; before what is now the Cossack country was embodied in the Russian Empire. The tradition of military service and high martial achievement had long been the inspiration of his family.

It was natural, therefore, that Alexei Brusiloff and his two younger brothers should all three enter the profession of war, two becoming soldiers and the third entering the Russian navy. It was equally natural that, with their old Cossack blood, the two soldier brothers should, when they had completed the courses in the Russian military schools, find their way into the Tver Dragoons, a regiment which, although taking its name from the northern city between Moscow and Petrograd, had become almost permanently fixed in the Caucasus Mountains. In certain ways the conditions of life in such a regiment are very like those of regiments stationed on the Northwest frontier of India — a mingling of dashing adventure and dull routine, enlivened by hunting and regimental steeplechases. In everything that had to do with horsemanship, Alexei Brusiloff was supreme. Slender and light, with the figure almost of a jockey, he is to-day one of the best cross-country riders in Russia, a land where skillful horsemen are not lacking. In the training and management of horses also he excels; as between the rough method and the gentle, he strongly advocates the latter, and has always enjoined it on his regiments.

In 1809, the Emperor Alexander I founded an Officers' Cavalry School in the capital which to-day bears the name of Petrograd, and it became a tradition that the more martial members of the Imperial House should give to this school much of their time and care. Thus it was that, after the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-1878, in which he commanded the Russian army in Europe, the Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievitch the elder (who was the son of Nicholas I, and therefore the nephew of Alexander I and brother of Alexander II) gave much of his time to the Cavalry School. He put at the head of it Colonel Sukhomlinoff, who was War

Minister when the present war broke out, and who had a high reputation as a cavalry commander and administrator. It is the rule, I believe, that each cavalry regiment in Russia shall send to the Officers' Cavalry School an officer and four men, to study the whole science and practice of mounted warfare. From the Tver Dragoons, following this rule, came Alexei Brusiloff, who had gained a name as a fearless and skillful horseman even in that hard-riding regiment. Colonel Sukhomlinoff was so impressed by his qualities that he made Brusiloff his adjutant, and a great deal of the actual daily work of the Cavalry School in this way devolved upon him.

The Grand Duke Nicholas the elder, and two of his sons, Nicolai Nicolaievitch the younger and Peter Nicolaievitch (the former being the brilliant and gallant soldier who, as Viceroy of the Caucasus, has gained new laurels at Erzerum and Trebizond) were frequent visitors at the Cavalry School. Thus it happened that Alexei Brusiloff was in constant association with the two men who were Commander-in-Chief and Minister of War in the summer of 1914. As a result, he was, at the outset, given command of one of the four Russian armies which were the first to move, in contrast with men like General Shuvai-eff, the present War Minister, and General Alexeieff, the Commander-in-Chief under the Emperor, who have worked their way to the top in the actual fighting.

But we are going ahead of our story. As a result of his excellent work at the Cavalry School, where he had set and maintained a high ideal of discipline and efficiency, Alexei Brusiloff was transferred from the Tver Dragoons, which is a line regiment, to one of the mounted regiments of the Imperial Guards, with the same rank — a rare and exceptional honor, and one which

gave him an opportunity to prove his quality as a soldier.

For in these crack regiments of the Russian army there is always the likelihood that an atmosphere of social elegance and easy-going gayety will prevail over the sterner military virtues, and Alexei Brusiloff immediately found himself under the pressure of this tendency. He reacted vigorously, with a humorous result: he began to carry out the theory, which had long lain in his mind, that the training for war should be almost as rigorous as war itself; that the conditions of actual warfare should be the goal of all manœuvres. In his own practice, this took the form of long and arduous cross-country gallops, in which he himself always took the lead, seeking rather than avoiding darkness and rain and foul weather. But this was not at all acceptable to some of the spoiled gentlemen of the Guard, and protests, backed by high social influence, found their way to 'the Highest Personages.' It is credibly recorded that, to such a protest, General Brusiloff made answer: 'If Your Majesty will guarantee that the enemy will only attack on fine days, I will countermand the night-riding!' But the guarantee was not forthcoming, and the night-riding went on. During the winter, when General Brusiloff's troops, often up to the shoulders in snow, were attacking in the Carpathian passes, one remembered that wise reply.

Alexei Brusiloff rose steadily to the command of his regiment, of a brigade, of a division, and then of an army corps, the Fourteenth, stationed at Lublin. Several years earlier, he had married a cousin from Courland; their son, who is also an Alexei Brusiloff and a daring cavalry officer, has been decorated for valor in the present war.

General Brusiloff, like most men of his class in Russia, speaks French admirably. More than that, he knows

France and the French army well; on several occasions, he had the honor to be chosen to accompany the Grand Duke Nicholas to France, to take part in the great annual manœuvres, held, for the most part, on the ground of the present battlefields. It is interesting to-day to remember that the Grand Duke Nicholas the elder was, with his nephew, the Emperor Alexander III, chiefly instrumental in bringing about the alliance between France and Russia, which was the foundation-stone of the present war for honor and liberty. And it is pleasant to be able to record that General Brusiloff shared the opinion of the Grand Duke Nicholas, that in martial valor the French army stood higher than the German. That view was not generally held until the war revealed the superb spirit of the French.

General Brusiloff knows Germany also, has watched the great Prussian manœuvres, and has learned all that can be learned of the military science of the enemy. On one occasion, Kaiser Wilhelm asked his opinion of a certain cavalry manœuvre. General Brusiloff, who does not speak English, replied, 'Your Majesty, I understand German, but—I am not a master of "Der, die, das!" If Your Majesty does not mind about "Der, die, das," I shall try to answer in German.' The Kaiser professed himself callous to the sufferings of 'Der, die, das' and the criticism was made. Following out his method of learning from the enemy, he constantly read the military journals of Germany, as well as those of France. He is a thoroughly scientific soldier.

General Brusiloff was a widower when he was made commander of the Fourteenth Corps at Lublin. Shortly after he had taken his new post, he married the second daughter of the late Madame Jelihovskaya, whom he had known as a child in the Caucasus, and, later, in Petrograd. Her half-brother,

General Yakhontoff, who had served with Alexei Brusiloff in the Tver Dragoons, and who has been bound to him by a life-long friendship, is now a general adjutant on General Brusiloff's staff. General Brusiloff's bride was living in Odessa. The first important town on the railroad from Lublin to Odessa is Kovel. There General Brusiloff and his bride met and were married, returning immediately to Lublin. Kovel, therefore, now comes into his biography for the second time.

At Lublin, by virtue of an international kinship, I had the good fortune to be General Brusiloff's guest, in the late summer of 1911, less than three years before the war. If I were to seek for a single phrase, to sum up the impression made by his personality, it would be, I think, distinction — personal distinction in a high degree. But one may associate the idea of distinction with a certain kind of weakness, of over-refinement. In General Brusiloff, on the contrary, distinction is as the fine edge on a sword-blade of highly tempered steel. Distinction, with great personal charm, which expressed itself at once in the perfection of his hospitality, and in a delightful gift for teasing, a ceaseless flow of delicate banter that bubbled up like a spring of crystal water, creating an atmosphere in which anything like gloom or despondency was unthinkable.

But at the same time this ideal host was every inch a soldier. One could never for a moment forget that. To begin with, he was always in uniform, whether undress, or, when some function was in preparation, the full parade uniform of a lieutenant-general. And, on all occasions, the perfection of neatness — of grace also, as becomes a man who is an admirable dancer, as well as an admirable horseman. One felt that a slovenly or slipshod attitude would be impossible for the finely tem-

pered steel of his slim, muscular body.

One felt, too, that General Brusiloff was every inch a commander of men. As we walked together through Lublin, through the quaintly picturesque streets of the ancient Polish city, we met, at every turn, the officers and men of his corps; and he had then under his direct command half-a-dozen generals, with the commanding officers of eight or ten regiments, and all their junior officers. To every one he spoke, intimately, gently, cordially, for gentleness is an outstanding quality of the 'iron general.' If we entered a restaurant, every officer there rose to salute the corps commander, and with every one he spoke, were it only for a moment or two. I was struck by his close personal knowledge of his men, and spoke to him of it. 'Yes,' he said, 'I know them all personally. But that is not the point. The point is, that they should know me; so that not one of them shall hesitate an instant, in time of war, in recognizing his commander!'

'In time of war'; it was his ceaseless pre-occupation. For even then, three years almost before the outbreak, he saw that war was inevitable, and with Russia's present foe. And indeed many men in Russia saw it, beginning with the painful time, in 1908, when, taking advantage of the struggle between Abdul Hamid and the Young Turk party, Baron Aehrenthal seized Bosnia-Herzegovina for Austria, thus turning the Berlin Treaty into a scrap of paper; the days when Wilhelm II stood beside his ally 'in shining armor,' and cried to Russia, 'Hands off!' Beginning with that time, the work of regenerating and renewing the Russian army went on tirelessly; and there was no finer embodiment of its new life than General Brusiloff.

One part of his perfect hospitality showed itself in this way: there were held, at Cholm, some little distance

from Lublin on the railroad toward Kovel, military exercises and athletic sports involving several regiments — and a Russian regiment numbers four thousand men. General Brusiloff, surrounded by a number of the generals and commanding officers of his corps, presided, and one noticed how easily, how completely, how unconsciously, his slight, almost boyish figure dominated the formidable group of which he was the centre. And his hospitality showed itself in this, that he made his guest, a quite unknown foreigner, a civilian, completely at home in this dominating military atmosphere, so that what might easily have been something of an ordeal was really a fresh and simple pleasure.

Two little incidents remain in one's mind, as expressing his gentleness and tact. We went, on one of our walks through Lublin, to the ancient ghetto, in which pre-Russian Poland had confined its Jews; it lies without the city gate and, oddly enough, one found the old Russian church in the same quarter, equally exiled by the Poles. The Jews there still affect the old costume, a kind of long, rather dingy overcoat, a rusty cap with a glazed peak, and somewhat rusty high boots. And the odd thing is, that their boys, even the youngest of them, wear a miniature copy of the same costume. One of these little chaps, with sleek hair and dark, keen eyes, seeing the officer's uniform, drew himself up very straight, clicked his heels together and saluted. Acknowledging the salute, the general turned to me and smiled; 'I should like to hug him,' he said, 'but they would at once make an "incident" of it!'

Another little scene: on one of the country roads just outside Lublin, a little chap, this time a genuine little Pole, came trotting along the road on an old nag. The boy's knees were pulled up almost to his chin. General

Brusiloff, standing in the middle of the road, cried 'Halt!' as though the boy had been a squadron of dragoons. The terrified youngster pulled up short. Then the corps commander stepped to the side of the old horse and lengthened first one stirrup-leather and then the other, and put the boy's feet back into the stirrups. Then, starting him once more on his way, he commented whimsically: 'They would quote that as an instance of the Russian oppression of the Poles!' It was, by the way, one of his griefs that all his efforts had won almost no cordial response from the Poles of Lublin; they remained icily aloof, in spite of his kindest overtures.

Another element of his fine hospitality was the way in which he allowed one to share his deepest interests. Very like General Foch in certain qualities, he is like him also in this, that he is deeply religious; in the highest sense a Christian mystic. And, speaking of things mystical, he talked one day of a book he had been reading, the story of a modern Antichrist — a man supremely endowed with intellectual power and exercising a fascination over masses of men, who, in the name of material well-being, of the earthly paradise, was seducing men's souls from every vestige of spiritual faith. 'I believe,' he said, 'that the author's idea is a true one. There is an Antichrist, and we shall have to fight him!' One should hold this steadily in view, I think, as expressing his deepest conviction concerning the present war and his own part in it. He holds that he is facing, and thrusting back, the organized forces of evil.

General Brusiloff's quarters were in one of the old monastic buildings in Lublin that date from the great Catholic period of Poland. As is the custom in Russia, there were many rooms *en suite*, and one was struck by the quiet good taste of the whole interior. Other

wings of the huge building were given up to military uses, and I remember very vividly a huge, gloomy courtyard in which was pointed out to me a single window with a glimmering light in it. A soldier who had been guilty of a murderous assault on an officer was confined there, awaiting execution. It was significant that, by tacit consent, there were no sentimental pleas for the man's life. General Brusiloff is really iron in all matters of discipline.

A few months later, General Brusiloff was transferred to Warsaw to co-operate with General Skalon in coördinating the considerable military forces concentrated there; as always, with a view to the eventual war. While in Warsaw, he was promoted to the rank of full general, receiving also certain decorations, to be added to many already won. But he did not remain very long in Warsaw, being transferred, toward the end of 1913, to Vinnitza, not far from the Galician frontier, which is the headquarters of the Twelfth Army Corps. If I am not mistaken, this transfer was at his own request, and he had two motives in asking for it: first that he would be more likely to receive an independent command, in case war broke out; and, secondly, that he was convinced that from this point a formidable blow could be dealt, and dealt rapidly, against the armies of Austria based on Lemberg. This was the period, it will be remembered, after the Second Balkan War, in which Bulgaria, inspired thereto by Austria, had treacherously turned against her late allies, Greece and Serbia, attacking them without declaring war. Austria had then wished to attack Serbia, but Italy had held her back. The danger, however, was only delayed, not averted, and the attitude of the Crown Prince of Germany, who openly declared that he wanted war, added to the likelihood of an early explosion.

In the early summer of 1914, General Brusiloff and his wife went abroad to visit a Bavarian health resort. They had planned to return through Saxony, spending some time at Dresden. But the Serajevo disaster bore its warning for General Brusiloff's alert spirit, and he went immediately homeward. The Teutons were probably unaware of the quality of their guest, or of how much it would have been worth to them to delay his return. He has, so far, taken half a million captives, and has, without doubt, put out of action at least as many more.

At that time, General Skalon was head of the war district of Warsaw; General Rennenkampf, who gained distinction in Manchuria, and published the story of his achievements there, held a like post at Wilna, which threatens East Prussia; General Ruzsky was head of the war district of Kieff; the Grand Duke Nicholas was in command of the Petrograd war district. This situation dictated the first moves of Russia at the outbreak of the war. General Rennenkampf at once began a drive into East Prussia, while General Samsonoff, transferred from Turkestan, began a like drive from Warsaw; both these moves being intended to lighten the pressure of the rush to Paris, and contributing to the accomplishment of this end. From Kieff, General Ruzsky moved westward, with some seven or eight army corps, while at the same time General Brusiloff, with an approximately equal force, advanced from Vinnitza. The immediate objective of these two armies of the south was to meet and force back the army which the Austrian General Auffenberg was aiming against the Volhynia triangle of forts,—Rovno—Dubno—Lutsk,—while General Dankl at the same time thrust at Lublin and Cholm.

Ruzsky and Brusiloff early came into touch with Auffenberg's army, and,

after sharp fighting, thrust it back on the line joining Lemberg and Halicz, while Russian forces, under commanders of whom General Ivanoff and General Evert are the best known, held General Dankl in check before Lublin.

On the Lemberg-Halicz line was fought, in the opening days of September, 1914, a fierce and decisive battle, which was the first great victory for the Allies, preceding the splendid victory of the Marne by several days. But Ruzsky and Brusiloff proved themselves to be remarkable soldiers, not only in the actual fighting, but in the masterly way in which they followed up their victory. From the blow then dealt, the Austrian army never recovered. Never again did it meet the Russians on equal terms, without a 'stiffening' of German soldiers. The wholesale surrender of Austrian soldiers showed the inherent weakness of the Dual Monarchy.

Meanwhile the achievement of the armies of the south was brought into higher relief by the disasters which befell the two armies of the north, which had set out from Warsaw and Wilna. General Samsonoff was decisively defeated, and mortally wounded; General Rennenkampf was driven back over the Russian border.

While the Germans thrust again and again at Warsaw, only to be beaten back by the masterly strategy of the Grand Duke, General Ruzsky fought forward, round and beyond Przemyśl, toward Cracow. General Brusiloff, on a parallel line somewhat to the south, drove forward to the Carpathians and, before the Lupkoff Pass, met and decisively defeated a strong force which sought to relieve Przemyśl, in a battle based on Baligrad. Then he began to cut his way to the Carpathian passes and twice his advance guards reached the plains of Hungary.

But there were elements of weakness

in the rear, and suddenly all Russian offensives were stopped by a munition famine, the result of which was disastrous, among other things, to General Brusiloff's campaign. For General Mackensen's really brilliant drive across the Dunayets, against the position held first by General Ruzsky and later by General Ivanoff, compelled the withdrawal of the whole Russian line, including, of necessity, Brusiloff's army to the south. But in spite of the lack of ammunition, he doggedly contested every inch of the way, using cold steel against shrapnel; and he was still on enemy soil when the great Teutonic drive was finally blocked on the line which ran from Riga to Rovno.

Russia had checked her foe. But she did much more: splendidly aided by her Allies, among whom Japan played an effective part, she began to gather ammunition, new guns, new rifles; meanwhile rigorously training millions of new men — finer stuff, if possible, than her first armies. And all through the long and very severe winter of 1915-1916, she not only held the enemy but daily added to her strength. At this time, General Kuropatkin, who had been hardly treated after his reverses in Manchuria, and who had, step by step, splendidly rehabilitated himself, held the north end of the Russian line, the Riga-Dwinsk sector; General Evert, who had fought General Dankl, held the centre; General Brusiloff held chief command of the armies of the south. Under the Emperor, General Michael Alexeieff coördinated the work of these three armies, while at Petrograd General Shuvaieff, who has a genius for practical organization, saw to it, as War Minister, that there should be no more shortage of supplies. This was the position at the end of May, on Russia's main battle-line. We should add (for no summary of the work would be complete without it), that, under the gen-

eral supervision of the Grand Duke Nicholas, as Viceroy of the Caucasus, — the most honorable post in the Empire, next to that of the Tsar himself, — General Baratoff had done brilliant work in checkmating German plans in Persia (which included an invasion of India through Afghanistan), while General Yudenitch had won victories at Erzerum and Trebizond, which will be decisive for the whole future history of Asia Minor, and which, in addition, rendered nugatory the threat against Suez. Thus, by a touch of Time's irony, did Russia, once the bugbear of the Orient, safeguard England's Eastern Empire.

At the end of May, Russia was ready to take the offensive. Of the three sectors, under Kuropatkin, Evert, and Brusiloff, the last was chosen; perhaps, for three reasons. The Austrian line there was, it seemed certain, the line of least resistance; the weak link in a chain which is no stronger than its weakest link. Then the southern sector was naturally the first to thaw, the first to dry sufficiently for the rapid passage of artillery. But I think the decisive factor was the third: the very brilliant and masterly way in which General Brusiloff had carried forward the offensive of August-September, 1914, over the same ground, against the same foe.

General Brusiloff's new offensive began in the first week of June. Toward the end of July, he had accomplished this: first, a lightening of the pressure on the Allies in France, with a practical cessation of the great offensive against Verdun, and an even more apparent easing of Italy's position in the Trentino; next, he had demonstrated that the strongest defensive lines, of reinforced concrete, with wide barbed-

wire barriers, could be broken to pieces; third, he had occupied all the Bukowina and much of southern Galicia, thence menacing Hungary.

He began by crushing the Teutonic line from Lutsk to Dubno, and beyond, both north and south, over a front of fifty or sixty miles; in France, a like breach would extend from the Somme to Belgium. Driving through this breach, his lieutenant, General Sakharoff, now menaces Kovel, Vladimir-Volynski and Lemberg. Smashing through the Teutonic line far to the south, Brusiloff's left, under General Lechitski, contained General von Pflanzer-Ballin's army at Czernowitz, then working northwest up the Pruth, cut the railroad at Snyatin and swung round against Pflanzer from the west, scattering his forces among the Carpathian foothills and gaining effective possession of the crown-land of Bukowina; Lechitski, working north and west, to Kolomea and Delatin, then got behind General von Bothmer's army on the Stripa, while Russian forces pressed its front, thus forcing Bothmer back to the Zlota Lipa and the Dniester. Now, at the end of July, Lechitski threatens Hungary, the granary of the Central Empires, while, at the same time, his thrust on the south, and that of Sakharoff on the north, have outflanked and threaten to envelop the Teutonic armies of Boehm-Ermolli and Bothmer held between them. Finally, Brusiloff's advance, drawing German forces from the north, has made it possible for Kuropatkin to break through between Riga and Dwinsk, where we may expect an advance like that on the Lutsk-Dubno line. Taking it all in all, the campaign is a military exploit of great brilliance and vital moment, something that will loom large in history.

MEN OF THE TARA

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

WHEN England took over something like half of her twenty millions of tons of merchant shipping for war service, among the requisitioned transports, colliers, hospital ships, and the like were a number of small but swift packets which were armed and employed as auxiliary cruisers or patrols. Of these was the Tara, which, under the name of Hibernia, had plied in the Irish service of the London and Northwestern Railway. Commanded by an officer of the Royal Navy, but still worked by her old crew, the Tara was sent to the bleak Cyrenaican coast of the Mediterranean, to keep a lookout for submarines and prevent the smuggling of arms and supplies to the small but dangerous Turkish forces which were operating in eastern Tripolitania with the object of inciting the Arabs to move against the lightly held western frontier of Egypt.

On the 5th of November, 1915, — Guy Fawkes Day, — the Tara was torpedoed by a German submarine in the Gulf of Sollum, and sunk, with the loss of eleven of her crew of something over one hundred. The ninety-two survivors were towed by the submarine to Port Suleiman and handed over to the Turks. The latter, in turn, passed the party on to the Senussi, a confederation of Arab tribes, who, as later events showed, were getting ready to launch a 'Holy War' against the Italians and English. The Arabs, short of food already, started marching their prisoners about the desert, and after several weeks established them in a sort of per-

manent camp at an old Roman well in the interior. Here, eking out with snails and roots such scanty rations as their captors were able to provide, the unfortunate Britons, racked by disease and only half sheltered from the capricious winter weather, existed for three months and a half.

The trickle of food, now from one oasis, now from another, became thinner and thinner as time went on, and by the middle of March the failure of supplies had become so complete that absolute starvation in the course of the next few days appeared inevitable. But on the seventeenth of that month, as suddenly as though dropped from the sky, a squadron of armored automobiles appeared on the horizon. A few moments later the Arab guards had fallen before the fire of machine guns, and the half-delirious prisoners, plunging trembling hands into hastily broached tins of jam and condensed milk, were being bundled into Red Cross ambulances for the return journey. A couple of days more and they were in the hospitals of Alexandria, and a month later they were most of them back in England reporting for duty.

Through the courtesy of the British Admiralty, the writer was granted an extended interview with Captain Gwatkin-Williams, the naval officer in command of the Tara — the only one, indeed, that that distinguished officer gave before joining his new ship in the North Atlantic. Later the writer journeyed to Wales and Ireland to talk with Lieutenant Tanner, R.N.R., and sev-

eral of the surviving members of the Tara's crew.

I recognized Captain Gwatkin-Williams the instant his broad shoulders filled the door of the room — the den of his apartment on the fringe of Hampstead Heath — where I had been ushered to await him. I had met his type scores of times before: at Esquimault, Hongkong, Singapore, Capetown, Trinidad, Fiji, wherever the anchor chain of a British warship rattles down. I knew at once that he had the characteristics, as he had the appearance, of the typical British naval officer, and that among these was a distinct disinclination to tell of his own experiences. Knowing from past failures the futility of trying to draw one of his kind by frontal attack, I wasted no effort in that direction, but asked him point-blank if he had been able to preserve any souvenirs of his desert sojourn. By piecing together the things he told me over a brine-blotched naval uniform, a dented jam-tin, a handful of snail-shells and dried roots, some camel-bone needles, and a blood-stained whip of 'hippo' hide, I synthesized the connected little story which follows.

'It was about 10.30 in the forenoon of the fifth of last November,' he said, 'that I saw a torpedo heading straight for us at a distance of not over three hundred feet. It was painted a bright red, and in the clear water it showed up even more conspicuously than the wake from its propellers and air exhaust. It struck us fairly amidships on the starboard side, and my first order was to lower away the boats to port. I was not even thrown from my feet by the shock, nor was there any sharp detonation audible. Had I not seen the torpedo, I should for the moment have been in some doubt as to what had actually happened; and yet the explosion accounted for eleven of the crew.

'My men were already standing by their gun, and the instant the submarine put up its "eye" we took its range and opened up. At least one shell cracked right over the periscope, causing it to disappear at once. We did not see it again until salt water had stopped the mouth of our little rapid-firer.

'The Tara, her engines still running, continued for some distance on a perfectly even keel, the boats meanwhile being safely launched with the surviving members of the crew. Then, all of a sudden, she began settling aft, and went down like a sounding lead, throwing her bows high in the air. My gun crew and I were caught beneath the forward awning, and owed our lives to the fact that we did not have lifebelts on, and were therefore able to dive and clamber clear.

'The submarine — the U-35 — rose to the surface and came nosing into the wreckage before we had all been picked up by our boats; but the chaps on the deck contented themselves with covering us with their revolvers — a precautionary measure, doubtless — and the work of rescue was not interfered with. I asked the submarine commander if we might be allowed to go to X——, an Egyptian port where a small British force was stationed, and which we would have had no trouble in making in a few hours. He replied (in excellent English) that this would be impossible, as it was necessary for him to deliver us to the Turks as prisoners.

'The submarine then took our three boats in tow and headed for Port Suleiman, where we were landed at about three in the afternoon. I made a part of the passage on the deck of the U-boat, and had some little chat with its commander. He admitted that we had nearly put out his "eye" with one of our shells. He said that he had often been to England before the war, and even confessed to a visit to the Isle of

Wight. He could not, of course, be blamed for wanting to prevent our getting to a British port and revealing the probable existence of a German submarine base on the Cyrenaican coast; the callousness of his action transpired later, however, when it became evident that neither the Turks nor the Arabs were able to house and feed us.

‘The Turkish officers at Port Suleiman were very courteous, — especially Nouri Pasha, who is a brother of Enver Pasha, — but they seemed somewhat perturbed at the prospect of caring for us. They were short of food themselves, apparently, and that region, like all the rest of eastern Tripolitania, is almost an absolute desert. Since their German masters had decreed the thing, however, there was nothing more to be said, and so, in the true Oriental fashion of following the line of least resistance, they passed us on to the Senussi. And since the Senussi had no one else to pass us along to, they had to shoulder the burden themselves and trudge on with it as best they might.

‘The ship’s cook, who had died from his wounds in one of the boats, we buried soon after landing, breaking an oar to form a rude cross above his grave. That night, still in our wet garments, we spent huddled together upon some rocks by the shore. The next morning we were given a small quantity of rice, which we had to cook as best we could in some beef-tins and eat with our fingers. There was less than a handful of the tasteless, unsalted mixture to each man. We were terribly cold, hungry, and thirsty; indeed, for the next four months and a half, there was hardly an hour in which we were not suffering a good deal from one — and usually all three — of these causes.

‘After a couple of days we were moved back from the coast to a primitive village where men and animals alike lived in dugouts in the rocks. A “sta-

ble” which had been occupied by goats, donkeys and pigs was cleared for us, and there, living in indescribable filth, we were kept for four days. We had been forced to carry with us on a stretcher a quartermaster of the Tara who had sustained a double fracture of the leg. At this juncture infection, fostered by filth and vermin, set in, and the only chance of saving his life appeared to be by amputation. This (I will spare you the harrowing details) was finally accomplished with no other instrument than a pair of old scissors and a few drops of whiskey — our very last — to steady the poor chap’s nerves. Of course he died.

‘The Arabs now told us that they were going to take us to a beautiful oasis where there was water and dates in plenty, and flocks of sheep and goats, and warm houses to shelter us in. Why they told us this I never have been able to make out. Possibly to make us forget our ever-empty stomachs; more likely because Arabs cannot tell the truth even when they want to. At any rate, we never reached the Paradise that our captors persistently dangled before us like a carrot before a donkey’s nose.

‘But march we did — march endlessly; and most of the time on less than a pint of vile water and a dozen ounces of cooked rice a day. The country was one endless stretch of small round pebbles that ground the soles from our boots and the skin from our feet. We were always hungry, always thirsty, always footsore. The sun at noonday scorched us, the cold of the night chilled us. One day, to make matters worse, a chap who was off his head from suffering ran away and evaded capture. Following the Oriental practice, our guards must needs punish the birds in the hand for the sins of the one in the bush. For two days we were marched without a drop of water or a morsel of food. The second day they goaded us forward

from daybreak to sunset. It seemed as if we must have gone a hundred miles, and I learned later that it was actually over twenty. Even that was an awful distance for starving men, who had n't the strength to walk in a straight line.

'For three long weeks they herded us on. At the end of that time we arrived at what appeared to be our destination — some half-ruined Roman wells called Bir-Hakim. It was not an oasis in the true sense, but only three or four caved-in cisterns, partially filled with reeking run-off from the rains, which served as a caravan halt. There were no houses, no palms, no cultivation — only rocks and the crumbling copings of the ancient wells broke the monotony of the desert. Most of us arrived barefooted, all of us half-naked; but it is due to our guards to say that they were in scarcely better plight themselves, and that as opportunity offered to get old boots and rags from passing caravans, they gave them to us.

'One day I found a bit of broken glass, and with this managed to scrape down some slivers of camels' bone to the form of clumsy needles. Yarn we made by rolling tufts of camels' hair, picked up along the way, between our palms. The resulting strand was seldom less than an eighth of an inch in diameter, and always lumpy and prone to pull apart at the joints; yet, by dint of patience and care, we were able to stitch fragments of rags together to form hats and long Arab shirts. Those of us who still had any parts of our socks and trousers left patched and darned them as best we could with our bunched yarn.

'Our daily ration, diminutive from the first, became smaller and smaller as the days went by, and finally, to stave off actual starvation, we began eating snails and the roots of a small plant, with spreading leaves like the arms of an octopus, which grew here and there

among the rocks. The roots had a pleasant, nutty flavor, — I could eat these few I have kept with the greatest zest at this moment, — but the snails, roasted in their shells on a camel-dung fire and eaten without salt, were, to say the least, hardly up to the *escargots* served at the Café Riche. Most of us had a hard time bringing ourselves to eat them at all, and few ever came really to like them. One chap, however, — a Welsh quartermaster, — developed an almost uncanny taste for the things, eating several hundred every day and waxing fat on them. We have ever since called him the "Snail King."

'A few days after our arrival at Bir-Hakim, an Arab woman came to our camp with some goats and sheep to sell, but our guards either could not or would not buy them for us. But that night a wolf killed one of the sheep, and some of the men, out foraging for snails, found and brought in the half-eaten carcass. Neither the wolf himself, nor the waiting vultures, could have rent that flesh more voraciously than did those half-famished sailors.

'It was about this time that we first learned the true reason for the terrible scarcity of food — a scarcity which affected the Arabs as well as ourselves. The Turks, it appeared, had been successful in their intrigues with the Senussi, and the sheikhs of this powerful Arab confederation had declared war against England and thrown their forces against the Egyptian frontier. Solum, but lightly held at that time, had been taken, and the Arabs assured us that their armies were marching on Alexandria and Cairo. In retaliation for this treachery, the British fleet had extended its blockade to the "Senussi coast," and the hinterland — barren, and almost entirely dependent for food upon Egypt — was already in the grip of famine. The impetuous Arabs were learning their lesson on the "influence

of sea power" by being slowly starved into repentance; and, by a strange trick of fate, we British sailors, who naturally would have been helping to drive the lesson home, were starving with them.

'For some reason the guards made us draw our water from the fouler of the two wells—the one from which the animals were watered. We boiled and settled the noisome green liquid—stagnant since the last rains and fouled by man and beast—and did our best to render it fit to drink. It was all to little purpose, however, for dysentery soon developed and spread rapidly through the camp. As there were no medicines of any kind available, there was little to do but let the disease run its course. This accentuated the weakening influence of the starvation, and the wonder is that we left no more than four graves behind us in that desolate spot.

'About the 20th of December a little flour, tea and sugar were given us, and we were told that this was the last of such dainties that we might expect to receive. We decided unanimously to keep to our rice, snail, and root diet for four days longer, and save these luxuries for a Christmas "spread." Here is our menu for that glad occasion as recorded in my diary:—

'Christmas Day, 1915.

'*Breakfast.* Rice boiled with a little salt. *Dinner.* Two ounces of boiled goat-flesh and "pudding." *Tea.* One small pancake with weak tea.

'By New Year's Day we were practically on an "all-snail" diet, and the epidemic of dysentery appeared to grow worse as a consequence. Two or three times in the succeeding weeks camels came in with food, but never in sufficient quantity to allow any increase in our ration. This continued to be rice, with an occasional goat or sheep divided among the nearly five score of us. Without the roots and snails it would not have been enough to keep us alive.

'Early in February I came to the conclusion that our only chance of rescue lay in getting word of our whereabouts through to some point in Egypt still occupied by our forces. Figuring that one man would have a better chance of escaping observation than two or three, I finally decided to make the attempt alone. The nights would be moonless, I calculated, for a week or more following the 20th of February. For a fortnight preceding that date I began saving half of my daily ration of rice, and as the news of my plan was gradually confided to other men of the camp, these also began laying by a share of their already pitifully small allowance. Thus about twenty pounds of cooked rice were saved up, and this I tied up in the legs of a pair of Turkish trousers given me by one of the guards. To keep the soft mass from settling down in one end, I tied the legs at frequent intervals with bits of yarn, so that my novel knapsack finally had much the appearance of a double string of German sausages. My goat-skin water-bag held just two and a half kettlefuls of water, or forty-eight of the little jam-tins with which I had to fill it.

'The cordon round our camp was never tightly drawn, and I had no difficulty in slipping through it on the night of the 20th. I had kept mental note of the roundabout route by which the Arabs had brought us to Bir-Hakim, and felt sure that I should be able to strike the coast at some point near the Egyptian boundary. I held to my predetermined course by the stars, and stumbled on over the stones till day-break. I had met no one, there were no signs of pursuit; but in the steady leaking of my water through the semi-porous bag and the frightful way in which the new Arab shoes I was wearing were rubbing the skin from my toes, I foresaw thus early the almost certain defeat of my hopes.

'Lying down in as sheltered a place as I could find, I rested till nightfall before setting off again on my way. By morning my water, my toenails, and my strength were gone, on top of which I stumbled straight into a camp of nomad Arabs. Flight was out of the question, so I made the best of a bad situation by trying to induce them, in my fragmentary Arabic, to take me to the coast. They understood me all right, and appeared not a little tempted by the prospect of the double handful of gold I promised them. They debated the question for a while, but in the end their fear of the Turk was too strong, and they decided I must be delivered to the nearest Ottoman post.

'My captors were not unkind to me; indeed, they treated me rather as a prized animal pet, a sort of dancing bear, than as a dangerous captive. They exhibited me to every one they met along the way, and even made a point of traveling circuitously in order to display their strange find to encampments that would otherwise have missed the treat. They never ceased to marvel at my ability to tell the direction without a compass and the time without a watch,—simple tricks for a sailor,—and, as it kept them good-natured, I made a point of going through my tricks whenever they wanted them.

'The Turks to whom I was finally brought were just as courteous and sympathetic as those to whom we had been delivered on landing, and they cannot be blamed for deciding that I should be returned to the camp at Bir-Hakim. They were probably hard put for food themselves.

'I hardly care to go into details about that return journey. Except that it was two or three days of horrible nightmare, my memory of it is a good deal confused, and I am rather thankful that such is the case. I am afraid there were some things I should n't care to

remember too clearly. A fanatical old Senussi priest had come to fetch me, and he rode on a camel, driving me ahead of him with a long hippo-hide whip all the way. They gave me no food and no water for two days, and my one clear recollection of that whole period is of gulping down the nearly hatched eggs from a lark's nest I stumbled upon, and of the horrible revulsion of my outraged stomach as the nauseous mess entered it. But I'd really rather not speak about that little interval at all.'

[Some idea of what Captain Gwatkin-Williams had to go through on this journey may be inferred from this entry in the diary of one of the Tara men under date of February 29:—

'About three P.M. we suddenly heard rifle shots to the northwards. A few minutes later there appeared over the brow of a small hill some men and camels, and there, walking apart from the rest, was our brave captain. We were now witness of one of the most degrading and brutal sights it has ever been my lot to see. He was lashed with an elephant-thong whip, and the guard punched him violently in the face. Then the women came up and pelted him with the largest stones they could find.')

'As a punishment for running away,' he continued, 'I was put in solitary confinement in a goat-pen, where, for a day or two, the old priest and some of the more temperamental of the Arab ladies—the one with his hippo-hide whip and the others with filth and stones—spent most of their idle hours in trying to bring me round to a state of true repentance for my truancy. This treatment raised such a protest from my comrades, however, that finally, on Lieutenant Tanner's undertaking full responsibility for my docility in the future, the guards restored me to full camp privileges. That is to say, I was

allowed my fistful of daily rice again, and liberty to hunt my own snails and dig my own roots.

‘Things grew rapidly worse during the next fortnight, and by the middle of March it seemed that the end we had feared and fought against for so long — slow starvation — could not be much longer postponed. No more food was coming in; the snails were breeding and absolutely unfit to eat, and all the roots within a distance that any of us still had the strength to walk were exhausted. Indeed, the strongest of us were by now so weak that we could no longer keep our balance in stooping to pull the roots, but had to kneel and worry them out by digging and tugging. The rice was entirely exhausted early in March, and from that time we lived on practically nothing but a few ounces of goat-meat per man as a daily ration. Famished as we were, even these tiny portions of unsalted meat seemed to nauseate rather than nourish, and in my own case the repulsion for meat engendered during that period has persisted to this day. I am now practically a vegetarian.

‘The plight of our guards was little better than our own, except, of course, when worst came to worst, they could always abandon us and make their way across the desert to some place where at least subsistence would be obtainable. For ourselves, we were now quite incapable of undertaking any kind of a march at all. Help would have to come to us; it was quite out of the question for us to search for it, even if our guards had been willing to allow us to try.

‘The last two or three days I do not like to think about. We were too weak to venture far afield, and there was little to do but sit about and brood over the fact that even such negligible rations as we still had were nearly at an end. We avoided each other as much as possible, and when we did come together

we tried to speak of anything but *the* thing that occupied all of our minds. And then, from the one quarter whence we had long ago given up all hope of its coming, help arrived.

‘You see, we had written a good many letters from time to time, on the assurance of our guards that they would be handed to the Turks for forwarding to England. Most of these were probably thrown away or deliberately destroyed, but, by a kind trick of fate, one written by myself was taken by the Turks to Sollum when the Senussi occupied that port. In this letter — no matter how — I managed to indicate that we were held captive and in danger of starvation at Bir-Hakim. When the British retook Sollum, this letter, by a second lucky coincidence, was left behind in the hastily evacuated quarters of a Turkish officer.

‘When our whereabouts was once definitely located, our rescue was only a matter of assembling the requisite strength in armored cars and finding a competent guide. This done, our deliverance was but a question of hours. But I do not care to think of how they would have found things had anything delayed our rescuers even a few days.

‘It was about three in the afternoon of St. Patrick’s Day — we had celebrated it in the morning by making a feeble attempt to kill off a few of the snakes that had recently begun to infest the camp — when the first car was sighted, and before we had finished pinching ourselves to prove we were not dreaming, the whole force of forty-one was thundering down on us. The ambulances pulled up and the attendants, as soon as they could free themselves from the embraces of the men, began to shower food about. The cars, spreading out into a “fan,” swept on in pursuit of our fleeing guards.

‘Except for the Senussi priest, whom the sailors had dubbed “The Old Black

Devil," and who had departed a couple of days previously, we had no special grounds for complaint against these men upon whom the care of our party had fallen. They had, for the most part, done the best they could for us, and we had no reason to believe that they had fared much better than their prisoners. We would gladly have interceded for them if there had been any chance. Taking it for granted, apparently, that they would receive no quarter, they had taken to their heels the moment the first cars came in sight, and a panicky sort of resistance on the part of a few of them when they were overtaken sealed the fate of the lot. Save for a few women and children, all of the Arabs about the place succumbed to the fire of the machine-guns, and a score or so of graves were added to those of the four Tara men we had already buried at Bir-Hakim.

'We lost one more man in hospital at Alexandria, but the rest of us, thanks to good food and careful nursing, were soon quite our old selves again. Practically every man of us is back, or is about to go back, on duty. Word of my own new command came only this morning.'

Lieutenant Tanner, R.N.R. (captain of the Tara in her merchant-marine days), was found in his home at Holyhead. Through the window of his cosy library where he spun his yarn I could look out across the rocky coast of Anglesey to where the slate-colored patrol boats kept guard in St. George's Channel and the little coastal packets, 'zigzagging' against possible lurking submarines, shuttled back and forth across the heaving chrysoprase of the Irish Sea.

He, too, was a man I already knew — the best, and a by no means uncommon type in recent years, of the British merchant skipper. A half-dozen of

the latest reviews were on his desk, and he had been dividing his time between these and helping one of his boys build a model aeroplane.

'Lieutenant Tanner,' I asked, 'what did the men of the Tara talk about and think about, once the excitement of the sinking, and the landing, and the march was over and you were all settled down to the routine of prison life?'

'First and always, food,' he replied promptly. 'We were famishing for the whole four months and more. For a while we thought and talked a good deal of the possibility of rescue; but as the weeks went by, that hope gradually died out, and our speculations — perhaps more in thought than in words — were of how the end would come. It was only in the last couple of months that the men came to speak often on this subject, and they were, not unnaturally, most prone to discuss it in the intervals of deeper depression following the death of one of their mates.

'We seemed to divide into two sharply differentiated parties on this issue, the optimists holding that our heritage of civilization and our discipline would enable us to meet the worst bravely and resignedly, while the pessimists maintained that we would gradually slough off our civilized restraint — just as our clothes and our conventions had gone already — and end by fighting for our own flesh like a pack of wolves. The rate at which the bickerings and petty quarrels over trivialities increased as the days went by inclined more and more of the men to the latter theory, but a few of us never wavered in our belief that it would be the man in us, and not the beast, that would be supreme at the last.

'We — the officers — made a point of imposing no discipline whatever upon the men. This extended even to non-interference in their increasingly frequent disputes. We held — and rightly, I am

convinced — that anything calculated to provide an outlet for their feelings would make them less likely to become a prey to gloomy thought. Sullen, silent brooding was what we feared more than anything else. Consequently, we rather welcomed the occasional bouts of fisticuffs that marked the later stages of our imprisonment. They unquestionably acted as safety valves to prevent more dangerous explosions.

‘I also made what effort I could to keep the minds of the men occupied. Every Sunday evening we met and sang hymns, and on these occasions I usually read from my prayer-book and invited discussion on some text I had given out the previous Sunday. Here,’ he added, turning to his diary, ‘are some of the things we debated in our weekly “forums” by the old Roman wells:—

“More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.”

“Love took up the glass of time.”

“Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.”

“Does the end justify the means?”

‘As you may well imagine, strange theses were developed, and I am afraid that many a sore head resulted from the preliminary “’tween Sunday” discussions. It did n’t take much to start them going in that last fortnight after the snails failed us; but the diversion was good for them, and besides, poor chaps, they were far too weak to be able to hurt one another in the least. Their fights were like the tussles of a couple of puppies. When you see some of the boys on the steamer to-night, by the way, I can suggest no more promising line of inquiry for you than to ask them to tell you some of the things they used to fight about in the desert.’

Wireless Operator Birkby and Stewards Barton and Fenton, who were

among the Tara survivors, on their return to England had been put to work on the Tara’s sister ship, the Greenore, and it was behind the darkened windows of the smoking-room of this smart little packet, as she bored into the sou’wester which swept St. George’s Channel, that I contrived to gather the three of them together to talk of their adventures. The forerunning news had been coming in that night of the great naval battle off the coast of Jutland, and at first I found them *distract* and rather more inclined to discuss the loss of the Queen Mary than that of the Tara. It was, indeed, only to be expected that I should find them a little blasé on a subject about which every one had been pestering them to talk for the last two months. It was Lieutenant Tanner’s tip that saved the situation.

‘All I want to know about,’ I said, ‘is a few of the things you chaps used to punch each other’s heads about in the desert. I’ve got all the rest of the story.’

They rose to that cast with a rush. All three commenced talking at once, but the two stewards quickly fell silent out of deference to the superior rank of the wireless operator.

‘Easier to tell you, sir, what we *did* n’t fight about,’ laughed Birkby. ‘At first it was mostly food. We did n’t have any ’pothecary’s scales to divide it exactly with, and when one lad got a few grains of rice more than another, it was n’t in human nature not to make some bit of a mention of it.’

‘That was wot you an’ me ’ad our first tiff over, matey,’ cut in Fenton. ‘It was the day after Captain Tanner give out the text, “Love thy neighbor like thyself” fer us to ponder over. You dipped into the pot a’ead of me, an’ I sez, “’Ow in ’ell’s a bloke goin’ to love ’is neighbor w’en that neighbor pinches ’arf ’is rice?” You filled yer

mouth wi' one 'and an' clipped me one in the jaw wi' t'other; an' as I went reelin' back I put me foot into Bill's pile o' toasted snails, squashin' 'em flat. So ower 'e rolls an' starts to beat me 'fore I cud get up, not to stop till 'e skinn'd 'is bare toes on the 'andle o' me clasp knife. W'en at last I gets up, the rice was all gone an' Bill 'ad copped all my snails in pay fer the ones I squashed. All I 'ad to put down me gullet that night was some o' the squashed snails I salvaged from the sand, an' the grit I eat wi' 'em started me dysentery goin' again for a week.'

Birkby smiled and nodded confirmatively. 'Yes,' he resumed, 'most of our fights were about food, but my first one was about my trousers. You see, I was off watch and turned in asleep when the torpedo struck the Tara, and I only just managed to get away in my pajamas. The lower part of these I kicked out of in the water, and one of the sailors of the submarine gave me a spare pair of his German naval breeches. It was glad indeed I was to have them. At first no one remarked them, but finally, at the end of a hard day's march, one of the Welsh lads passed some observation in his own language about me accepting the bounty of the Hun. I didn't understand exactly what he said, but to be on the safe side I clouted him one then and there. But all the same,' he concluded after a pause, 'I traded the Hun trousers to one of the guards for a long Arab shirt, and got on without any breeches for the rest of the time.'

'An' not a bit worse off than most of the rest of us,' added Fenton. 'Is "burnoose" was a good foot longer than mine.'

'But it was X——, "The Snail King,"' continued Birkby, 'who was oftenest in trouble. We were all jealous of his appetite for the blooming wrigglers, jealous of the quick way he

had of spying and picking them up, and, most of all, jealous of the way he was getting fat on them while all the rest of us were wasting away to skeletons. First and last, though, I think we were about quits with him. You see, the way we cooked the snails was to throw them on the coals till the blow-off of steam made a sort of whistle to announce that they were done to a proper turn. Well, little old Barton here, by dint of long practicing alone in the desert, developed a bit of a whistle of his own which even "The Snail King" himself could n't tell from the real thing. By tooting up at the proper moments, old Barty had the "King" setting his teeth in half-cooked snails for most a week before he twigged the thing. Of course, he jumped on our little friend here with both feet, and it took two of us half-fed ones to drag him off.'

'Aye, matey,' Barton chipped in, 'an' it tuk three o' ye tu 'old 'im the week arter w'en we planted the loaded shells on 'im. I pinched a ca'tridge frum one o' the Ayrabs, an' filled the small end o' the curl o' a dozen snail shells wi' powder. On top o' this I rammed in the upper 'arf, the 'orned 'arf, o' a snail, an' scattered the shells w'ere "Is 'Ighness" cud find 'em good an' easy w'en 'e went foragin'. 'E'd a never found out wot wuz wrong wi' 'em but fer not 'avin' put 'em all on the coals at oncet. Arter the first uns 'gan tu blow off, a post-mortum on the remainin' ones revealed some o' my infernal machines, an' then I larfed an' giv the hull game aw'y.'

And so they ran on. Fenton confessed to having 'ad tu clout' one of the quartermasters, because the latter had been so 'swanky' as to maintain that the torpedo that sank the Tara was scarlet 'w'en the bally thing was only red'; and Birkby admitted to having closed his argument for the negative on one of Lieutenant Tanner's Sunday

texts with, 'If you still think "Love is the greatest thing in the world," take that!' And as we slid up the Liffey in the drizzle of the Irish dawn, with the pock-marked face of 'Liberty Hall' and the tottering ruins of burned Sackville Street showing dimly ahead, Barton just finished telling me how some one accused the first man to sight the rescuing motors with eating the 'Ay-rabs' 'emp an' seein' things,' adding that the two were circling each other on tottering legs, looking for an opening to lead into, when the bout was interrupted by the arrival of the Red Cross ambulances.

'Arf a minit later,' he concluded, 'the two o' 'em wuz both guzzlin' ower the same jam-tin.'

There had, it appears, been some kind of a dispute over everything from the sand beneath their feet to the sky above their heads, and, except for the higher officers, just about every man of them had had some kind of a set-to with every other one. And yet not even the fine optimism of Captain Gwatkin-Williams and Lieutenant Tanner convinced me so thoroughly as these off-hand recitals of the ancient British spirit of give-and-take in which they settled their petty troubles that, had the worst come to worst—had, for instance, the Duke of Westminster's rescue party gone astray, as it so nearly did—it would have been the man, not the beast, in the Tara sailors that would have triumphed in the end.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'OH! LET US BE JOYFUL!'

IF you have read Miss Agnes Repplier's delightful essay on 'Little Pharisees in Fiction' you will remember her description of the atmosphere of gloom which these young people created. 'Every page,' she tells us, in speaking especially of the Elsie Books, 'Every page is drenched in tears.'

We have with us now a new type of 'Little Pharisee,' who in her influence is more gloom-producing than were the originals. It is, I think we may say, a psychological truth that if you force one particular emotion or point of view too violently upon the human mind there comes an inevitable but natural reaction, usually to the very antithesis. We have all shivered delightfully over the England that followed after the

Puritan rule. By this same law, with the dreary little Pharisees of whom Miss Repplier tells us one would be forced to take a cheerful point of view in self-defense. But with their modern descendants this escape is impossible. They live in such an atmosphere of over-heated, forced, hothouse joy that one rushes to the 'Night' that covered Mr. Henley, 'Black as the pit from pole to pole,' in sheer need for some, any, relief. Their sunshine, one is convinced, is reckoned in so many thousand candle-power, and one wonders nervously just how the dynamos can keep up the strain. The tales in which they figure might be called the 'Oh, be joyful!' books. Immediately that line of Walter Savage Landor flashes into one's mind, 'That word, that sad word, Joy,' and one begins to realize the full

meaning of the adjective as one never has before.

Pollyanna is, of course, the first and chief offender. But there are many others, all of them living on that easy philosophy, —

‘God’s in his Heaven,
All’s right with the world!’

Most of us are quite willing to assent to the first line, but those of us who have had any experience of life are not so ready to agree with the second. It is rather in spite of the fact that ‘God’s in his Heaven’ that we have to explain the world as it is. Certainly in this year of grace there does not seem to be much connection between the world and God, and it would indeed be a brave man who would venture to assert, ‘All’s right with the world.’ Browning, in that poem, was expressing no more than a mood — the mood of early morning, of easy laughter and high hopes, the exuberant mood of youth. The moment you dignify this into a philosophy, you destroy all its charm for you destroy its truth.

But it is on that kind of easy optimism, of refusal to look things in the face, that the ‘Glad’ books are based. Pollyanna by her influence reforms a hypochondriac of years’ standing, prevents some unhappily married couples from rushing into divorce, brings her maiden aunt’s blighted romance to a happy end, and finally shows the minister how to deal with his congregation: quite a list of achievements for a young person eleven years old. Miss Repplier may object to the alacrity and confidence with which her gloomy young people ‘set about the correction of their parents’ faults.’ These ‘little sunshines’ of the modern writers do not confine their efforts only to their families; whole towns are not safe from their uplifting influence. As one of the characters tells us of Pollyanna, —

‘Ever since last June that blessed child has just been makin’ the whole town glad.’

Pollyanna, however, is not alone in her iniquity; if she lives in an atmosphere of ‘overwhelming, unquenchable gladness for everything that has happened or is going to happen,’ so too does Mrs. Wiggs. Mrs. Wiggs was the mother of Pollyanna. How she was so careless as to mislay her child as she did, I don’t know; but one has only to read her first speech to realize at once the close relationship between them:—

“‘My, but it’s nice an’ cool this mornin’! The thermometer’s done fell up to zero.’” ‘Mrs. Wiggs,’ the author adds, ‘was a philosopher, and the sum and substance of her philosophy lay in keeping the dust off her rose-colored spectacles.’ She is, however, more human than Pollyanna, for when her boy, Jim, dies, she is overwhelmed with sorrow and never thinks for a moment of being ‘glad’ about anything. One cannot escape the conviction that even in the loss of her dearest, Pollyanna could have found something to be glad about. Remember, she tells us that ‘the game was to just find something about everything to be glad about and the harder ’t is, the more fun ’t is to get them out.’ Mary Carey is still more human, though she is not quite free from the mark of the beast. “‘I won’t be unhappy. I just won’t. I have n’t enough other blessings.’” And that last clause is her salvation, for of course neither Pollyanna nor Mrs. Wiggs would have admitted that her cup was not overflowing.

One great flaw in all these professional sunshine-makers is a lack of all sense of proportion, of relative values. Pollyanna, a child of eleven, is quite capable of changing the minister’s whole philosophy of life. Mary Carey is better able to run the orphan asylum than those in charge. Mary Carey, at

twelve, is clever enough to realize that the look in Miss Katherine's face is a 'remembrance,' and to ascribe it to a possible lost sweetheart. Mary Carey also gives a most adequate reproof to the rude, rich lady; she has the presence of mind, when caught in a heinous offense, to exclaim, 'Let us pray!' Mrs. Wiggs has the same capacity for meeting situations. Mrs. Wiggs, of course, has had at least the experience of living, — an advantage over this intellectual offspring of hers, — but her unflinching self-possession in the face of difficulties is too good to be true.

It is this lack of truth that most strikingly characterizes *Molly Make-Believe* and the heroine of *Everybody's Lonely*. Molly Make-Believe, as you know, is a young person who makes a business of cheering people up through the medium of letters written to them by an imaginary correspondent. Imagine making a business of being cheerful! Manufactured sunshine would be about as convincing a product as are artificial flowers. In the course of her profession she comes across a young man ill of rheumatic fever to whom she plays, by way of the postman, the ideal fiancée. Her letters and presents somewhat strain our credulity, but when she suddenly appears one night in his rooms and we are asked to believe that a well-bred young girl calls upon a young man of whom she knows absolutely nothing, and without his showing any curiosity in the matter announces that she loves him, it is almost too much for even our simple-mindedness.

Yet *Molly Make-Believe* is an extremely popular book. Who says the Age of Faith has gone by? Certainly the age of miracles is still with us when the realization of the obvious truth that 'Everybody's Lonely' teaches an unsophisticated, and — breathe it low — uninteresting little country girl to

converse on terms of easy intimacy with the great ones of the earth. You and I know that it needs more than gentleness and sympathy to unlock the hearts of the mighty; tact, charm, understanding of human nature are also necessary, and above all, social experience; qualities not to be found in quite inexperienced country girls. Alas! Mrs. Laughlin to the contrary, the mere knowledge that 'Everybody's Lonely' does not at once endow you with every social grace.

Simply as joy-makers, however, Gene Stratton Porter's people are the best of all, for they have so little hesitancy in discussing their emotions. No matter what they may be feeling or may think they are feeling, unblushingly they tell you all about it; reticence is unknown to them. It is, however, surely true that one can no more talk about great joys than about great sorrows; they are both equally sacred. How can you drag your overwhelming happiness into the light of common day that unsympathetic eyes may fall upon it and fail to appreciate its beauty?

Not so these people. Edith Carr chooses the middle of a ball-room as the appropriate place for breaking her engagement, which, in keeping with her usual delicacy, she does by throwing the ring at the young man's feet. In a certain type of story that is the accepted formula. I wonder if it has ever been done in real life? When Mr. Pryor asks Little Sister why her family are always singing, she answers unblushingly, 'Oh, just joy! Gladness that we are alive, that we have things to do, — what we like, — and praising the Lord.' And Laddie announces to the father of the girl he loves that 'she has only to give him one gesture of invitation to find him before her, six feet of the worst demoralized beefsteak a woman ever undertook to handle.'

When we find Laddie solemnly telling his little sister not to cry, — 'The way to be happy is to be good,' — we begin to realize the cause for this lack of truthfulness, of proportion, of understanding, of reticence; we can trace them every one to the greatest lack of all, the lack of a sense of humor. It is at the bottom of the difficulty with all the 'Oh, be joyful!' books. It seems strange enough that these books, written with the sole purpose of cheering people up, should be without humor; but so it undoubtedly is. There is hardly a quotation in this paper that, whatever else it may exemplify, does not illustrate equally well a missing sense of humor. How could we be given all those touching pictures of Mary Carey, Pollyanna, and Leon reforming their elders, the incredible behavior of Molly Make-Believe and the heroine of 'Everybody's Lonely,' if their creators had any feeling for absurdity at all? And the language they choose, especially Mrs. Porter's creations — Laddie's 'six feet of demoralized beefsteak!' Ah no, the Comic Spirit is never clumsy. These are the antics of clowns, and what have clowns to do with humor?

One could go on forever telling of these professional joy-makers. In every magazine we find among its book reviews such sentences as, 'This new book is called the cheerful book,' or, 'The book will prove an uplift and an inspiration.' The world must indeed be 'full o' sairousness,' as Miss Repplier tells us the Ettrick Shepherd thinks, if it needs such an appalling amount of cheering up. And with the usual human perverseness, surfeited on sunshine, we long for gloom, and with Pollyanna's aunt we cry, —

'Will you stop using that everlasting word "glad!" It's "glad," "glad," "glad," from morning till night until I think I shall go wild!'

HOW MANY MONKEYS ARE YOU?

I am four monkeys:
One hangs from a limb,
Tail-wise,
Chattering at the earth;
Another is filling his belly with cocoanut;
The third is up in the top branches
Quizzing the sky;
And the fourth,
He's chasing another monkey.
How many monkeys are you?

[Recent Poem.]

THE lines of unevenly printed prose quoted above constitute a fairly typical example of the current counterfeit which you and I are asked to accept as poetry. My sense of justice toward the Modernists, or the Imagists, or, if you must have it so, the *vers-librists*, has guided me to select a specimen which, though innocent of rhyme, is yet endowed with some degree of reason.

I can promise you a round half-dozen 'poems' devoid of both those characteristics if you will search the pages of one month's magazines. Not long since, a cheap weekly inadvertently printed some imagist verse backwards, without impairing either the sense or the movement! He who would gather an anthology of meaningless, metreless, rhymeless poetry should, however, confine his quest to the periodicals for which the news-stand receives twenty-five cents or more. The gods have reserved for the library tables of the cultured few the beauties of our new poetry. The reading public which enjoys the pseudo-scientific instruction and throbbing fiction of the ten-cent magazine still labors under the childish impression that rag-time rhythm is the first essential of true poetry. A red-blooded Westerner of this second class wrote to the editor of a magazine of the first class withdrawing his name from the subscription list. 'Your poetry,' he remarked, 'is rotten. If you would only listen to reason and try to learn how to

make a magazine; but you Easterners know it all, so hell! what's the use?'

He failed to appreciate the æsthetic value of 'verse' without verses. Now, since one Horace wrote concerning the *Ars Poetica*, the verse has been considered the correct poetical unit. Horace called it *versus*, which term he derived from the infinitive *vertere*. This, according to my lexicon, means 'to turn,' or, 'to turn around.' Thus when the old-fashioned writer had chosen the road which his verse should travel, he set out thereon, at a predetermined cadence, till he had proceeded for a predetermined number of feet. Thereupon he 'turned around' to repeat the performance.

Poets of the newer order are trammelled in no such arbitrary way. Not only does their muse rush past the dead-line of the final foot, but, having with impunity turned round in the midst of a prepositional phrase, she goes, the second time, not half-way to the mark. The resulting lines may be read; they cannot be recited.

But let us return to our monkeys — granting, for the moment, that metric rhythm and merry rhyme do not constitute poetry. As our modern poet, wearing his hair cut short, has discarded his flowing black tie in favor of the civilian cravat, so, too, he treats his subject in unaffected style. The development of a given idea varies with the temperament, or the environment, of the individual. I, for example, might have written, —

I am four pigs;

[this sacrifices one foot, or rather, one syllable, but we will make that up in the next line]

One roots lustily with his
Pink snout,
Grunting at the dirt;
Another has both front feet in the trough;
The third is 'gainst the fence corner
Scratching his back;

And the fourth,
He's chasing another pig.
How many pigs are you?

Although this is my first essay as an Imagist, I admit that I rather like it. Of course, my third pig is less a philosopher than monkey number three, but that is a pardonable failing. If I name the parody 'The Sty,' does it not give you as much inspiration as the original, which was called by its perpetrator 'The Tree'?

One of the initiate, who considers sword-blades and poppy-seeds a poetic combination, tells us that the modern poet, 1916 model, 'is never tired of finding colors in a dust-heap, and shouting about them.' Why, then, should I not search for pearls in the pig-pen? Perhaps, after all, it is but an exemplification of to-day's much-vaunted efficiency, that the poet can descend from his tree-top contemplation of the clouds to a curbstone study of the gutter.

In this way we are taught to 'employ the exact and not the decorative word,' for of such are true images created. The reader receives an impression — of something; even as one has an impression of something on first puzzling over the topsy-turvy Nude Descending a Staircase. But as the layman fails to differentiate between the nude and the staircase, so in the new poetry the unsophisticated are prone to see an ugly image blurred beyond beauty by incongruously exact words that obey no laws of perspective.

To achieve this result the creators of *vers libre* use a grammar that is all their own. Some one has not inaptly drawn a comparison between the unconnected nouns of recent verse and the following itemization of South African exports:—

Fish, fodder, fruit,
Sugar and tobacco.
Wine;
Ostrich feathers, mohair,
Hides and skins, and
Wool;

Asbestos, whale-oil,
Coal, copper, tin ore;
Diamonds,
Dynamite and
Gold.

In truth, it seems that the Imagist, having lightly dispensed with verbs, does now omit the conjunctions. If soon the article should disappear, who would guarantee the permanence of the noun?

Yet we are a young nation, and if the evolutionary liberties of our even younger literature extend poetic license till the poem consists of punctuation marks alone, there may be thus created an ultra-epic destined to outlive Kultur. In any art, he who formulates and follows the novel theory must be forgiven when his aspiring genius oversteps convention; and, if you think to do better yourself let me ask, in the name of new poetry, 'How many mon-keys are you?'

PHANTOMS ALL

LATE that evening I sat by the Library window, gazing out at the phantoms of ourselves — the faint projection straight out into space of the busy tables of our crowded room. Some trick of the lights within and the snow-filled streets without had thrust our image across the street — not dominant over the world outside, but resting lightly upon it in transparent mirage. The effect was a curious blending of two worlds, as if a strong film were seen moving crudely behind the dim outlines of a weaker print.

And in our unconsciousness I seemed to read our condemnation, the proof of the unreality of our world.

Down out of the void sifted the snow, alike on the imaged clerk with the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the unconcerned schoolboy munching peanuts behind his *Popular Mechanics*. Here

and there across our cluttered tables, and down our polished floor, shone pools on wet macadam. Suddenly, through the forehead of our chimney piece, jerked the beam of a moving-picture palace; it winked malignly out like a perverse star in Eden, but never an Eve has raised her head from *Vogue*. Out of the night hurtles a mad clown of an automobile, balancing a cone of whirling flakes by the nose; through our carved tables he rams it, but no dreamer awakes. Another and another follow, driving ironically through the outing-shoes of the tall stenographer bending over *Field and Stream*, the absurd heels of the High School freshman sitting with moist lips over *Munsey's*. Yet neither girl draws aside her skirts. It is the world, but it touches not us.

Uncannily, out of the very centre of our white-columned fireplace, comes a procession of figures far more real than we — master cartoons of misery, lean faces chalked out for a moment under a street-lamp outside. A girl of twelve, just stretching up and out of last year's sheath, all her new growth of soul and body shivering. A man cursing, tense with the demon of the I.W.W. Four street lads, monkey-bright. Two scrub-women, with strident eyes. Tragically they turn and look at us, one and all flash-lighted under the edge of our lives in their separate despairs. But what is that to us? Not one of us has ever lifted the head.

For it is the snow of life that rains stinging down upon them; but only the ghost of snow sifts down that comfortable shadow-corridor over us — shadows all, reading the simulacra of books in a phantom library with the tranced shades that are our untried souls.

Even so, untouched, we dream over 'Our Responsibility to Belgium,' 'Lost Poland,' 'Ruined Servia.' Warmly we dream in our Library, safely housed from the stricken pageant of the world.